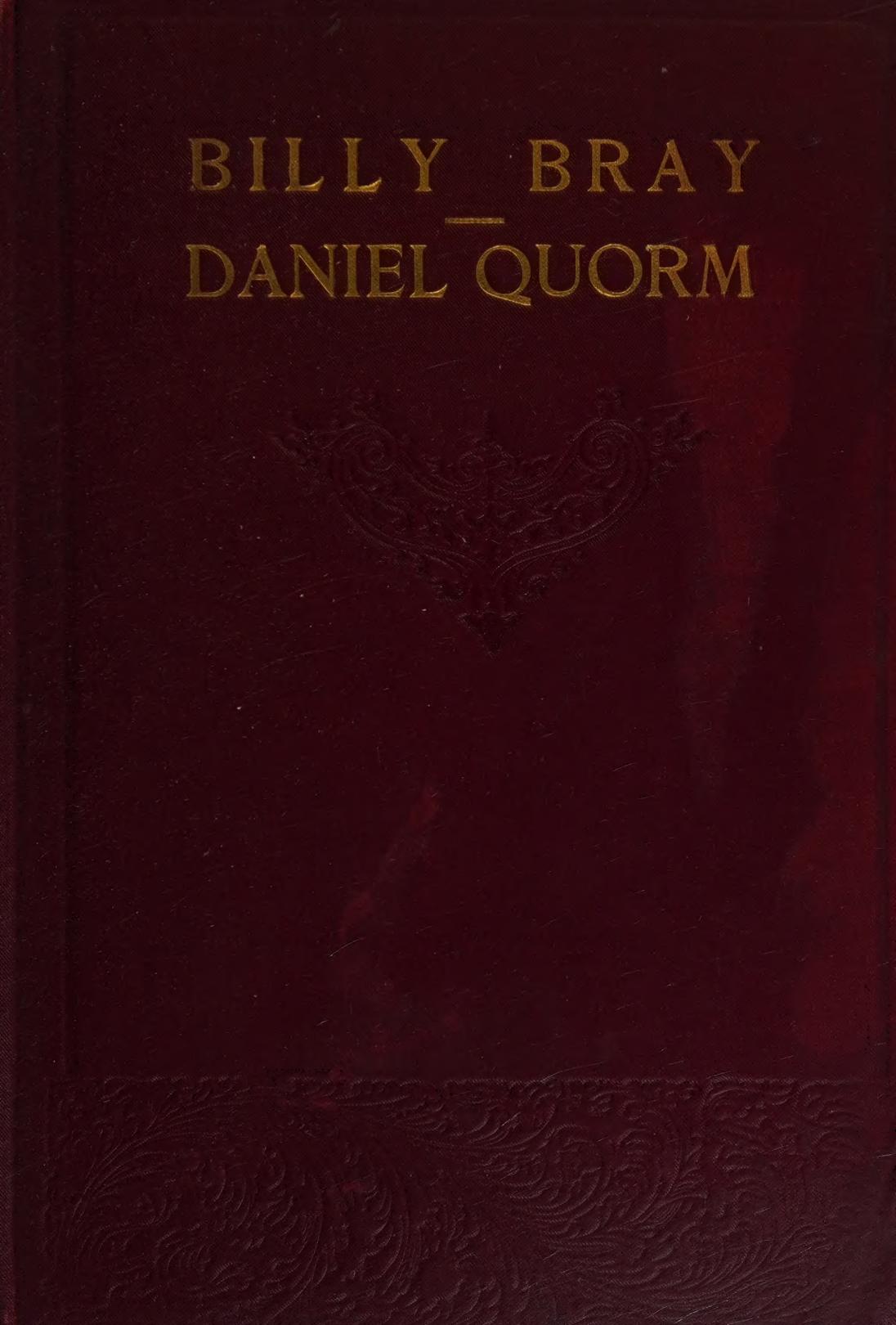


BILLY — BRAY
DANIEL QUORM





BILLY BRAY

The King's Son

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BY
F. W. BOURNE.



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PREFACE.

WHEN fourteen editions of this book had been sold, an enlarged and illustrated edition was issued; but in its cheaper form it continued to have a very large sale, and no less than thirteen editions have since 1877 been disposed of. The time has come for it to be sent forth in a larger type, and in a more attractive form. It has been reprinted with emendations from the text of the best edition, and the larger illustrations only omitted. A few sentences from the preface to the third edition may fitly be reproduced here:—

“The rapid sale of two editions of this Memoir is sufficient evidence of the truth of the remark, that no person in Cornwall, in the humbler ranks of life at least, was better known or more respected than William, commonly called “Billy” Bray. His witty and eccentric sayings caused him to be thus widely known, and his deep and fervent piety to be as generally respected.

“It is Billy Bray himself who mostly speaks in the following pages, and while his gems of thought and experience might have been made—by cutting and polishing and more skilful setting—to flash with an intenser light and a purer lustre, I wish to express my gratitude for the numerous testimonies I have received as to the acceptability and usefulness of this little work.”

To several ministers and others whose names occur in the Memoirs, to the Rev. W. Haslam particularly, I tender my heartiest thanks for the interesting incidents which they have kindly furnished.

The large sale which this book has had, and the great blessing accompanying it, have exceeded all expectations, and demand my most grateful acknowledgments, and I can hardly venture to cherish a larger hope than that in this improved form it may continue to be thus honoured—the means God shall descend to employ in the awakening, conversion, and edification of multitudes.

F. W. BOURNE.

LONDON, *May* 1890.

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BILLY BRAY,

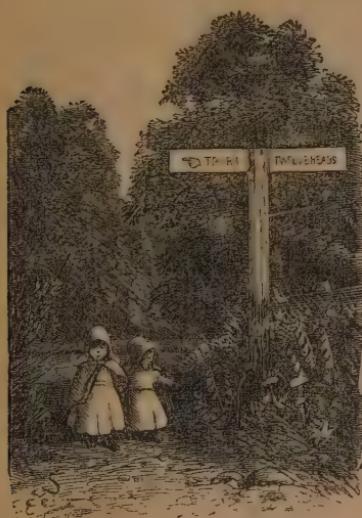
THE

KING'S SON.

CHAPTER I.

HIS CONVERSION.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." — 2 COR. v. 17.



THIS chapter, which is mainly devoted to Billy's own account of his conversion, is a striking illustration of this Scripture. Persons who only knew him after this great change had been wrought in his heart, by the Truth and the Spirit of God, would never have imagined that he had "run" to that "excess of riot" which he so feelingly describes. But

the same grace which transformed a persecuting Saul of Tarsus into the renowned Apostle of the Gentiles, and a blaspheming tinker of Bedford into one of "England's most famous preachers and confessors," changed also Billy Bray, formerly a drunken and lascivious miner, into a loving and consistent disciple of the Son of God, a living embodiment of the things which are "true" and "honest," and "just," and "pure," and "lovely," and of "good report." The greatness and thoroughness of the change he mercifully experienced fully agree with those representations of it with which all New Testament readers are so well acquainted. It was a change from darkness to light, from hatred to love, from despair to hope, from misery to joy, from death to life. If the darkness was dense, the light into which his soul was ushered was "marvellous," revealing a new world of spiritual glories and realities; if the hatred was bitter, the

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subsequent love was self-sacrificing and complete; if the despair was tormenting and terrible, the hope was correspondingly peaceful and bright; if the misery was profound, it was succeeded by "joy that was unspeakable, and full of glory;" and if the death was like the shadow and the actual precursor of the "second death," the life was spiritual and

only a few thatched cottages, inhabited by "tinners," but which had its humble Methodist chapel, where his paternal grandfather worshipped, and which he had helped to build. He was one of the old Methodists, for he joined the then persecuted and despised people when Mr. Wesley first visited Cornwall. Billy's father was also pious, but



THE HOUSE IN WHICH BILLY WAS BORN AND DIED.

divine, God's own immortal and glorious life in the human soul.

But of the great and gracious change, the reality of which his whole life afterwards testified, Billy Bray shall presently speak himself. It is only necessary for us to state that he was born at Twelveheads, a village in the parish of Kea, near Truro, Cornwall, on the 1st of June, 1794. The village then consisted of

he died when his children were very young, who then went to live with their grandfather; and with him Billy remained until he was seventeen years old, when he went to Devonshire, where, far removed from pious example and instruction, he "lived a bad life." He says:—

"I became the companion of drunkards, and during that time I was very near hell. I remember once

getting drunk in Tavistock ; when going home we met a large horse in the way ; it was late at night, and two of us got on the horse's back ; we had not gone far before the horse stumbled against a stone, and, turning right over, both of us were nearly killed. At another time I got drunk, and while fighting with a man my hat fell into the fire, and was burnt. I stole another to wear home, and narrowly escaped being sent to jail for it."

His drunken frolics were many, which he could not recall without deep shame and sorrow ; but his soul was stained with viler sins than any that have been mentioned. His gratitude was lively ever afterwards because the Lord had saved him "from the lowest hell." "The Lord was good to me," he often said, "when I was the servant of the devil, or I should have been down in hell now ;" and he felt he must praise the Lord for His goodness. His hairbreadth escapes from danger, though he was such a wicked wretch, made an impression on his heart at the time, and a deeper impression afterwards. He was emphatic in his wish that all the evil should be faithfully recorded, that the great mercy of God might be more fully known. "Once," he tells us, "I was working underground, and I heard a 'scat' (rent) overhead ; I ran out, and, I think, forty tons fell down where I had been working but a minute before."

But he had not yet reached the lowest depths of evil and misery. Turned away from the mine at

which he worked for being insolent to the "captain," he removed to another part of Devonshire, and as if to make his damnation sure, went to live at a beershop. We may follow the course of his narrative again :—

"There, with other drunkards, I drank all night long. But I had a sore head and a sick stomach, and worse than all, horrors of mind that no tongue can tell. I used to dread to go to sleep for fear of waking up in hell ; and though I made many promises to the Lord to be better, I was soon as bad or worse than ever. After being absent from my native county seven years, I returned a drunkard."

A whole world of misery that one word expresses and reveals. Domestic happiness can find no place in the home of the drunkard. His infatuation is as complete as it is terrible. The wife of a drunkard, the child of a drunkard, how much they stand in need of help and pity is only known to God. Billy well knew that the wife of a drunkard has reason to praise God when her husband is saved from intemperance if nobody else has. His wife, he tells us, had to fetch him home night after night from the beer-shop.

"At one time I remember I went to get some coal ; there was a beershop in the way" [alas ! that there are so many beer-shops, for every one of them is *in the way* of some poor drunkard], "and coming home I went in, and stayed till I got drunk. My poor wife was forced to come for me, and wheel home the coal herself.

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A drunkard would rather spend his money in drink than give it to his wife and children. At one time I had good wages for two months successively, and £5 of the money went in drink. I sinned against light and knowledge; and never got drunk without being condemned for it;" his conscience tormented him by day, and dreams terrified him by night.

But the crisis of his life was now at hand. He was about to be recovered to truth and holiness, and Bunyan's "Visions of Heaven and Hell" was the appointed means of his recovery. The book came into his hands, and he began to read it, the "Visions of Heaven" first, and then the "Visions of Hell." Bunyan saw, he says, two lost souls in hell cursing each other, for being the author of each other's misery, and that they who love one another on earth will hate one another in hell. One of Billy's companions, to whom he was much attached, was also much attached to him. They worked together, and went to the alehouse and got drunk together. The arrow that pierced his soul was the thought, "Shall S. Coad and I, who like each other so much, torment each other in hell?" From that time, November, 1823, he had a strong desire to be a better man. He had married some time before; his wife had been converted when young, but had gone back from the right way before marriage. The remembrance of what she had enjoyed was very sweet, and yet very bitter. She told her husband that "no tongue could tell what they enjoy who serve the Lord."

"Why don't you begin again?" was his pertinent inquiry; adding, "for then I may begin too." He was ashamed to fall on his knees before his wife, "for the devil had such a hold of him;" but he knew it was his duty to pray for mercy. He went to bed without bending his knees in prayer; but about three o'clock he awoke, and thinking that if he waited until his wife was converted that he might never be saved ("though he had begged she would get converted first, and then show him how to be saved, for he thought she was so much less a sinner than himself that she would soon be forgiven"), he jumped out of bed and *got on his knees for the first time*, and forty years afterwards he could joyfully boast that he had never once since been ashamed to pray. His decision, once formed, was unalterable, "and I found," he said, "that the more I prayed the more I felt to pray." The whole forenoon was spent in supplication. If he had been less resolute and in earnest the day of grace might have passed unimproved, the blessed opportunity have fled for ever. Forty years ago, on pay-days and setting-days,* miners in Cornwall were in the habit of going to the alehouse to eat, drink, and get drunk. This day, so auspiciously begun, was one of those days, and Billy joined his companions as usual. "I was the worst of the lot," is his own expression. "He was the wildest, most daring and reckless of all the reckless, daring men; and on one occasion so fearful

* Days appointed for making contracts for work.

was his blasphemy, that his wicked comrades declared *that his oaths must come from hell, for they smelt of sulphur.*" His liveliness of disposition, his power of repartee, his mother-wit marked him out from others, and the same remarkable natural powers were used to produce merriment and laughter, and to turn sacred subjects into ridicule and fun, that subsequently made him so popular and useful as a follower of the Saviour and a preacher of His gospel. The change in him was noticed by his companions, and one of them swore. This elicited the reproof, "You must give an account of that some day," when the other mockingly answered, "Shall we all go to the 'Bryanites'* meeting?" to which Billy replied it was better to go there than to hell. Reproached by another "for making such a noise," he replied, "You would roar out too, if you felt my load; and roar I will until I get it off."

On the first pay-day that he came home sober for many years, his wife, he says, "was greatly surprised, and asked, 'How is it you are come home so early to-night?' and she had for answer, 'You will never see me drunk again, by the help of the Lord.' And she never has since. Praise the Lord, He can cure drunkards.

"That same night I went upstairs, and prayed till we went to bed. The next day I did not go to work; I took the Bible and Wesley's Hymn-Book, went upstairs, and read and

prayed all day. Sometimes I read the Bible, sometimes the Hymn-Book, and then I cried to the Lord for mercy. I was glad that I had begun to seek the Lord, for it is said, 'Let the heart of him rejoice that seeketh the Lord.' When Sunday morning came it was very wet; the 'Bible Christians' had a class-meeting a mile from our house; I went to the place, but because it was wet none came."

This had an unfavourable effect on his mind, and his first thought was, "If a little rain will keep the people away from the house of God, I shall not join here." This hasty decision was soon reversed, for Billy was a consistent member with the Bible Christians for more than forty years, and died in communion with the people of his early choice. But how much harm lukewarm and careless professors do to inquirers after salvation and young converts, it is impossible to determine. The class-meeting has perhaps been a greater benefit to Methodism than any of her institutions besides. To multitudes it has been a safeguard in danger, a comfort in trouble. But in these, in some respects, degenerate days, attendance at the class-meeting is by many deemed unnecessary, and in some quarters it has become quite unfashionable. The results are such as might have been predicted with certainty. The example of the older members is most disastrous in its effects on the habits of the younger ones, and a feeble, stunted piety is, unhappily, characteristic of too many of our churches.

* So the Bible Christians were then generally called.

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But Billy returned home, and alone with God, with the Bible and the Hymn-Book as his companions, he spent all that day in reading and praying. He was assailed fiercely by the temptation "that he would never find mercy;" but with the promise, "Seek, and ye shall find," he quenched this fiery dart of the wicked one, and in due time he learnt, by blessed experience, that the promise was *true*. Monday forenoon was spent in the same manner. In the afternoon he had to go to the mine, but "all the while I was working I was crying to the Lord for mercy." His sad state moved his fellow-workmen to pity; he "was not like Billy Bray," they said. Why? Because he formerly told lies to make them laugh, and now he was determined to serve the Lord. No relief came, and he went home, "asking for mercy all the way." It was then eleven o'clock at night, but the first thing he did was to go upstairs and fall upon his knees, and entreat God to have mercy on him. Everything else was forgotten in the intensity of his desire that the Lord would speak peace to his soul. After a while he went to bed, but not to sleep. All the forenoon of the next day he spent in crying for mercy, food being almost untouched, and conversation with his "partner" at the mine in the afternoon nearly ceased. That day passed away, and nearly the whole night he spent upon his knees. The enemy "thrust at him sore," but "I was glad," he says, "that I had begun to seek the Lord, for I felt I would rather be crying for

mercy than living in sin." On the next day he had "almost laid hold of the blessing," but the time came for him to go to the mine (two o'clock in the afternoon). The devil strongly tempted him while at his work that he would never find mercy; "but I said to him, 'Thou art a liar, devil,' and as soon as I said so, I felt the weight gone from my mind, and I could praise the Lord, but not with that liberty I could afterwards. So I called to my comrades, 'I am not so happy as some, but sooner than I would go back to sin again, I would be put in that "plat"'* there, and burned to death.'" When he got home on former nights he had not cared anything about supper, his anguish of soul being so great; nor did he this night, because a hope had sprung up in his heart, and with it a determination to press right into the kingdom of heaven. To his chamber he again repaired. Beautifully simple and touching are his own words. "I said to the Lord, 'Thou hast said, *They that ask shall receive, they that seek shall find, and to them that knock the door shall be opened*, and I have faith to believe it.' In an instant the Lord made me so happy that I cannot express what I felt. I shouted for joy. I praised God with my whole heart for what He had done for a poor sinner like me; for I could say, The Lord hath pardoned all my sins. I think this was in November 1823, but what day of the month I do not know. I remember this, that everything looked new

* An open space near the shaft of a mine.

to me—the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a man in a new world. I spent the greater part of my time in praising the Lord. I could say with Isaiah, ‘O Lord, I will praise Thee, for though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me ;’ or like David, ‘The Lord hath brought me up out of a horrible pit of mire and clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, *and hath put a new song in my mouth*, even praise unto my God.’ I was a new man altogether. I told

all I met what the Lord had done for my soul. I have heard some say that they have had hard work to get away from their companions, but I sought mine out, and had hard work to find them soon enough to tell them what the Lord had done for me. Some said I was mad ; and others that they should get me back again next pay-day. But, praise the Lord, it is now more than forty years, and they have not got me yet. They said I was a *mad*-man, but they meant I was a *glad*-man, and, glory be to God ! I have been glad ever since.”

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST-FRUIT OF HARVEST.

" Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of His creatures."—JAMES i. 18.

BILLY BRAY'S own account of his conversion bears the impress of truth and reality. The sceptic who tried to reason him out of his convictions, or to rob him of his perfect peace, his living joy, his immortal hope, utterly failed. I have witnessed some such attempts ; but, as Billy said, they had no more effect than " a drop of water upon a duck's back." If nothing is so divine as experience, and if the deeper it is the diviner it is, Billy had good reason to be satisfied with his. His was no ordinary struggle, but it ended in perfect liberty of soul. He could say—

" No condemnation now I dread."

The conflict was terrible, but the victory was all the more glorious. The trial of his faith was sharp, but the reward was sweeter ever afterwards. He knew more certainly, how inconceivably great and glorious was the salvation which is by faith in Christ Jesus with eternal glory. He was filled with a holy rapture of soul, which nothing could restrain. His words, his tones, his looks, had a magnetic power. He was, so to speak, charged with a divine electricity, and the effects thereof were sudden and marvellous. He could no more help speaking of Christ and

His salvation than the sun can help shining, or the trees in spring can help budding and blossoming into beauty and life. The light that was kindled flashed with unusual splendour, and it increased in brightness unto the end. His wife was the first to yield to his holy entreaties, and about a week afterwards, in Hicks' Mill Chapel,* she regained the blessing she had lost. He had spent much of his time in his unconverted state in telling lies to " make fun," as his companions called it ; " but now I could tell them a new tale about heavenly truths, and what the Lord had done for me." This was not so

* The first chapel was erected chiefly through the zeal and generosity of Mr. Thomas Tregaskis. It was opened on the 18th of August, 1821, Messrs. W. O'Bryan and James Thorne preaching on the occasion. It soon became the birthplace of so many souls that its enlargement became necessary, which was carried into effect in 1824, Mr. Wm. Reed preaching the first sermon when it was reopened. Subsequently, other enlargements and alterations were made, till it came to be a spacious, square-built structure, capable of holding four or five hundred persons. The building on the left is a commodious schoolroom, built in 1861 ; and a room in the house on the right is the vestry, entered from the chapel. Hicks' Mill Chapel has no beauty, certainly, in an architectural sense, but it has been the birthplace of hundreds of souls ; of more, probably, than any other chapel in the Bible Christian denomination ; and for many years the centre of a number of benevolent and religious activities.

pleasing to many; but "it was not long before some of them were as mad as I was." The open confession of Christ is a solemn duty of His followers; it is an inestimable privilege also. How much this duty is neglected, how much this privilege is despised, multitudes know to their sorrow. Billy's words are enough to thrill the soul with joy, or pierce it with grief.

prayed in the mine where I worked; but when the Lord converted my soul He gave me power to pray with the men before we went to our different places to work. Sometimes I felt it a heavy cross, but the cross is the way to the crown. Sometimes I have had as many as from six to ten men down with me, and I have said, 'Now, if you will hearken to me, I will pray for you before we go to work, for if I



MICKS' MILL CHAPEL.

"There were men who professed to be converted before I was, but who did not love the Lord enough to own Him, or us enough to pray with us and tell us we were going to hell. But when I was converted, praise the Lord, He gave me strength to tell all the persons I met that I was happy, and that what the Lord had done for me He would do for anybody else that would seek His face. There was nobody that

did not pray with you, and any of us should be killed, I should think it was my fault.' Some of them would say, 'You pray and we will hear you.' Then I should pray in what people call simple language, but as, I hope, the Lord would have me. When praying I used to say, 'Lord, if any of us must be killed, or die to-day, let it be *me*; let not one of these men die, for they are not happy; but I am, and if I die to-day I shall go to

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heaven.' When I rose from my knees, I should see the tears running down their faces ; and soon after some of them became praying men too."

As has been happily said : " Religion to Billy was not a duty to be done—not a privilege to be enjoyed in leisure hours—not a benefit club, a comfortable provision for 'rainy days ;'—it was a *life*. Never left behind, never put off with the Sunday's clothes, never hidden before great or low, good or bad; but *in him*, flowing through him, speaking in every word, felt in every action, seen in every look—deep, true, abiding religion was with him altogether *a life*. Dead indeed unto sin, he was now living unto God through Jesus Christ.

" Billy had 'lighted his candle,' and resolved that it should give light to all that were in the house. His religion was not a *safety-lamp*, laid by till he should be going down into the dark valley—nor like the chapel gaslight, that burned only on Sundays and at the week-evening services. Once lighted, it was put into perhaps a commonplace sort of candlestick, but all at home could see by it. And as the world about him was 'a dark world,' he thrust his candle into a lantern and took it forth wherever he went, and guided not a few from 'horrible pits' that threatened them into the way of salvation. One thing about this lighted candle Billy never forgot—that it burned none the worse for every candle that was lighted from it."*

The individual cases of conversion are too numerous for us to relate here ; but one or two may be given as specimens of the rest.

" An old man, called William S——, with his son, used to work near me, and as they were not converted I used to tell them what the Lord was willing to do for them, and then I would kneel down and pray for them until the tears came into the old man's eyes. But such power has the devil over poor sinners, that soon after I should hear him swearing at his son. And I was tempted not to pray with him again, but, thank the Lord, I did not yield to the temptation. I continued to pray with him, and before the poor old man died he was made very happy in Jesus."

Oh, Christian reader ! " of some have compassion, making a difference : and others save with fear, *pulling them out of the fire !*" If every convert only felt that he was a *voice for Christ*, how many would hear the gospel that go down into the grave in silence ; if every one only felt that he was a *hand for Christ*, how many would be snatched from death and destruction who now become an easy prey to the Evil One. Take another case :—

" There was Justin T——, who was with me in Devonshire ; we were companions in drunkenness, and came home to Cornwall at the same time. I was converted before he was ; and when I told my comrades what dangers the wicked were in, and where they would go if they died in sin, they would persecute me, and

* Rev. M. G. Pearse's "Story of Billy Bray."

call me a fool. But J. T. used to say, ‘ You shall leave that man alone, and say nothing to him, for I knew him when he was a drunkard, and now he is a good man ; I wish I was like him.’ *Then my heart went out after J. T.* One day when at work in the field, I knelt down to pray for him. *The Lord spoke to my mind, ‘ I will save him soon.’* When I next saw him I told him I had good news for him, for while I was out in the field praying for him the Lord told me he should be converted soon. *And so he was.* Shortly after his conversion he was taken ill. I saw him many times in his illness, and he told me he was happy in Jesus, and going to heaven to praise God for ever.”

Some parts of this account will appear strange and inexplicable to such of the Lord’s children as never heard Him speak to them in the same way. Would that they had ! For when God impresses persons to pray for any particular blessing, it is a sure sign that He is about to bestow that blessing upon them. Definiteness of aim in prayer, combined with a holy persistency, will surely hit the mark. We quote just one more case, as it illustrates Billy’s quickness of thought, and the happy way in which he could turn a phrase, for which he was so remarkable :—

“ I worked with a man before I was converted called *William Bray*, and he was, like myself, a very wicked man. Both of us were promoted at the same time, for he was made ‘ captain ’ of the mine, and I was adopted into the royal family of heaven, and made a child of God. I

had not seen him for a long time, when one Monday evening it was impressed on my mind that if I went to see him he would be saved. And I went, nothing doubting, and found him at home. I prayed with him ; told him what the Lord would do for him ; and soon he found the Saviour, and was made happy in His love. I saw him many times in his last sickness, and he was very happy and full of faith. Just before he died he sent for me, as he wanted to tell me that *Christ was his.* Then he had a good shout, and said, ‘ Christ is mine, and I am His.’ These were the last words he spoke to me, and soon after he was taken to paradise. Since then, four of his children have gone to meet him, and his wife will no doubt soon, for she too is in the road to heaven.”

A family of Irish Catholics, by the name of Burns, came into Cornwall, and at Twelveheads lived near Billy Bray. He used to skip into the house and say, “ Lord, save this dear little Irish woman.” Mrs. Burns hated him and his religion, until she found that many of her neighbours, converted in a revival, were thereby transformed from wicked men and women into pious, God-fearing people. This set her thinking ; she attended the meetings, and in the end became soundly converted. They emigrated to South Australia, and Mrs. Burns still lives to bless God for His grace in Billy Bray who showed her the way of salvation more perfectly ; and one of her sons became a useful minister in that colony.

Mr. Ashworth truly says that Billy was one of those “ happy, unselfish

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men who love everybody, and with simple earnestness he spoke to all—rich or poor—about the love of Jesus. He gloried in religious revivals, and shouted for joy when he heard of souls being saved anywhere."

Mr. A. illustrates this trait of his character by relating an extraordinary incident, full details of which the Rev. W. Haslam* has at my request kindly supplied. He says :—

" I had often heard of Billy Bray at Baldhu, from his brother James, and wished very much to see him. One morning, three months after my conversion,† I heard some one walking about in the hall of my house, ' praising the Lord.' I rose from the breakfast table, and opened the door to see who my happy, unceremonious

* The well-known clergyman, author of "From Death to Life," and other popular works.

† The reader will be interested in the following account of Mr. Haslam's conversion from his own pen :—" In the heyday of my prosperity, and in the success of my sacramental ministrations, while I thought the Church was the ark—and no salvation could be had out of the Church, except by some uncovenanted mercy—one of my most promising disciples, a regular communicant and zealous Churchman, was taken seriously ill, and was pronounced to be in hopeless ' galloping consumption.' The man was my own servant, a gardener, and one to whom I was much attached ; not exactly my spiritual child in the gospel, but my ecclesiastical child in Churchmanship, and a strong adherent who, with many others, upheld me and encouraged me in a place abounding with ' gospel men,' against Dissenters of various kinds. This man's heart failed him in the prospect of death ; his views and religious practices did not comfort him in the hour of need, or give him assurance. He heard of others who could say their sins were pardoned, and read their title clear to mansions in the skies, whereas with his, as he thought, superior teaching, he was yet afraid to die. He ventured to send for some Dissenter to talk to him and pray with him, who went to work in a way just

visitor could be ; and then for the first time beheld this queer-looking man. I asked him who he was. He replied, with a face beaming with joy—

" ' I am Billy Bray—be you the passon ? '

" ' Yes,' I answered.

" ' Converted, be ye ? '

" ' Yes, thank God.'

" ' Be the missus converted ? '

" ' Yes.'

" ' Thank the dear Lord,' said he, coming into the room to make his bow to the said ' missus.' Then he inquired of her if she had any maids in the house.

" ' Yes, there are three.'

" ' Are they converted ? '

" ' Yes.'

the reverse of the priest. Instead of building up and comforting, the man plainly showed him he was a lost sinner, and needed to come to Jesus, just as he was, for salvation and pardon. The man was confident. ' Pray for yourself,' said he ; and he set before him the finished work of Christ, as the sinner's substitute. The gardener was brought under deep conviction, and eventually found pardon and peace through the blood of Jesus. This was a great disappointment. Instead of rejoicing with Christ over a lost sheep which he had found, I was angry with the sheep for being found, and deeply mourned over what I considered a fall into schism ! Grieved as I was, however, I loved my disciple, and went to see him, though not till after several urgent invitations to go. I endeavoured to reclaim him, but the man was too firmly persuaded to be shaken from ' the truth as it is in Jesus.' Instead of lying on a bed of suffering, he was walking about the room, praising God in a most joyful state. ' Ah, John, you are excited, you have been taking wine ! ' ' No, master,' said the man, ' I have not touched a drop of it —no, dear no, that is not it, dear master. I know you love me and I love you—you don't know this joy and peace, I am sure you don't, or you would have told me of it. O master, pray the Lord to give it to you—I will never rest praying for you—'

" 'Where be they ?'

" 'In the kitchen.' So he proceeded thither, and soon we heard them all praising the Lord in Cornish style with a loud voice.

" After a time Billy joined us again in the dining-room, to take, by invitation, some breakfast ; but before he sat down he approached me and suddenly put his arm round me, and took me up, and carried me round the table, and then, setting me down at my chair, rolled on the floor for joy, and said he was as ' happy as he could live.'* We persuaded him to

don't be angry with me—the Lord bless you and convert your soul ! You have been a kind, good friend to me, I cannot forget or leave you. I will pray for you while I live, for the Lord to save your soul.' I could not stand this pleading, and led from the house in a tumult of disappointment and confusion." His heart was now "broken for work." A visit to a brother clergyman deepened his convictions ; for he plainly told him that "if he had been converted he would have rejoiced in that man's salvation and praised God with him, and that he would never do any good in his parish until he was converted himself." So deep became his distress, that, when the bell tolled for service on the following Sunday morning, he trembled and feared to preach ; but while preaching on the words—*What think ye of Christ?* the Lord showed him so clearly that Christ was the true and only foundation, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, that his soul was filled with joy, "as full of joy as it had been of misery !" The fervour and earnestness with which he now proclaimed "a present salvation, caused a general cry for mercy, and many of his parishioners were saved." It was no wonder that Billy wished to see him, *to give his eyes a treat*, as he said, and to witness some of the blessed results of his prayer of faith years before.

* Many persons have been treated by Billy in much the same way as the good clergyman. The first time Mr. Maynard saw him was in 1844. He was in the pulpit of Deliverance Chapel, when, noticing a little man come in, to whom the eyes of all the people instantly turned, as a smile passed over their faces, he at once thought,

sit down and get some breakfast, as he had been riding in a slow-going donkey-cart since midnight through the cold night air of January. He said he had heard of our conversion, and had been begging Father to give him leave to visit us. He received permission to do so just as he was getting into bed at half-past eleven. So he put up his clothes again, and 'hitched in the donkey,' and came along singing all the way.

" Then he proceeded to tell us why he was so anxious to see us. He said, some years before that time he was walking over the place where the house stands, and the Lord said to him, 'I will give thee all that dwell on this mountain.' So he knelt down immediately and prayed for all who lived there, and then proceeded to the various cottages which were situated on that hill, and continued to visit the people in those cottages till they were all brought to the Lord. Then he knelt down and complained that there were 'only three housen' there ; and received a promise that there should be some more. He never forgot this, but continually mentioned it in his prayers to the Lord, till, to his joy, one day he received

" This, then, is the famous Billy Bray, about whom I have heard so much." After the service, Billy did not exactly carry the preacher, but he dragged him round the pulpit pew to the amusement of the people, shouting and jumping all the time. When he let the preacher go, he asked him whether he could stand that or not. " Yes, much more than that," was the answer. " All right, friend Maynard, praise the Lord !" At my first interview with Billy, he carried me round the room many times, continually asking me, " Is not this ' pretty ' riding, dear ? " But I was too much disconcerted, half amused, half frightened, to be able to answer.

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a letter from his brother James to say they were planting the hill and going to build a church there, and then his brother wrote to say they were building a house (the vicarage) —then another house (the school). Dear Billy redoubled his efforts of prayer and faith, and when the church was opened he came to see and hear for himself, and was disgusted and disappointed to find a

to go and see this passon and his missus, and continued to beg till he obtained permission.

“After breakfast he went off to the schoolhouse, and found the schoolmaster and his wife both converted, then to another house where the people were all converted. His joy was unbounded ; he jumped and danced, and clapped his hands, he shouted and he sang. The happy



BALDHU VICARAGE.

‘Pusey there preaching.’ He went away unhappy, and it came to his mind that he had no business to come to see till Father had bidden. So he departed to the neighbourhood of Bodmin, where he then lived, and remained there. After a few years, news reached him of the clergyman’s conversion, and also that there was a great revival in the place. He then praised God, and begged permission

man was beside himself, and beyond himself!’

Billy began to publicly exhort men to repent and turn to God about a year after his conversion. Towards the end of 1824 his name was put on the Local Preachers’ Plan, and his labours were much blessed in the conversion of souls. He did not commonly select a text, but usually began his addresses by reciting a verse of a

hymn, a little of his own experience, or some telling anecdote. But he had the happy art of pleasing and profiting the people, so that persons of all ages, the young as much as the old, of all classes, the rich as much as the poor, and of all characters, the worldly as much as the pious, flocked to hear him, and he retained his popularity until the last. As the Rev. M. G. Pearse says, "From one end of Cornwall to another no name is more familiar than that of Billy Bray.

"On Sundays, when one met crowds of strangers making for the little whitewashed chapel that was perched up amongst the granite boulders, or when one found the quiet 'church town' thronged by the well-dressed people, the usual explanation was that Billy Bray was going to preach.

"If you had overtaken Billy on the way, you could not have been long in doubt as to who he was. A little, spare, wiry man, whose dress of orthodox black, and the white tie, indicated the preacher. The sharp, quick, discerning eye that looked out from under the brows, the mouth almost hard in its decision, all the face softened by the light that played constantly upon it, and by the happy wrinkles round the eyes, and the smile that had perpetuated itself—these belonged to no ordinary man. And with the first suspicion that this was Billy Bray there would quickly come enough to confirm it. If you gave him half a chance there would certainly be a straightforward question about your soul, in wise, pithy

words. And if the answer was what it should be, the lanes would ring with his happy thanksgiving."

I remember once hearing him speak with great effect to a large congregation, principally miners. In that neighbourhood there were two mines—one very prosperous, where good wages could be earned; but at the other the work was hard, and the wages low. He represented himself as working at *that* mine, but on the "pay-day" going to the prosperous one for his wages. But had he not been at work at the other mine? the manager inquired. He had, but he liked the wages at the good mine the best. He pleaded very earnestly, but in vain. He was dismissed at last with the remark, from which there was no appeal, that he must come there to work if he came there for his wages. And then he turned upon the congregation, and the effect was almost irresistible, that they must serve Christ here if they would share His glory hereafter, but if they would serve the devil now, to him they must go for their wages by-and-by.

If he quoted the wonderful saying of our Lord, "I am the bread of life," he would proceed in some such strain as this: "Precious loaf this! The patriarchs and prophets ate of this loaf, and never found a bit of crust about it. The apostles and martyrs ate of this loaf, too, for many long years, and never found a bit of 'vinny' in it. And, bless the Lord! poor old Billy Bray can eat it without teeth, and get fat on it."

Mr. Tabb says that at the opening

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of Trecrogo Chapel, in the Launceston circuit, the crowd that came to hear Billy was so great, that they were obliged to have the service in a field. The subject of his address was "Happiness," and, as his custom was, he interspersed his discourse with some pointed remarks on Teetotalism. Thinking that some of his hearers would probably think he was pressing the duty of self-denial and

privileges, and enjoy the varied abundance of his Father's house. Some could only eat out of the silent dish, but he could eat out of that, and out of the shouting dish, and jumping dish, and every other; or, as he sometimes put it, "I can say glory, glory. I can sing glory, glory. I can dance glory, glory," generally accompanying the word with the act. He was one of the preachers at the



THE PEOPLE THRONGING TO HEAR BILLY PREACH.

self-sacrifice too closely, he burst out — "You may think we have nothing to drink, but we have. My Father keeps a wine-shop." An apt reference to Isa. xxv. 6 followed. And his imagination once fired, the most fastidious could listen to him with pleasure, and even the wise and learned to edification. At such times he would generally express his determination to live up to his glorious

opening of the new chapel at Lake, Shebbear, famed as being the birthplace of the Bible Christian Connexion, and therefore precious to the members of that Church, as City Road Chapel is to the Wesleyan Methodists, or Westminster Abbey to the nation. Mr. S. L. Thorne informs us that Billy's text was: "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed Thee: what shall we have

therefore?" and that he contrasted Peter with his nets and fish in his boat, and Peter upon a throne in glory; and he thought Peter had every reason to be pleased with his reward.* We have the same thought, but another figure, in the following remark: "It will be a good thing to change a miner's hat for a crown." To persons of his own class he made some of his most powerful appeals. "Oh, you western men!" he said once, "I am an old miner. Come to heaven. If there is one crown short, I will willingly go without one!" This shows his intense love—it really amounted to a passion—for souls. But, as Billy said, "There is no want there." If he could find competitors for the crowns, Billy could trust his dear Lord to find crowns for all the competitors. Once when he was preaching in or near Devonport, towards the close of his address he said in his drollest manner—"We hear a good deal nowadays about what is called 'Baptismal Regeneration'; I don't know what it is, but I tell 'ee, friends, if it 'ud make me happier, I'd go into it like a duck—head, wings, feathers, and all." Preaching once in a place where the critics reigned supreme, he said, "You people here ha'n't got half so much sense as the ducks home wi' we. If we throw down a handful of corn, and there should be a little chaff among it, our ducks do eat up all the corn, and leave all the chaff; but when you get your corn, you pick up

all the chaff, and leave all the corn."¹ He could be very sarcastic when he pleased, and hit off the foibles of his hearers with ease and point, as when he said: "When the young women come into the chapel, they put up their hand a minute before their face, as if in prayer, but saying to themselves, 'Is he come?' And the young men put their heads to their hats, and read, 'London waterproof.'"

His *preaching* was effectual because he prayed much. By prayer he opened God's hand when it was filled with blessings. Once when about to leave the house of Mrs. Dinnick, Devonport, to fulfil a preaching appointment three or four miles in the country, he said to her, "Mary, shall us pray a bit?" and instantly getting on his knees he said, "We've nothing particular to ask Thee for, Lord, but go with Thy servant to K., and stay with these dear women, and bless them, Lord, and keep them right." Though the words were few, a rich blessing was realised, long gratefully remembered. And by prayer, too, he kept the devil under restraint, who was to Billy Bray, as we shall clearly see further on, just as he was to Martin Luther, and John Bunyan, and George Fox, a very real person. What Mr. Maynard says on this point is strikingly characteristic of Billy: "Many a time, when he and I have been leaving my home together, he has said to me, 'Now friend Maynard, let us pray a minute before we go, or else the devil will be scratching me on the way. If I leave without praying, this is the way he

* See "Samuel Thorne, Printer," to which I am indebted for a few expressions and incidents to be found in this edition.

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serves me ; but when I get on my knees a minute or two before leaving I cut his ould claws, and then he can't harm me ; so I always like to cut his claws before I go.' "

There was great excitement and much apparent confusion in some of his meetings, more than sufficient to shock the prejudices of highly sensitive and refined, or over-fastidious persons. Billy could not tolerate "deadness," as he expressly called it, either in a professing Christian or in a meeting. He had a deeper sympathy with persons singing, or shouting, or leaping for joy than he had with

"The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love ;"

but his services were distasteful only to a few, and many prejudiced persons were either convinced that his method was right, or, influenced and attracted by their simplicity and warmth, were led to heartily join in them. He speaks of one who worked with him in Devonshire, and returned at the same time to Cornwall. They were also converted together, but

while Billy joined the Bible Christians, his companion cast in his lot with the Wesleyan Methodists. Their names were put on the plan at the same time, and when Billy was appointed to a chapel near where his friend lived, he came to hear him, but would leave immediately after the preacher had done speaking, as he could not enjoy the subsequent proceedings, some singing, some praying, some shouting, some dancing, scenes that were once frequently to be witnessed when the Cornish people got what they called the "victory." But one Saturday night John had a dream which brought him to the conclusion that he was wrong in opposing shouting when the Lord made His people happy. The next night, and ever afterwards, he stopped until the end of the meeting, and "shouted" as loudly, and "leaped" as joyfully as Billy himself. He lived a good life, and died a happy death ; Billy dismissing him with the characteristic remark : "So he has done with the *doubters*, and is got up with the *shouters*."

CHAPTER III.

JOY UNSPEAKABLE AND FULL OF GLO.

"Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 PETER i. 8.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again I say, Rejoice."—PHIL. iv. 4.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says, "It is always infelicitous when men fall into the habit of speaking of religion as the mother of trials, and of their Christian experience from the side of its restrictions and limitations. . . . When people want to make things attractive in farming, they give exhibitions of their products. The women bring their very best butter, moulded into tempting golden lumps; and the men bring the noblest beets and vegetables of every kind ; and from the orchards they bring the rarest fruits ; and when you go into the room where all these things are displayed, they seem to you attractive and beautiful.

"It seems to me that this is the way a Christian Church ought to represent the Christian life. You ought to pile up your apples and pears and peaches and flowers and vegetables, to show what is the positive fruit of religion. But many people in Christian life do as farmers would do who should go to a show, and carry—one, pigweed ; another, thistles ; another, dock ; and another, old hard lumps of clay ; and should arrange these worthless things along the sides of the room, and mourn over them. What sort of husbandry would that be ? Christians are too apt to represent the dark side of

religion in their conversation and meetings."

It was Billy Bray's excellence and glory that he always represented the *bright* side of religion to his fellows ; to him, indeed, it had no other. He had a nature that tended "to produce joy" ; but whatever may be the temperament of persons, unquestionably "the effect of the whole of religious living is to produce joyfulness."

Payson said on his dying bed, "If men only knew the honour and glory that awaited them in Christ, they would go about the streets crying out, 'I am a Christian ! I am a Christian ! ' that men might rejoice with them in the blessedness of which they were soon to partake." Billy did this all his life long, and verily he had his reward. He tells us, soon after his conversion, "I was very happy in my *work*, and could leap and dance for joy under ground * as well as on the surface. My comrades used to tell me that dancing, shouting, and making so much 'to-do' was not religion. But I was born in the fire and could not live in the smoke. They said there was no need to leap and dance, and make so much noise,

* Once he said he had felt "the joys of religion at 250 below grass !" i.e., "two hundred and fifty fathoms below the earth's surface."

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for the Lord was not deaf, and He knows our hearts. And I would reply, ‘But you must know that the devil is not deaf either, and yet his servants make a great noise. The devil would rather see us doubting, than hear us shouting.’” He said sharply to some young persons who were complaining on one occasion of the noise and confusion, “Oh, my dears, don’t ‘ee like burnin’ house smoke,” an allusion which his hearers would readily understand. And at another time he said, in answer to the inquiry, “Why can’t you worship the Lord without making so much noise ?” “It’s not my fault. If a person above were to pour water into a basin already full, standing on that beautiful tablecloth, and it was splashing all about, you would not blame the basin ; you would tell the person to stop pouring the water, as it was splashing all about, and you could not enjoy yourselves. I am only the vessel ; my Heavenly Father is pouring down the water of life freely, and if you can’t bear it, call to Him not to pour so much.”

The reader can easily imagine what were Billy’s favourite portions of Scripture and hymns, but we may quote one or two of the former that he repeated thousands of times. “Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing : Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness ; to the end that my glory may sing praise to Thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever” (Psalm xxx. 11, 12). “Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both

young men and old together : for I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow” (Jer. xxxi. 13). The idea that these and similar passages had a figurative and not a literal meaning, he held in the greatest contempt. If persons attempted, either playfully or in earnest, to argue the point with him, he would turn upon them all his powers of wit and sarcasm, and all his treasures of experience and Scripture ; and such was his holy ardour and impetuosity that from such assaults many found the only safe refuge to be either silence or flight. “David danced,” he never forgot to tell us, “before the Lord with all his might” ; and that he “and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting, and with the sound of a trumpet,” and that what David did surely all the people might do under a happier dispensation, and that the opposition of the unconverted or formal professors was like that of “Michal, Saul’s daughter,” who, when she saw “King David leaping and dancing before the Lord,” “despised him in her heart.” The song of Moses and the children of Israel after they had safely passed through the Red Sea, he also used with excellent effect. To any person who objected to the meetings on account of their noise and uproar—and many have objected to them on that account—he thought it quite enough to say that when the foundation of the second temple was laid “all the people shouted with a great shout,” and “that the people

could not discern the voice of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people: for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off." On any who said—

" But what confusion is this here ?
What noise of tumult do I hear ?
How ill it suits this place ! "

and who demanded that " calm serenity should prevail " when they worshipped God, that their " pleas," like "tranquil sonnets," might "*gently* pierce the peaceful skies," he would retort " that we must have a *full* joy ourselves to know what a full joy means "; and he hardly ever failed to add, " Our blessed Lord has said, ' Ask, and ye shall receive, *that your joy may be full.*' "

The account of Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem was another choice incident, sweeter to his taste than honey or the honeycomb. He used to positively revel in the statements, " And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David ! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord ! Hosanna in the highest ! " And if it happened at the time of a contested election he would sometimes ask, " May all the people shout ' — for ever ! ' and no person find fault, and may not Billy Bray shout ' Jesus for ever ? ' "

Usually, I suppose, his remarks would be to the following effect, as Mr. Maynard says that he has so

heard him speak many a time : " If this is worth shouting for, our election is worth far more, for those who get elected and sent up to the House of Commons may soon die, or lose their seat at the next election, consequently their honour and happiness may not last long ; but, if we get elected into the Lord's Parliament, and once get into the Parliament House of Heaven, we shall never die, never get turned out ; hence we have more reason to shout than they."

But the narrative of the lame man, " whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which was called Beautiful," was perhaps most precious of all. " And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God." If he made this incident the subject of an address, he would ask if the dear Lord could not now do as He had done in days of old ? He had healed a cripple forty years old, who leaped for joy when he was healed ; and Billy would " leap," or " run," if he had the chance, and praise God, for had not he as good a right to do so now as that cripple had then—he that was never a cripple and never was lame ?—or that he had got something more than lame legs cured, his never-dying soul saved ? He ought, he thought, to *leap four feet to his tuc.* " It was Peter who took the lame man by the hand ; but it was the Lord who gave him strength in his ankle bones, that made him run and leap. He did not praise Peter, he praised the dear Lord ; and so would I. It is before the Lord we should leap and

dance and shout. Satan has his *merry-men*,* and they do more wickedness by their actions than by what they say, for actions speak louder than words. Now I am a *merry-man* for the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the best Master, and gives the best wages. The devil gives sorrow for joy; but the Lord gives joy instead of sorrow, ‘beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of *praise* for the spirit of heaviness.’”

He came into a friend’s house in Devonport, praising the Lord aloud, on one occasion, saying, “I’ve just seen a poor man down here with crutches and useless legs, and I haven’t been able to help praising the Lord ever since for my sound ones.”

And is all this to be denounced by men of the world, or by Christians of different temperament, as “foolish extravagance”? Was it not predicted “that the lame man should leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing”? Billy could not understand how any could be *dumb* who were “born of the Spirit.” They needed at least to pray, “Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise.” It seemed natural, at any rate, for him to sing and shout, to leap and dance, and, if we may use the word, to *caper* for joy; for he seemed as free from care, as frolicsome, as gay, as gladsome, as a young lamb dancing in the meadow, or goat upon the mountain crag. His joy was always fresh and pure, exultant and full, even to overflowing. “It is a poor spectacle,” he would say,

* A buffoon, a merryandrew.

“when we have nothing but the telling part of the love of Christ; it is the *feeling* part that makes us happy.” His choice friends were neither ashamed to praise the Lord in the *market* nor in the *great congregation*. Many a long journey, either alone or with such companions—“birds of a feather,” was his expression—has he taken, and praised the Lord all the way. He could say with the poet—

“Winter nights and summer days
Are far too short to sing His praise.”

I remember taking a walk with him early one morning, when his conversation was of heaven. He stopped, as if a thought had suddenly occurred to him. He remained silent for a moment with uplifted eyes, which almost immediately filled with tears; a “Praise the Lord!” escaped his lips, and he bounded away, though an old man, like a hart or deer. When I came up to him he was praising the Lord aloud, as if it was the business of his life, and said, “My dear brother, if I only lived to my privilege, I should not feel the ground over which I walk.”

At a district meeting held at Hicks’ Mill, in 1866, Mr. Oliver, in describing the triumphant death of a woman, said she died shouting Victory. This touched Billy’s heart, and he shouted “Glory! If a *dying* woman praised the Lord, I should think a *living* man might.”

He would commonly address his fellow-Christians thus: “You praise God, and I will praise God, and we will both praise God together;” or, “You be the parson, and I’ll be the

clerk ;—you say, ‘Praise the Lord,’ and I’ll say, ‘Amen !’ or I’ll be the parson, and you shall be the clerk—I’ll say, ‘Praise the Lord,’ and you say, ‘Amen.’” If you did not join him in praising God, for he would always at once begin, he thought you were *dead* ; “*for is not,*” said he, “*the Lord worthy to be praised from the rising to the setting of the sun ?*” and yet you will not praise Him at all.” But he determined, if all other tongues were silent, that his should sing God’s praise ; if all other harps were hung upon the willows, that his should wake the sweetest music ; and if all other hearts were dull and cold and hard, his should glow and flame with the fervour of devotion. He rightly thought that a *young prince of forty years of age*, as he used often to term himself, had abundant reason to rejoice. He was an adopted son of God, the “King of kings,” and therefore he was a prince already possessing royal rights and privileges, and for him he exulted to think his Heavenly Father had reserved everlasting glory and blessedness.

I went with him one day to see a dying saint, whose character had been unblemished for many years, but whose natural disposition was modest and retiring almost to a fault. His face wore a look of ineffable dignity and repose, and was lit up with a strange, unearthly radiance and glory. He was just on the verge of heaven. He could only speak in a whisper. He said, “I wish I had a voice, so that I might praise the Lord !” “ You should have praised

him, my brother, when you had one,” was Billy’s quiet, but slightly satirical comment.

Billy’s life was an almost perfect exemplification of the threefold injunction : “Rejoice evermore.—Pray without ceasing.—In everything give thanks.” A Christian might be *poor*, but it was his duty to “rejoice evermore ;” *afflicted*, but still he must “rejoice evermore ;” *tempted* and *persecuted*, but he must, notwithstanding, “rejoice evermore ;” and surely this is divine heavenly wisdom, true Christian philosophy. Is there not a special blessing for the poor ? Are they not often “rich in faith” ? and has not God chosen them “heirs of the kingdom” ? Ought not they then to rejoice ? We all know that *affliction* is not “joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, afterward, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” It is a *proof* of our Father’s special love, and what is sufficient, if that is not, to cause us to rejoice ? And we are expressly told that we are “to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations.” So did Billy Bray. He could smile through his tears. The sickness of a child, the death of a wife, were powerless to silence his voice, or to repress his joy. It is said that when his wife died he was so overpowered with the thought of his “dear Joey” having escaped from earth’s toils and sufferings to the rest and bliss of heaven, that he began to jump and dance about the room, exclaiming, “Bless the Lord ! My dear Joey is gone up with the bright ones ! My

dear Joey is gone up with the shining angels ! Glory ! Glory ! Glory ! ” “ Here,” he would say, “ we have a little bitter, but it is mixed with a great deal of sweet.” “ The sinner thinks he is going to give up something very good,” Billy said, “ for what is not so good when he comes to Christ.” But “ he would not change his spiritual for all the temporal good ” that worldlings enjoyed. And even he enjoyed this latter more than the owner of broad acres often did. “ The meek shall inherit the earth.” Mr. C. G. Honor, Primitive Methodist minister, says that at a love-feast in their chapel at St. Blazey, when Billy was present, several persons spoke of their trials, but said that their blessings more than counterbalanced them. At length Billy rose ; clapping his hands and smiling, he said, “ Well, friends, I have been taking vinegar and honey, but, praise the Lord, I’ve had the vinegar with a spoon, and the honey with a ladle.” He had trials as others, but “ it was not worth while to speak or write anything about them.” Was he not on the road to heaven, and why should not he praise God every step of the way ? “ I would rather walk to heaven over the roughest road, with bleeding feet,” he has often said, “ than ride to hell even in a fine carriage.” But it excites a smile to hear him speak “ of showing persons how we shall walk the golden streets in heaven, and with golden slippers, too.” The death-chamber of many a “ godly and devout ” believer has been filled with his praises. Blessed use he has

made of this incident in the life of the Rev. John Fletcher. Mrs. F. says : “ On Wednesday he told me he had received such a manifestation of the full meaning of those words, *God is love*, as he could never be able to express. ‘ It fills my heart,’ said he, ‘ every moment. O Polly, my dear Polly, *God is love !* Shout ! shout aloud ! I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth.’ ” Billy nearly always expressed a wish when he visited the sick and dying, that he might “ see them in heaven, dressed in robes of glorious brightness ; for,” he would add, in his quietest vein of humour, “ if I saw them there, *I must be there myself too*. They say that every man has got a little self, and so have I, too, for

‘ I long to be there, His glory to share,
And to lean on Jesus’ breast.’ ”

If people said he praised God too loud, he would point heavenward and say, “ Up there, we shall praise Him ‘ more sweet, more loud ’ ; ” and sometimes, “ If the Lord were to stop my breath this moment ” (sudden death he called the fields’ way to heaven), “ I should be with Him in glory at once. *I have a heaven while going to heaven.* ”

“ The men of grace have found
Glory begun below.”

If any man could sing,

“ Heaven is my home,”

it was Billy Bray. To an honoured friend in Liskeard, he said, when leaving on one occasion : “ I shan’t see you many times more, ma’am.” “ Why not, Billy ? ” “ My Heavenly Father will want me home—will be soon sending for me.” Then he was

asked : " Do you think we shall know each other in heaven ? " He answered : " Why, missus, do you think we shall be more ignorant in heaven than we are down here ? We are not going to spend our time there, saying, ' Who's thickey over there, and who's that over there ? ' We shall spend our time in singing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and of the Lamb. I shall know Adam as soon as I see him, as if I had been reared with him all my life." At another time he said to a young friend on going to bed one night, " If you find me dead in the morning, mind you shout Hallelujah ! " She told him she did not think it likely she should. " Why not ? " he asked. " You might, for it would be all right." Blessed, blessed experience this ! To be able to say truthfully, confidently, " For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," is certainly the highest privilege of men here ; and this Billy could say always. To a friend, who, one morning, told him that she was tolerably well, he said, with a face lit up with holy joy, and beaming with heavenly radiance and glory, " *I was just thinking, my dear, of going a thousand miles the first flip, right into the heart of the city.*" Heaven was to him so attractive because it is the home of Jesus, whose " blood and righteousness " was indeed his glorious dress. In a little company of praying people, he once shouted with deep feeling, *The blood ! the blood ! the precious blood !!! the precious, precious blood !!!!* and the effect on himself and others was truly extraordinary.

Christ was in his heart, the hope of glory, and his faith was always in such lively exercise that, as he said, while some others were opening the cupboard door, he took out the loaf and ate it.

We may fitly close this chapter by relating a few other incidents which illustrate the man and his character more fully than the most elaborate description could do.

In a friend's house, in Falmouth, he exhorted those present to praise the Lord. Speaking of himself, he said, " I can't help praising the Lord. As I go along the street I lift up one foot, and it seems to say ' Glory ! ' and I lift up the other, and it seems to say ' Amen ' ; and so they keep on like that all the time I am walking."

When some Sunday-school lads were humming the hymns to be sung at an anniversary, Billy said, " Ah, if they were only going to sing in faith, all of them ; " and then taking up the poker and striking the hearth-stone, he added, " I feel I'd make the very poker and tongs sing Hallelujah ! "

Calling at a friend's house at a time when he had two or three visitors, he received a hearty welcome to remain and dine with them. He soon began to praise the Lord, which was as natural to him as for the birds to sing. He was asked if it was not possible for a man to get into the habit of praising the Lord without knowing what he was saying. He very coolly said that he did not think the Lord was much troubled with that class of persons.

On one occasion, when in the Penzance circuit on special work, he slept with T. A. Very early in the morning Billy was out of bed, jumping, dancing, and singing the praises of God as usual. T. A. said, "Billy, why are you out thus so early ? You will disturb the family, and perhaps give offence." The next moment Billy was again leaping and praising the Lord, and then, naming the members of the household and T. A., said, "They might lie and sleep and let their wheels get rusty if they liked, but he would see to it that his wheels were kept nicely oiled, and ready for work !" Then he fell on his knees and prayed aloud for the master and the mistress of the house and the members of the family, while his prayer for T. A. was that the "*Lord would have mercy on him, and make him a better man than he appears to be.*"

When Mr. Gilbert was in the St. Austell circuit the first time, Billy came to the anniversary of Tywardreath Highway Chapel. The chapel was so full that, when he came to the door, it was with difficulty he could get in ; but he had no sooner uttered, in his own peculiar tone, the words, "Bless the Lord ! little Billy Bray is come once more to Highway," than, as if by magic, a passage was made for him through the crowded audience. On reaching the pulpit he began to dance and shout, because "little Billy Bray was again at Highway." He read the first line of the hymn beginning—

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing ;" and then said, "Just think, that's

nine hundred and ninety-nine more than I have got."

[Sometimes when he quoted the line, " Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing !" he would say, " But many of you don't sing with the one tongue you have, and a bird that can sing, and won't sing, ought to be made to sing ;" and if persons objected to his singing he would say, " Wesley wanted nine hundred and ninety-nine tongues more than he had, and it is very hard if Billy Bray cannot use his one ;" and that if the saints were to rise up out of their graves they would not own the objectors. And by such remarks he frequently made them feel ashamed at their having opposed, even playfully, the joyous saint.]

Mr. Gilbert says that he spent an hour or two with him in the evening. "I told him that I had seen his mother at Twelveheads, and that I found her in a very blessed frame of mind, and that whilst I was praying with her she became so happy that, although quite blind, she jumped and danced about the house, shouting the praises of God ! Billy at once became much excited, and, rising from his chair, began to dance also. He then said, 'Dear old soul ! dance, did she ? I am glad to hear that. Bless the Lord ! Well, I dance sometimes. Why shouldn't I dance as well as David ? David, you say, was a king ; well, bless the Lord ! I am a King's son ! I have as good a right to dance as David had. Bless the Lord ! I get very happy at times ; my soul gets full of the glory, and then I dance too ! I was home in my

chamber t'other day, and I got so happy that I danced, and the glory came streaming down upon my soul, and it made me dance so lustily that my heels went down through the planchen.' ”

Mr. Gilbert adds : “ When Billy was about to leave, in company with a youth who had come with him, he said, ‘ Johnny and I, we'll make the valleys ring with our singing and praising as we go home ! ’ I said, ‘ Then you are a singer, Billy.’ ‘ Oh, yes, bless the Lord ! I can sing. My Heavenly Father likes to hear *me* sing. I can't sing so sweetly as some ; but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who sing better than I can. My Father likes to hear the *crow* as well as the *nightingale*, for He made them both.’ ”

With children, Billy was always at home. They were as fond of him as he was of them. He would often take a child on each knee, and dance them up and down while singing his favourite hymns, and while singing the chorus, he would dance them, to their great delight, much higher. The Rev. Joseph Dinnick, who has kindly supplied several pleasant reminiscences for this edition, says : “ I imagine I can see him now when he sang the following verse, and the tune is yet fresh in my memory :—

‘ Come, let us rally round the cross,
Despising earthly pleasure,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
For Christ our heavenly treasure.
Rejoice and sing, the Lord is King,
And we'll repeat the story,
We'll make the heavenly arches ring
When we get home to glory.’ ”

Mr. Robins informs me that at a chapel anniversary Billy once said : “ I went in to Truro to buy a frock for the little maid, and coming home I felt very happy, and got catching up my heels a little bit, and I danced the frock out of the basket. When I came home Joey said, ‘ William, where's the frock ? ’ I said, ‘ I don't know, “ es-en-a ” in the basket ? ’ ‘ No,’ said Joey. ‘ Glory be to God,’ I said, ‘ I danced the frock out of the basket.’ The next morning I went to the class-meeting, and one was speaking of his trials, and another was speaking of his trials, and I said, ‘ I've got trials too, for yesterday I went into Truro and bought a frock for the little maid ; coming home I got catching up my heels a little bit, and I danced the frock out of the basket.’ So they gave me the money I had paid for the frock ; and two or three days afterwards some one picked up the frock and brought it to me ; so I had two frocks for one. Glory ! ” and he closed his narration with one of his favourite sayings when persons opposed and persecuted him for singing and shouting so much, “ If they were to put me into a barrel, *I would shout glory out through the bunghole ! Praise the Lord !* ”

He communicated much of his enthusiasm and joyfulness to his friends. One who was going with him to a missionary meeting, on the way saw his lips moving as if in prayer. He asked Billy what he was praying for, and received for answer that he was asking his Heavenly Father to send down *ten thousand-weight of glory into his companion's*

soul, who says that he felt constrained for the first time to praise God aloud, which he continued to do, till Billy said, "Come along, or we shall not be able to leave, for the lane is full of glory," a foretaste of the experience of the saint wearing "heaven's brightest crown," who is bowed down with the "weight of glory," most, when most he ascends.

The Rev. S. W. Christophers says that "the first time he saw and heard Billy, among other things he said was this: 'If Billy gets work he praises the Lord; when he gets none, he sings all the same. Do'e think that *He'll* starve Billy? No, no, there's sure to be a bit of flour in the bottom of the barrel for Billy. I can trust in Jesus, and while I trust 'im, *He'd* as soon starve Michael the Archangel as *He'd* starve Billy!'"

"The next time I heard that voice was when, to all human appearance, I was about to depart from this

mortal life. The hallowed stillness of my bedroom was then broken by the distant sound of the well-known 'Hallelujah!' and then the jubilant tones of the faithful soul as he mounted the stairs singing—

'There, there, at His feet we shall suddenly meet,

And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres, with the heavenly choirs,

And our Saviour in glory ador!'

"I was raised up to see and hear Billy again, many, many times.

"I remember somebody saying to him as he sat at a friend's table, 'How long should I pray at a time to keep my soul healthy?' 'Do'e see that there piece of brass?' replied he, pointing to a polished ornament on the chimney-piece. 'If you give that five minutes' rub every now and then you'll keep it bright; but if you let 'im go a long time without it, you will have a long rub to get 'im bright again.'"

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPEL BUILDING.

"Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion : for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come. For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof."—Ps. cii. 13, 14.

PROBABLY no part of England is better supplied with places of religious worship than the county of Cornwall. The great majority of these have been built by the self-denying efforts and liberality of the poor rather than by the encouragement and munificence of persons belonging to the wealthier classes. The power and efficacy of the Voluntary principle may be here witnessed in full operation on a large scale. The people generally have put their "shoulder to the wheel," and have preferred to help themselves to being dependent on the charity of others—they have trusted almost wholly to God's blessing on their own exertions. "Methodism," as the late Bishop of Exeter told us, "is the mother church of Cornwall," and its different sections have a strong hold upon the affections and sympathies of the population ; and notwithstanding some defects of character and extravagances of worship—often ignorantly or wickedly exaggerated by High Church writers—they are honourably distinguished for their sobriety and intelligence, and, greater honour still, as a God-fearing, Christ-loving, and Sabbath-keeping people. For this result we are largely indebted to men of the

Billy Bray type. This will be more evident in subsequent chapters, but we have now to furnish some particulars of his early chapel-building enterprises, in which, as in all his actions, he sought to do his Master's will and promote His glory. Billy's own version of those occurrences, which are so widely known and so deeply interesting, is as follows:—

"In the neighbourhood where I lived there were a great many dark-minded, wicked people, and chapels were few. The Lord put it into my mind to build a chapel. My mother had a small place ; and by one of her little fields there was a small piece of common. The Lord opened my mother's heart to give a spot on that piece of common to build on. When my mother gave me the ground, I began to work as the dear Lord told me, and to take away the hedge of my mother's field, and to dig out the foundation for a chapel, or a house to worship God in, which was to be called *Bethel*. Many will have to bless God for ever that Bethel Chapel was built, for many are in heaven already that were born there. In that day there was but one little chapel in our neighbourhood, at a place called Twelveheads, which belonged to the Wesleyans. Our people had a

Billy Bray, the King's Son.

little old house to preach in, which would hold only twenty or thirty persons. So we wanted a place to preach in, and the people a place to hear in. Paul had a thorn in the flesh, and so had I. For I had not only the wicked against me, but a little class which was held in the house where we preached ; most of them turned against me, and tried to set the preachers against me. But with all they could do, they could not hurt me, though they made me uneasy at times. When I had got out the foundation of the Lord's house, we had preaching on the foundation-stone. [Mr. Ashworth says that Billy, "standing on the stone, said, 'If this new chapel, which they say is to be called Bethel, stands one hundred years, and one soul be converted in it every year, that will be one hundred souls, and one soul is worth more than all Cornwall.' He then danced on the stone, and shouted 'Glory, glory, bless the Lord.'"] On the day that it was laid, one of our neighbours said he would not give anything towards Billy Bray's chapel. He had two horses that drew the *whim* at the mine ; one of them was taken lame in the field, and lost many days' work. Then the people said that the horse was taken lame because the owner would not give anything to Billy Bray's chapel. But the people must know that it was not mine, but the dear Lord's chapel. And it may be the Lord punished him for not giving anything to *His* chapel. But the chapel was never much good to that man, for he died very soon after ; and the Lord

enabled me to build the chapel without his help, bless and praise His holy name. When I had taken down the field hedge, cleared out the foundation, had got some stone home to the place where the chapel was to be built, when the masons had put up some of the walls, and I had £1 15s. given me by friends, the devil entered into some of my classmates, who said that the chapel ought not to be built there ; and when my classmates saw that they could not stop me, they went to the superintendent of the circuit and told him that he ought to stop me from building the chapel there, for that was not the place ; it ought to be built at *Twelveheads* or at *Tippett's Stamps*. Our preacher came to me, and told me that the members had been to him to stop me from building the chapel where I had begun. Then I told him that the Lord had put it into my mind to build the chapel there, and I showed him what I had done already towards building it. It was the preaching night ; and he asked me whether I would be willing to cast lots whether the chapel should be built where I had begun it or in another place. 'Yes,' I said, 'I was willing ; for I did not want to build the chapel there unless it was the Lord's will.' In the evening we went to meeting, and most of our little class were there, and the men who were against me. After preaching, our preacher wrote three *lots*—for *Twelveheads*, *Tippett's Stamps*, and *Cross Lanes*, which was the place where I had begun my chapel. When they drew lots the lot came for *Cross*

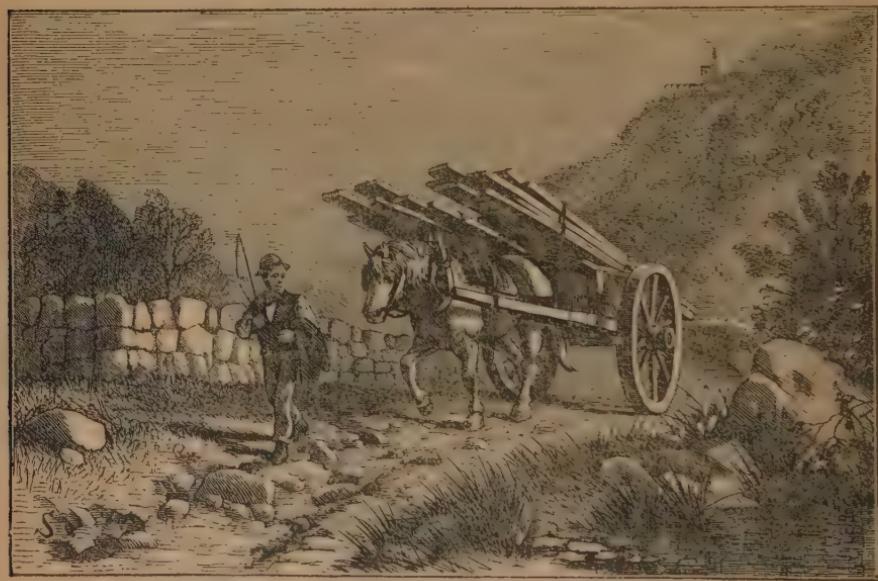
Lanes to be the place for the chapel. They then said they would help me to get on with it by raising stone; but telling about it that night was all they did to help me. The following day one of them came to me and said, 'We shall not help you, for *Cross Lanes* did not ought to be the lot.' So I was as well off as I thought I should be. I went to work, and raised stone, and got mortar, and set the masons to work. And the dear Lord helped me, for I was very poor, and had no money of my own. But the dear Lord raised me up friends, who sent me money to pay the masons; we got the chapel walls up, and timber for the roof; and then got it sawed and put up. But we had not timber enough by one principal; and I asked my Heavenly Father to send me some timber, or money to buy some. That morning there was a Wesleyan local preacher home praying; the Lord said to him while he was on his knees, 'Go down and give William Bray a pound note.' At that time there were no sovereigns; there were one pound notes drawn on the banks. After he had taken his breakfast he came down to me by the chapel, and said to me, 'What do you want a pound note for?' and I replied, 'To buy timber to put a principal up on *that* end of the chapel.' He said he never felt such a thing in all his life, 'for while I was home praying this morning it was always coming into my mind to go down and give you a pound note, and here it is.' So I had the note, went to Truro, bought a principal, put it up on the chapel, and there it is to

this day. When the timber was on the chapel, I went round and got two pounds towards covering the chapel. At that time we had young children, and the youngest of them was taken very ill. When my little maid was taken ill, Satan tempted me that it would take seven pounds to cover the chapel, and I had but two pounds, and our little one would die, and it would take one pound to bury her, and then I should have but one pound left. The devil tempted me very much on that point; for if I wanted it I had a right to take it, for the dear Lord and 'me' in this place kept but one purse;* and I paid any money that I earned at the mine to the chapel, when I wanted it. So I had but one to give my account to, and that was the dear Lord, the very best comrade that man can ever have. So the devil tempted me that the child would die. While I was thus sore tempted, it came into my mind that I should be paid for building this chapel, and it was applied to me, 'Because thou hast built this chapel, I will save thy child's life.' And I said, 'Where is this coming from?' And it was said to me, 'I am the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, be nothing doubting, it is I, saith the Lord;' and I believed it; and it was so. When I went home I told my wife that the child would not die, for the Lord had told me so. She replied, 'Don't say so; for all the neighbours say she

* This expression may be misunderstood without an explanation. He freely used his own money, when he had any, but what was given him for the Lord's cause was sacredly appropriated.

will die, she is so very ill.' I then went to the mine to work ; when I came home the child was not any better, and had not eaten any meat. On that night the child was very ill ; and got no better all the forenoon of the next day. She was very ill when I came home to dinner. That day I was afternoon 'core' at the mine ; and ever since the Lord converted my soul I always felt it my

then. She is living now, and is the mother of ten children ; so the Lord made the devil a liar once more. The devil did not do me any hurt ; he only made me bolder. I had only two pounds ; and the cost would be seven pounds by the time the roof was on. I borrowed a horse, and rode ten or twelve miles from where I lived, up among the farmers, and asked one of them whether he had



BRINGING HOME THE TIMBER FOR THE LORD'S HOUSE.

duty to pray with my wife and children before leaving my home to go to work. We knelt down to pray ; the child was lying in the window-seat ; we had for dinner, what was very plentiful at that time, fish and potatoes ; and in my prayer I said, ' Dear Lord, Thou hast said that my child shall live, but she has not eaten any meat yet.' And she began to eat meat there and

any reed to sell, for I wanted three hundred sheaves. He told me he had, and that it was two pounds for a hundred. So I told the farmer to bring three hundred sheaves to me as soon as he could, and some spears for them. But I did not tell him that I had only two pounds. He brought down one hundred first and some spears. I had three pounds when he came ; so I paid him for

the hundred of reed and the spears : and had a few shillings left. I asked the farmer to bring down the rest of the reed as soon as he could ; but didn't tell him I had not money to pay for it. And it wasn't necessary that I should, for by the time the other two hundred sheaves were sent a friend gave me money to pay for it. Then I put a man to work to cover the roof, and that would cost one pound ten shillings, with a little other work besides ; and when the man came to be paid I had but one pound ; so I wanted ten shillings more. The Lord put it into my mind to go into a high-road near where a great many people went up and down to work ; and the first man I met was P. B. I said to him, ' You have not given me anything yet towards my Father's house.' And he said, ' No ; nor do I intend to.' I replied, ' What, are you "amind" for the Lord to say to you in *that* day, " You saw me hungry, and you gave me no meat : thirsty, and you gave me no drink ; a stranger, and you took me not in : naked, and you clothed me not" ? ' And he said, ' Well, I don't mind if I do give you ten shillings.' I said, ' That is just the money I want.' So he gave me the ten shillings ; and I went home and paid the thatcher.

" After that I wanted timber for the door and windows and forms. A mine had lately stopped ; and they were selling off the timber. There was a bargain in timber for one pound six shillings ; but I had not money to buy it. To a friend

who asked me whether I had been to the mine, and bought any timber, I said I had not, because I had no money. Then he gave me one pound, and with that and some other sums the Lord sent me from other places I was able to buy what I wanted. As the timber had to be brought home to the dear Lord's house, I wanted a horse and cart. One of my neighbours had a horse, but he said she would not draw anything. I asked him to lend her to me. He told me I might have her, but she would not draw ; but I took the mare and put her in the cart, and brought the timber home. I never saw a better horse in my life ; I did not touch her with a whip or stick, though we had steep hills to come up over. When I took back the mare, and told my neighbour, ' I never saw a better mare,' he said, ' I never saw such a thing ; she will not draw with any one else.' That mare was working that day for a very strong company, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; whom horses, angels, men, and devils must obey. If there had been no one there more powerful than Billy Bray, she would have been as bad with him as with anybody else. But, bless and praise the name of the dear Lord ! He said, ' The horse shall work, for the timber is to seat My house ;' and what the dear Lord says shall be obeyed.

" I went on and finished the chapel. Then some of them said, ' Now, your chapel is done, you shall not have preaching there.' When they said that, I locked up the chapel door, and carried the key home, and

hung it to a nail behind the door. I said, 'Lord, there is the key; I have done what Thou hast told me to do; the chapel is built, and there is the key; if it is Thy will, the key should stay there seven years, or that it should be taken down every minute in the day, Thy will be done, my dear Lord.' That very day our preacher appointed services at the new chapel even more frequently

that the devil was so against me while I was building the old *Bethel*, and put his servants to hinder me, for I have seen at one time fifty down asking for mercy, and mercy they had.

"A little while after I had done building Bethel Chapel, the Lord said to me, 'I have made you instrumental in building Bethel Chapel, and I will make you the instrument in building one at *Kerley Downs*.' When



KERLEY DOWNS CHAPEL.

than I should have asked had I been present. They named my chapel *Bethel*. We had preaching there every Sabbath, afternoon and evening, and class-meeting in the morning. The Lord soon revived His work, and we gathered a great many members. A large new chapel has been built since, near the old one, which has also taken the name of 'Bethel.' The old one is now used as a schoolhouse, and for class-meetings. No wonder

this was applied to me I believed it, and rejoiced greatly to think that I was honoured to work for so good a Master as the King of heaven, and earth, and sky. Kerley Downs was near a mile from where I lived, in the same parish. At this place there was preaching in a dwelling-house, and a class met in the same house. The friends had been trying for some time to get a spot for a chapel, but had been disappointed. They had

made a collection for the chapel they intended to have, but the site was sold to a man for a higher price after it had been promised to the society. One of the neighbours who owned a farm said to one of the class, ‘Where is the money you collected so long ago towards a chapel, which you have not begun yet?’ He said, ‘If you have a mind to build a chapel, you may have ground of me.’ I told the preacher we could have a spot for a chapel, and if he did not call a meeting to appoint trustees, I should begin about the chapel myself. So he appointed a day and got trustees; but all that promised to help left me to myself. So my little son and ‘me’ went to work, and got some stone; the good friend who gave the land lent me his horse and cart; and we soon set the masons to work. Those who read this must remember that I was a very poor man, with a wife and five small children at that time, and worked in the mine underground. Sometimes I was forenoon ‘core,’ and when I had taken my dinner I should go to the chapel and work as long as I could see, and the next day do the same. The next week I should be afternoon ‘core’; then I should go up to the chapel in the morning and work until the middle of the day, and then go home and away to the mine. The week following I should be night ‘core’; I should then work about the chapel by day, and go to mine by night; and had not the dear Lord greatly strengthened me for the work, I could not have done it. When I was about the chapel, I had potatoes to till in

my garden; and every Sunday I was ‘planned.’ Sometimes I had to walk twenty miles or more, and speak three times. I have worked twenty hours in the twenty-four; and had not the Lord helped me I could not have done it. Bless and praise His holy name, ‘for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.’ I do know He is a friend when all other friends leave us; and He will help us to overcome our enemies.

“When our chapel was up about to the door-head the devil said to me, ‘They are all gone and left you and the chapel, and I would go and leave the place too.’ Then I said, ‘Devil, doesn’t thee know me better than that? by the help of the Lord I will have the chapel up, or lose my skin on the down.’ So the devil said no more to me on that subject. Sometimes I have had blisters on my hands, and they have been very sore. But I did not mind that, for if the chapel should stand one hundred years, and if one soul were converted in it every year, that would be a hundred souls, and that would pay me well if I got to heaven, for they that ‘turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.’ So I thought I should be rich enough when I got there. The chapel was finished after a time; and the opening day came. We had preaching, but the preacher was a wise man, and a dead man. I believe there was not much good done that day, for it was a very dead time with preacher and people; for he had a great deal of grammar, and but little of *Father*. ‘It is not by might, nor by power,

Billy Bray, the King's Son.

but by My Spirit, saith the Lord.' If it was by wisdom or might, I should have but a small part, for my might is little and my wisdom less. Thanks be to God, the work is His, and He can work by whomsoever He pleases. The second Sunday after the chapel was opened I was 'planned' there. I said to the people, ' You know I did not work here about this chapel in order to fill my pocket, but for the good of the neighbours and the good of souls ; and souls I must have, and souls I will have.' The Lord blessed us in a wonderful manner. Two women cried to the Lord for mercy ; then I said, ' Now, the chapel is paid for already.' The dear Lord went on to work there ; and the society soon went up from fifteen members to thirty. You see how good the Lord is to me ; I spoke for one soul a year, and He gave me fifteen souls the first year. Bless and praise His holy name, for He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever, for one soul is worth a thousand worlds ! Our little chapel had three windows, one on one side, and two on the other : the old devil, who does not like chapels, put his servants by way of reproach to call our chapel *Three-Eyes*. But, blessed be God, since then, the chapel has become too small for the place, and it has been enlarged ; now there are six windows instead of three ; and they may call the chapel *Six-Eyes* now if they will. For, glory be to God, many that have been converted there are now in heaven. And when we get there we will praise Him with all our might ; and *He shall never hear the last of it.*

" After this the Lord led me to build another chapel in the parish of *Gwennap*. The Lord put it into the heart of a gentleman to grant me a piece of land ; and after we had dug out the foundation, we wanted stone to build with. The Lord put it into my heart to go down by the railway and try to raise stone. Some one had been there before, and their quarry was poor. They had worked to the east and to the west, and left a piece of ground untouched in the middle: We went to work on this piece, and the dear Lord helped me, as He said. Some wondered to see what a lot of stone we got out. But they must know I was working for a strong company, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and that company will never break. I worked in my 'core' at the mine all the while I was raising stone ; and as I was living a great way from the place where I was building the chapel, the Lord helped me again by putting it into a gentleman's heart to give me five shillings a month while I was raising stone for the dear Lord's house. At a coffee-house near the quarry, when I came up from mine last 'core' by night, I had my breakfast for sixpence or sevenpence, and then away to raise stone. When the masons were set to work I had no money in hand, and no bank to go to but the bank of heaven. But, thanks be to God, that is a *strong* bank ; and I had often to go there by faith. At this time the Lord sent Mr. T. to me, who said, ' You will want timber, and lime, and slate, will you not ? ' I said, ' Yes, sir.' Then he told me to go to

his stores, and have what I wanted. When the masons wanted money I went round collecting, and the friends were very kind, and gave me money—I telling them that what they gave was laid up in God's bank, while what they saved they would have to leave behind. I went to Camborne, and farther west. Amongst other places I went to Helston, where there lived

you do not give me something, the Lord may take you away from your money, or your money away from you.' When I told him further that the gold was the Lord's, he said, 'Go round the town and see what you can get, and come to me again by-and-by.' I said to him, 'No, you have got money, and I must have some now,' and talked to him about



BILLY RECEIVING HIS TITHE OF FISH.

a miser, said to be worth a great deal of money, who was never known to give anything to any object. When I asked him for something for the chapel, he said he could not afford to give me anything. I said, 'You can give me some money if you like, and if you do not you may soon die, and leave it all behind. Job was very rich, but he soon became poor. I am begging for the Lord's house, and if

what the Lord would do with *greedy* people. Then he wiped his mouth, put his hand into his pocket four or five times, and talked away, but at last he took out two shillings and sixpence, and gave me. It was a hard job to get even that from the old miser. I do not think Satan let him sleep that night because the dear Lord permitted me to take half-a-crown from his *god*. When I told

some of the friends that I had got half-a-crown from him they said ‘it was the greatest miracle ever performed in Helston.’ I had a ‘plan’ at St. Just, and after I had done my work there I went on to St. Ives, and was directed to find out a good man named Bryant. St. Ives was a small place about the year 1838. Friend Bryant told me that I had come to St. Ives at a very poor time, for there was but little fish caught that year; and some of the people were almost wanting bread. ‘It was poor times,’ I said, ‘with Peter when the Lord told him to let down the net on the other side of the ship.’ Br. Bryant missed, for I had come at a very good time, as the event proved. We went up to the Wesleyan Chapel; there were a great many lively members, and we had a good meeting. We prayed to the dear Lord to send some fish, and He did. After the meeting was over, we went into a coffee-house to get a little refreshment; then we began our meeting, and continued it till midnight, praying to the Lord to send in the fish. As we came out of the meeting to go to our lodging, there were the dear, poor women with the pilchards on their plates, and the fish were shining in the moonlight. The women were smiling, the moon was smiling, and we were smiling; and no wonder, for the dear Lord put bread on many shelves that night, and blessed many families. We asked the women what fish was taken, and they told us that many boats had taken ten thousand, and some twenty thousand. Against the next day there were, if I mistake

not, eight thousand casks taken. And here I must speak it to their credit, though the people had so many fish, and were so poor, they rested on Sunday, and left it till Monday before they went about their fish, and they lost none. Some of the fishermen said to me, ‘Now you shall have some money for your chapel; and if you will get a boat and come out we will give you some fish.’ A friend with me, a carpenter, a bit used to the sea, got a boat and rowed me to the place where the fish were. They looked ‘pretty,’ for they were shining and leaping about, and the fishermen dipped up the fish, and threw them into our boat. I thought of the church ministers, who took their tithe of the corn; but I took mine of the fish. When we came to land, the carpenter ‘told’ up the fish to the people that bought them, and I took the money, which amounted to £6 15s.

“A druggist also promised me the profits of one week on medicine sold, which brought me two guineas more. Altogether I brought away from St. Ives £17 towards the chapel. So when I came home I could easily pay the masons and carpenters. You see how the Lord helped me through all—first by putting it into a gentleman’s heart to let me have a spot to build on; then to get good stone in what had been only a poor quarry; also in sending Mr. T. to tell me, when I was not worth a penny, to go to his store for timber and lime and slate; then in enabling me to collect so much towards the expense of building; and particularly at St. Ives, when the dear Lord sent the

fish in answer to prayer. He has said ‘Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.’ And we are ‘in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to let our requests be made known unto God. Bless His holy name : I will praise Him and glorify Him for ever and ever. O magnify the Lord with me,

Billy, we may append. One account I have received speaks of Billy calling on a Mr. T., a liberal gentleman well known in the neighbourhood, but Billy speaks of the Lord having “sent” Mr. T. to him. Billy told the gentleman that he was going “to build a ‘fishing-net’ near Carharrack in order to catch the fine fish that might be found in such large shoals



GREAT DELIVERANCE CHAPEL.

and let us exalt His name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. . . . This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.’”

Many further interesting particulars respecting Billy Bray’s chapels might be given, but which we must mostly omit. The details of one circumstance, briefly referred to by

in the neighbourhood.” Mr. T. was so well pleased with the simplicity and earnestness of Billy, that he said, “So, Billy, you are going to build a ‘fishing-net,’ are you ? I understand by that, that you are going to build a chapel ; now, when you have succeeded in getting up the walls sufficiently high to take the roof, let me know, and I will at once take steps to give a roof to your

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"fishing-net.'" "Bless the Lord," was Billy's response, and the same moment he was jumping and dancing for joy! When Mr. T. was told that the "fishing-net" required a roof, he said he would see it to know what was wanted. On reaching the spot, he expressed his surprise that so large a chapel had been built, intimating that when he made the promise he had no idea that Billy intended to erect such a large "fishing-net." His answer was, "Bless the Lord! my Heavenly Father deserves a large house." Mr. T. cheerfully fulfilled his promise, and the "fishing-net" soon possessed a roof. The gentleman afterwards became a worshipper in "Great Deliverance" Chapel (the name it received, and by which it is still known), and a valuable member and class-leader.*

When Billy was building his first chapel, some of his friends, whose faith was not so strong as his own, told him he had better build it with a chimney, so that it could be turned more easily into a cottage if it did not answer as a chapel. "No," he said, "I will have no chimney in it, except it be to drive the devil out through," though we fear a chimney would be but of little use for that purpose.

When the little place at Kerley Downs was up, Billy began to think where the pulpit could come from.

* Since the population in the neighbourhood has largely decreased, owing to the failure of the mines, this chapel has been closed, and the preaching removed to Carrarack, a populous village near, where an excellent chapel has been built.

At last, as he looked about among some furniture at an auction sale, his eye fell upon an old three-cornered cupboard.

"The very thing!" cried Billy, "the very thing. I can cut a slit down the back of un, and strengthen the middle of un, and put a board up in front of un, and clap a pair o' steers behind un, and then the preacher can preach out of un pretty."

With much glee he turned to some one near him, and asked, "What do 'e think they'll want for that there cupboard?" The man looked, and gave it as his opinion that it would go for six shillings. Billy told him what he meant to do with it, and the man said—"Why, you're Billy Bray. Here, I'll give 'e the six shilling to buy it."

After a while the cupboard was put up. Billy knew nothing of auctions. All eager to have his pulpit, he cried, holding out his hand—"Here, Mister Auctioneer, here's six shillin' for un; I do want un for a pulpit."

Of course there was a great laugh at Billy's expense. As it passed away the auctioneer cried—"Six shillings, going for six." A nod from behind Billy was quickly caught. "Seven," said the auctioneer, "seven shillings."

"No," cried Billy, "'tis on'y six; there's the money."

Of course, down went the hammer, and much to Billy's astonishment, the cupboard was not his.

"Well, Father do know best," said he in a rather disappointed tone; "but anyhow I must give the man back his six shilling."

The man was gone, nor was Billy likely to see him again. This was a new and even greater trouble.

"I'll be gone down and tell Father about it," said Billy, as he started off for his little chapel.

With faith renewed, and a comfortable assurance that it would be all right, he was coming from the chapel, when he saw the cupboard going up the hill in a cart.

"I'll follow un, anyhow," he whispered, "an' see the end." They carried it to a house, and tried to take it inside, but it was just too big to get in. They twisted and turned, they pulled and pushed, but it was no use.

"Here's a mess," said the purchaser angrily; "I've given seven shilling for un, an' shall have to skat un up for firewood."

Then, as his eyes twinkled, Billy stepped over and put his hand on the man's shoulder as he stood, hat in hand, wiping his forehead. "I'll give 'e six shillin' for un, if you'll carry un down to my little chapel."

"That I will," said the man, pleased at being so well out of it.

"*Bless the Lord!*" cried Billy, "'tis just like Him. He knew I couldn't carry un myself, so He got this man to carry un for me." *

This chapter reads almost like a romance; but the devout reader will clearly see God's hand in the matters related, and that His chosen instrument was eminently qualified to carry out His purpose. The fitting of means

to ends has as remarkable illustrations in Providence as in Creation. That same divine wisdom which chose Luther to be the hero of the Reformation, and Wesley and Whitefield to rouse a slumbering Church and nation from their spiritual lethargy, and Livingstone to be the pioneer of the Gospel in interior Africa, endued Billy Bray with all the needful qualifications "to serve his generation according to the will of God" in the way described in this chapter. The Lord made abundant use of his tact and cheerfulness, because wholly devoted to Him. He succeeded therefore where others have failed and brought discredit upon themselves and their friends. Thus, when Billy appealed in one instance for a second subscription in behalf of "Great Deliverance" Chapel, the gentleman met him by the objection that he had subscribed to that chapel once before. "Yes," Billy said, "but how many fleeces of wool have you had since then?" Nothing more was said, but a donation was at once handed to the "wise" beggar. The success of a man whose temper is never at fault, and whose wit turns everything to good account, is certain. A friend who was with Billy on a begging expedition suggested, as they were coming near a gentleman's house, and Billy was evidently making for the front door, that it would be better if they went to the back door. "No," said Billy, "I am the son of a King, and I shall go frontways." And then his motives were above suspicion, and his faith in God was

* This graphic description is from the pen of the Rev. M. G. Pearse.

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of the strongest kind. His own words are : " I have no more fear of the Lord bringing me right out and right through than if this road was covered with gold ; for His word is as good as ready money."

We may and we do admire Billy's simplicity and persistency of purpose, but his inward satisfaction none can share. We get many glimpses of it, but we must content ourselves with the briefest reference thereto. When he was got an old man, and had forgotten perhaps many of the exploits of his younger days, he heard in a public meeting, many miles from his home, a person speak of a man who had been instrumental in building several chapels in which many had been converted, and in one of

which he, the speaker, had been a Sunday scholar. Billy was listening with interest to this recital, quite unconscious that he was the person meant, but when his name was mentioned his heart leaped for joy that he had been permitted to do some good; that he had persevered, though the people did say that Billy was *silly*; that the Lord had sent many *wise* men to preach in the chapels which *silly* Billy Bray had built; that though he was only a *ram's horn*, the Lord had given His people some *silver trumpets*; that many were in heaven who had been converted in these chapels; and above all did he rejoice that his dear Lord was the great master-builder, to whom all the praise belonged.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

" And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."—
JAMES v. 15.

A FEW years ago there were "strange reports of wonderful cures wrought in a remote Swiss village by a Christian woman. . . . Wonders are out of date in the nineteenth century; there is a natural incredulity of everything like miracle, and the stories came and went, were told and ridiculed, and dropped from year to year. Yet anyone having the curiosity to visit the " pretty " village of Männedorf would have been well repaid ; " for there lived Dorothea Trudel, who was characterised after her conversion " by great earnestness, by singularly profound spiritual knowledge, and by a quiet, happy, and modest Christian spirit. She was a worker in flowers, and came, in time, to have workers under her ; and when she was about thirty-seven, four or five of her workers fell sick. The sickness resisted all treatment, grew worse, appeared to be hopeless. She was a diligent and unselfish nurse, and as a Christian her anxiety for the workpeople drove her to earnest prayer and careful consideration of the Scriptures. It was during this period that, like a sudden light, she says, the well-known passage from James v. 14, 15, flashed upon her. If medical skill was unavailing, was there not prayer ? And could not the same Lord who

chose to heal through medicines, also heal without them ? Was He necessarily restricted to the one means ? There was a time when His healing power went forth directly ; might it not be put forth directly still ? The doctors were at fault ; but was not faith in God perhaps more at fault ? Agitated by these questions, she sought help in prayer. And then kneeling by the bedsides of these sick people, she prayed for them. They recovered ; and the thought that at first had startled her became now the settled conviction of her life. A sickness broke out in the village, and where it did break out, her help, tenderness, and Christian teaching were rarely absent. She sought the recovery of the patients in answer to prayer alone. Many got better ; and as the rumour spread, persons from the neighbourhood came or sent, and her leisure was fully occupied.

" Meanwhile she had resisted all solicitations to leave her ordinary work, and establish a kind of cure. Her proper calling, she considered, was the one which God had provided for her—that of a worker in flowers ; her natural shyness and reserve made her shrink from publicity ; but as increased numbers came and even besieged her doors, she was compelled to reconsider her position, and at last,

with much reluctance, to receive persons into her house. This was at first out of mere compassion, when the sick had been brought from a distance and could find no proper shelter or care if she turned them away. By degrees the one house grew into three, and her days were spent in superintendence and in constant prayer; patients came from France and Germany, and even Great Britain. There came to be, in fact, an hospital at Männedorf." And in this work she continued until her death; and whatever judgment may be passed upon it, as the able writer says from whom we have quoted, "it is worth record as a feature of the Christian life of our century. Nor is it solitary. Others are reported working similarly in other parts of Switzerland. Pastor Blumhardt of Wurtemberg has had his house crowded with patients for years. Dr. Bushnell, in his 'Nature and the Supernatural,' reports like instances from America. There is no supposition of fraud. Will mesmerism, animal magnetism, the power of sympathy, be adequate explanation? Or is there still a prayer of faith that shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up?"

That there is danger of this principle being perverted and discredited, the "doings" of the "Peculiar People" are sufficient evidence. The slightest approach to extravagance and fanaticism ought to be carefully guarded against; and even the method adopted by our Lord when He wrought miracles for the relief of suffering men during His

brief sojourn upon earth teaches the same lesson. Nature itself is a great dispensary where God has treasured up His remedies for all diseases "which flesh is heir to," which are discoverable by patient and prayerful study, and which is a sufficient indication of His will and general method of working. But then, has He so tied Himself up to merely natural laws and processes that He has only one way of working left, only one way of healing His children? This would be to make "law" supreme and inexorable, and to concede what sceptical philosophers have always demanded—viz., that a miracle, being contrary to the course and constitution of nature, is clearly impossible.

So much in explanation of certain facts in Billy Bray's life which we could not entirely pass over, and which, in fact, we gladly and gratefully record to the honour of Him whose Providence never fails, whose Wisdom is never baffled, and whose Power and Goodness can never be exhausted.

"I am about," says Billy, "to write of a woman in whom God's power was made manifest in a wonderful manner. I had the account from her own lips twice, and I will write down as near as I can what she told me. *Florence Hoskin*, for that was her name, was made a cripple by the ill-usage of one of her family, and wholly lost the use of one of her legs for seven years, and she was obliged to go on a crutch and stick. She was so weak that she was forced to drag her foot after

her ; and the doctor told her she would not have the use of her leg any more. But he made a mistake, for she was made sound again ; our God is a God of all power, and there is nothing too great for Him to do. She was old when she was converted. In 1844, I think the Saturday night before the first Sunday in July, she went to bed greatly cast down. She prayed to her dear Lord, who is able to heal both body and soul ; and *that* sister Hoskin soon found to her joy and satisfaction. She prayed away until the cloud broke from her mind, and she was made very happy in the love of Jesus. Then she said, ‘Now, my dear Lord, Thou hast healed my soul, why not heal my body too ?’ She meant her lame leg ; and when she said so, the Lord said to her, ‘Arise, and go down to the Gospel-house, and there thou shalt be healed.’ Then she said, ‘Why not be healed here, my dear Lord ?’ for she was in bed, and it was an easy place for a poor cripple. When she said so, the Lord’s Spirit was taken away from her. Then she said, ‘I will go to Thy Gospel-house, or anywhere else, only let me be healed, my dear Lord.’ Her Lord said to her, ‘If I heal thee here, they will not believe it, for there are many of them as unbelieving as the Jews were in Jerusalem.’ And if the dear Lord had healed her in the bed, many would have doubted ; there are many unbelieving people in our country, and it is hard to make them believe. The Lord told sister Hoskin to go to the chapel, so that there should be many *witnesses* of His

mighty power in healing her. It was on a Sunday that she rose out of her bed to go to the Gospel-house to get healed, strong in faith ; but when she got downstairs, it was as if the devil stood in the doorway to tempt her to have her breakfast first ; but she said, ‘No, devil, I will not, for thou hast many times tempted me to stay for breakfast, and I have had a dead meeting through being so late.’ So she left home with her crutch and stick, and went away to her Gospel-house, dragging her poor lame foot on the ground. When she came to the chapel it was so early that there was no one there. When her leader came, he said, ‘How is it you are down here so early to-day, Florence ?’ She said to him, ‘Great things are going to be done here to-day ; I am going to have a sound leg, for the dear Lord has told me so.’ Her class-leader told her he thought she was mad ; he said to her, ‘If she had not more faith than he had, she never would be cured of her lameness.’ So the meeting began ; and while one was praying, Florence said, ‘Pray away, the balm is coming.’ She had faith to believe, and when the meeting was over she could walk about the chapel without crutch or stick. Some of the people who saw her walking about the chapel at Porthleven, went round the little town and said, ‘*Florence Hoskin* is walking about the “Bryanites” chapel without a crutch or stick.’ A great many came together to see what a miracle the dear Lord had wrought. As she was going out of the chapel, one person said, ‘Here,

Florence, is your crutch and stick?' when she answered, 'You may have them if you will, for I shall not want them any more.' And she did not want crutch or stick any more while she lived. Some foolish people will say, 'The Lord does not work miracles in these days as in the days of old.' The dear Lord *does*; if we can believe. Florence Hoskin believed; and according to her faith it was done unto her, for she went away from her home a cripple, and in a few hours came back healed: so it was well for her that she served the Lord. Bless and praise His name for ever!"

Here is another case as late as February 1865:—

"I went to *Kestle Mill* (to a Wesleyan Chapel to hold a teetotal meeting), a place some miles from Newlyn. A man who lived in Newlyn called 'grandfather,' who was very lame, wished to go with me; but when we had gone a little way he said he was so lame that he should not be able to go on. I said to him, 'You must go; Father must heal you.' He was going very lame when I said this; it was a great pain for him to walk. So I looked up to heaven, and prayed, and said, 'My dear Father, heal him;' and the dear Lord made him a sound man. He said, 'All my pain is gone;' and he went on to Kestle Mill as fast as I could go. When we came to the place 'grandfather' gave out a hymn and prayed; then he told the people what a bad drunkard he had been; but he was a teetotaler now; the Lord had converted his soul, and he

was a happy man. When 'grandfather' had done speaking, I spoke. *Twenty* signed the pledge. Then we travelled home; but I heard no more about his pain. On the Tuesday we had a teetotal meeting at our chapel in Newlyn, several Wesleyans on the platform. On Thursday, the 16th, after I had spoken in the Wesleyan Chapel at Newlyn, 'grandfather' rose from his seat, and told all the people in the chapel how that he was almost a cripple last week, and how that the dear Lord had healed him at once on Monday while going to Kestle Mill, and that he had not felt any pain since."

Billy also speaks of a Brother Hicks who "had been in bed seven years, and was two years without speech, whom the Lord brought out in one day;" whose cure was wrought when a good brother resolved that "he would not cease praying for him until he could speak." Billy's faith was unquestioning in the power and willingness of that Saviour who "is in every place and age the same."

This is still more characteristic. At one time he had a child seriously ill, and his wife feared it would die. She wished Billy to go to the doctor and get some medicine. He took eighteenpence in his pocket, all the money there was in the house. On the road he met a man who had lost a cow, and was then out begging for money to buy another, whose story touched Billy's heart, and to him the money was at once given. He said afterwards, "I felt after I had given away the money that it was no use going to the doctor, for I could not

have medicine without money, so I thought I would tell Father about it. I jumped over a hedge, and while telling the Lord all about it, I felt sure the 'cheeld' would live. I then went home, and as I entered the door, said to my wife, 'Joey, the cheeld's better, isn't it ?' 'Yes,' she said. 'The cheeld will live, the Lord has told me so,' was his answer, and the child soon got well.

But if these were the somewhat rare and more remarkable fruits of a faith which "staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief," it was ever in active operation, always made him happy and contented with his lot, saved him from all anxious care, and diffused over the whole of his life a heavenly radiance, some of the rays of which fell upon others wherever he went. The deep wisdom of the principles he had adopted possibly he did not know himself, but of their reality and blessedness he was fully conscious. How beautiful, how instructive, showing how far Billy was removed from fanaticism, is the following :—

" My wife said to me one day when lying on her sick-bed, ' William, I do not *see* anything from heaven.' ' Neither do I, and what need has the Lord to show us sights [' Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe,' our Lord said to "a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum "] when we can believe without it ? ' " He continued : " If I saw the Saviour a babe in the manger, I should not believe it more than I do now. If I saw Him raise Lazarus out of the grave, I should not

believe it more than I do now. If I saw the Lord Jesus raise the ruler's daughter or the widow's son to life, I should not believe it more than I do now. And if I saw the dear Lord nailed to the cross, and heard Him cry, ' It is finished,' saw Him give up the ghost, and rise from the tomb the third day, I should not believe these things more than I do now." When he said this, his wife exclaimed, " And so do I believe it," and they both rejoiced together.

This simple faith in God and in His word, what wonders it can accomplish ! It is the "secret of power." It is a choice and powerful weapon in the Christian's armoury, which can be used at all times, and never fails. But in dealing with the sick and ignorant it has a special value. Billy speaks of an old man, who had been very wicked, but who was seeking mercy. His visitor said to him, " You need not fear, for if you ask the Lord for it you are sure to find it. It is said, ' Let the heart of him rejoice that seeketh the Lord,' for they that seek are sure to find Him, and when you have found Him you will have a good prize." But the old man did not at once get the blessing, and so Billy continued : " Suppose that you were very poor, and you knew that there was a bag of money in this room, and you were sure that if you sought for it you would find it, and that it would supply all your wants, and you would never be poor any more ; then you would search the room with a *good heart*. The Lord is here, and when you find Him you will have all you

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want." As this was said, the old man sprung from his seat, exclaiming, "I have got it!" His wife heard him, ran into the room, fell on his neck, both rejoicing exceedingly in the God of their salvation. The old man said, "I never felt anything so

'pretty' in all my life." But how much he lost, is Billy's reflection, because he did not begin to serve God before! This incident reminds us of another characteristic feature of our friend's life, which may be considered more at length in our next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

PURE RELIGION.

" Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me. . . . Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—MATT. xxv. 34-36, 40.

In this memorable Scripture we are taught that the humblest disciples—the poor, the sick, the despised—are more precious unto their Divine Lord than light is to the eye, music to the ear, knowledge to the mind, or love to the heart. He so fully identifies Himself with His people, that an injury done to them He reckons as an injury done to Him, while a blessing bestowed upon them is a blessing bestowed upon Him. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Apostle James should declare that "*pure religion* and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." These two distinct parts of "*pure religion*" may be said to be equal in importance, but it is to the first part—visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction—that we now ask the attention of the reader.

In this particular, Billy Bray may be almost said to have had a chivalrous sense of duty and honour. Often dependent himself on the charity of others—for which he was truly grateful, but not servile or

obsequious—he gladly shared with persons poorer than himself what little he possessed. He could not keep two hats, one of his friends says, two days, if he knew of a brother in Christ in want of one. None enjoyed song and prayer and meditation and worship more than he; but he never once forgot, in the fulness of his joy, that the naked had to be clothed, and the hungry to be fed. He did not offer unto the Lord his God that which cost him nothing. He not only poured out all his heart in devotion to his Saviour, but of his "substance" he willingly took for the Lord's work. We sometimes get prayer instead of labour, or labour instead of prayer; beneficence instead of devotion, or devotion instead of beneficence. Billy Bray had not so learned Christ. His religion was not one-sided, but fully developed in every direction. It was bright in its Godward aspects, but it also beamed on men with tenderness and offered them its gifts of love and service. One of the most remarkable incidents in Billy's life is a vivid illustration of this feature of his

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character. A gentleman, well known to the writer, says: "Many years ago I was holding special services in one of Billy's chapels, making his humble house my temporary home. One morning, after breakfast and prayer, Billy went out, but soon returned with two little children, a boy and a girl, one in each arm. His wife said, 'Billy, where are you going with the children?' He replied, 'The mother's dead, and the father's run away and left them on the stream, and I thought I'd bring them in, and rear them up with ours.' His wife remonstrated, saying, 'We have four of our own that you can only just maintain, and these must go to the workhouse.' Billy answered, 'The Lord can as well feed them here as He can in the union,' and the same instant he put them with his own children, saying to them, 'Here, my dears, this is your home now.' His wife was very down-hearted at these two little strangers being thrust upon her, and she having such a small income. I thought Billy had a much bigger heart than myself, as I had a competency and no family, but should have shrunk from the responsibility of bringing up two children. I thought I would give Billy something, and found I had £2 15s. 10d. in my pocket. Seeing Billy's wife in so much distress, I decided to give Billy five shillings towards their maintenance, which, when Billy received, he said, 'There, Joey, the Lord has sent five shillings already, although the children have not eaten a penny loaf;' while I felt as if I

had stolen the five shillings, and it was impressed on my mind I had not given enough, and said, 'Here, Billy, give me that five shillings, and take ten shillings for the children.' Billy replied, 'Praise the Lord! Joey, didn't I tell you the Lord could feed them here as well as in the union?' But I became more miserable, and felt I ought to give Billy more; and at last said, 'Here, Billy, the Lord is displeased with me; give me that half-sovereign back, and take a sovereign.' He began to praise the Lord, and told his wife to shout 'Hallelujah! for the Lord would provide!' I tried to read, but a feeling of wretchedness quite overcame me, and I said, 'Lord, what am I to do?' and the answer was, 'Give Billy more,' and I told him I had not given him enough yet. 'Take another sovereign.' Billy again shouted, 'Glory be to God! cheer up, Joey, the money is coming!' I then asked the Lord to make me happy, as I had only fifteen shillings and tenpence left, but the impression still was that I ought to give Billy more. I then gave him ten shillings, but could not rest till I had given him all I had; but he refused to take the odd tenpence, saying, 'No, brother, keep that to pay turnpike-gates when you go home.' Billy then said, 'Let's have a little prayer,' and while he was praying such a divine power rested on us as I cannot describe, and I never expect such a blessing again this side of heaven. I have been credibly informed that these children were brought up by

Billy until they were able to earn their own living."

When he had exhausted his own little store in ministering unto the wants of the poor, he sought for them help from others. In one instance of this kind, a gentleman, to whom he applied, gave him a sovereign for some poor persons, and his lady also gave him some clothes for them. After he had had tea, he said he must pray before he left the house, for he felt it as much his duty to pray in a rich man's house as in a poor man's. The gentleman and lady, with some of their servants, knelt together at His footstool who is "King of kings, and Lord of lords," while Billy poured out all his heart, for he had sweet access to the throne of grace. Some Quaker friends, whose kindness to Billy all through life was very marked, were also appealed to, and with the three pounds he collected he bought food and clothing for the family of a "quiet, thrifty, honest man"—and what was a great recommendation to Billy, one who neither drank nor smoked—paid their quarter's rent, filled the cottage with sunshine and gladness, and received himself the blessing of those that were ready to perish.

Visits to such devoted Christians as *Peggy Mitchell*, the best scholar in Gwennap parish, because she could read her "title clear to mansions in the skies," were their own exceeding great reward, and it was passing strange to Billy that the duty of visiting the sick should be so much neglected. But the unconverted he

sought out as well, and his message of mercy in many a sick chamber God signally blessed. Sometimes young persons of good position accompanied him to the house of mourning, who were often greatly blessed themselves, and made a blessing to others. These, notwithstanding earthly distinctions and differences, were his brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus, and therefore greatly beloved for His sake. As he had great tact and discretion, besides unfailing cheerfulness, his visits were by many eagerly sought and highly prized. To one who had been a great sufferer for many years, he said, "The pain of yesterday and last night you will never feel any more. You are as well off as the Queen so far as *yesterday* is concerned. With the Queen *yesterday* is gone, and so is it with you;" or as another sufferer said to him, she could praise God, "for every pain is a pain the less." Another person whom he visited the same day, an aged Christian eighty years old, he tells us knew quite as much about the dear Lord as he could tell her. She loved the Lord so much that she did not know a name *good enough* by which to call Him. "Every word she spoke was sweet to my soul," Billy said. And why? he inquires. Because she was filled, as were Barnabas and Stephen, with the Holy Ghost: "*And Satan can do nothing by 'they' who are filled with the Holy Ghost.*" Another dear friend, who had been a Christian forty-five years, seen, too, the same day, was one after his own heart, because the Lord had

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converted her "*in and out*," in allusion to the excessive "outward adorning" of some, which Billy strongly condemned.

[Sometimes in his public addresses, in allusion to the artificial flowers with which so many "women professing godliness" adorn themselves, he would say, "I wouldn't mind you having a waggon-load of them on your heads, if that would do you any good; but you know it wouldn't, and all persons know that *flowers only grow in soft places*." And many persons can testify that men who made themselves ridiculous by their conceited airs and fine dress did not escape his well-merited and striking rebukes. The nicely-feathered arrow from his well-strung bow has often gone much below the surface. His spirit was always stirred within him when he saw men who spent more time in "oiling their cobs," or "twirling their whiskers," than in prayer or the reading of the Bible. Pity that so many should be found to labour in trying to "destroy the fence that separates the Church from the world," and to make bystanders believe that they are more concerned to exhibit the graces of their persons than they are to display the beauties of holiness, or the glories of their Divine Redeemer.]

About the same time he found out another person, whose *class-leader had not been to see her but once for a whole year*, and he marvelled not that many became therefore indifferent to heavenly things. He was not sanguine about every case. He saw a person who had been very wicked, and was

told that he had been seeking the Lord a long time. He hoped he had; but he added, "It is dangerous to put off our soul's salvation until we are on our death-bed; *for where there is one who gets the prize, there are ten who lose it, and the same old devil that got at them downstairs will get at them when they are in their beds.*" An old woman who, with a crippled daughter, lived in one little dirty downstairs room, had a word of encouragement. She had had many trials, but she was very hopeful and trusting. The storm had stripped her little cot of its roof, but the Lord had in mercy spared both her and her daughter. Billy said to her, "Heaven will be a 'pretty' place for you when you get there. You will be able to say, 'What a glorious place I am in now! I am not now down in the house with the roof blown away; I am not now down in a dirty little room, with little meat and clothes;—oh, what a mighty change is this! What a glorious place is heaven!'" and he adds, "I believe if any will know the joy of heaven in its higher state, it will be those who have suffered most down here."

I went with Billy one day to visit a preacher, who while he was conversing and praying with him became remarkably happy. Presently the sick man expressed a hope that the Lord would take him to heaven, there and then, as he felt quite ready for the change, and he should not then grieve his best Friend again by carelessness or unbelief. His wife, who was standing by the side of the bed, turned away, her eyes filled with

tears. To her Billy immediately turned and said, "So you would not like to have your husband promoted, then ?" And then he took up his parable. "Don't you think that your eye ought to be as much upon the Lord Jesus Christ as the eye of a worldly woman is upon the Queen ? Now, if the Queen were to send for the brother, or son, or husband of any such woman, would not she say, 'I am sorry to part with him, but it may be the making of him ; I must let him go : *it is the Queen who has sent for him.*' And yet you know," he continued, "that it might be a great expense to prepare him to go ; or the Queen might soon die, or he offend her, and then he would be as bad off as ever. But the Lord Jesus Christ is at all the expense of the '*fit out*' ; He provides the robe in which your husband will be clothed, the crown that he will wear, the palm that he will wave ; the Lord Jesus Christ will never die, and your husband wants to go because he knows he shall never offend Him again : *now, ought you not to be willing ?*" The distressed wife, who was now smiling through her tears, said she was willing, but she did not want to lose him just yet. "And do you think," said Billy, "that you will ever be willing ? If my '*Joey*' lives, and if I am to wait until she is willing for me to go to heaven, I shall never get there. The fact is, the Lord has a right to take your husband, or me, or any of His

children whenever He pleases, *and if I were the Lord I would too, and not ask anybody.*"

I well remember having a visit from Billy when, to all appearances, I was on the borders of the grave, and too weak to join in conversation, or to hear other persons talk much. But Billy intermingled, in a very striking manner, prayer and conversation, addressing earnest exhortations to me, with passionate entreaties to Jehovah. He hoped, he believed, he felt sure that the Lord would raise me up ; then I was exhorted to be faithful, to make full proof of my ministry, to bear a good testimony for Christ always ; and then he burst out into a glowing description of the honours and dignities which in that case should be my reward—I was to have a robe, a palm, a throne, a kingdom, a crown, a crown of glory, a crown of life, a crown of righteousness—and he interposed the remark—I hardly knew whether it was intended for God or myself, but it nearly convulsed me with laughter—"And I'll wage it will be a fine and pretty one ! "

There is no doubt about the brightness of Billy's crown, or the fulness of his reward, for in various ways he turned "many to righteousness," and he shall therefore shine forth "like the sun in the kingdom of our Father," or as the "stars for ever and ever."

CHAPTER VII.

SABBATH KEEPING.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord: and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."—ISA. lviii. 13, 14.

ONE of the most marked features of Billy's character was his love and reverence for the Sabbath. It was to him a day "most calm, most bright," the "pearl of days" in his estimation to both rich and poor, to the poor especially. If the working men of England only prize the Sabbath as they should, for it comes to them freighted with health, and blessing, and comfort, they will never permit it to be wrested from their grasp under any pretence whatever. An attempt made soon after his conversion to rob Billy of this boon signally failed. He showed on that occasion great wisdom and boldness. Before his conversion he spent his Sabbaths in idleness and sin, afterwards they were sanctified unto the Lord.

One of the levels of the mine in which he worked filled with water every twelve hours, which was then drawn to the surface. When it came to Billy's turn one Sunday to go to the mine to draw up the water, he was at Hicks Mill Chapel. The Lord said to him, "Stay here, and worship Me this day."* Billy had no doubt that the Lord did thus speak, or that

it was his duty to obey. "I will, Lord," was his answer, and he left the water to find its way to the bottom of the shaft, in the full belief that no harm would come of it. On the Monday morning he went to the mine at six o'clock, for he could not safely leave the water to care take of itself on the Monday, though he could do so with great confidence on the Sunday. The "captain" interrogated him as to his absence, and Billy frankly told him "it was the Lord's will that he should not work on Sundays." "I'll Lord's will thee!" the "captain" angrily said; "thou shalt not work here any more." Billy was unmoved, "For I felt," he said, "that I had the Lord of rocks and hills for my Friend, and I did not care who was against me." But when his comrade told him that he was turned away too, he quickly said, "You must not be turned away on my account; it was not your fault, and I'll go to the 'captain' and tell him so." At this interview, the "captain" told Billy he must give up that foolish notion about not working on Sundays, for men in a mine must work Sundays. Billy replied, "For the wickedness of the wicked the land mourneth; and I have a new Master now, and He tells

* When Satan told him one Sabbath morning, as he was going to class, that the machinery of the mine would be all broken up if he did not at once attend to it, his answer was—"I told the devil he might go himself if he would."

me I must not work on the Sabbath-day, but keep it holy ; and I shall do as He tells me." The clerk in the counting-house said, if he felt like William Bray, he wouldn't work on Sundays either. The " captain " then said he might go to work if he would, and Billy's full cup ran over when he gave him such work to do as left him at liberty to go to the meetings every night of the week as well as Sundays.

About the same time a revival began at Twelveheads Chapel, and believing it was the Lord's will he left his barrow and the ash-heap (the new work to which he had been appointed), and away he went to the chapel. "I was much wanted," he tells us, "for the old professors were very dead at that time ; they would come into the chapel with their hats under their arm, and look very black at us. But the Lord was with us, and soon tore a hole in Satan's kingdom. We had, I think, nearly a hundred converted in one week, the first week I ever worked all the time for the Lord in His house." On the Friday of that blessed week, it was "taking-on" day at the mine. He thought at first he would go, but his second thought was, "No, I will stay here this week, and work for the Lord." "That same night," his account continues, "two men came to the chapel to me, called me out, and said I was appointed to work with them in 'chapel's shaft,' for Captain Hosken, who a little while before had turned me away, had told them to take me with them. So I stayed that week and worked for the Lord ; and on Monday morning I went to see the

place that the Lord had got for me. At the place I had been turned away from I got only £2 a month ; and in this new place I had £5 a month or more ;* and had not to work so hard by a great deal. And so the Lord cleared my way for ever from working Sundays. I did not lose by serving the Lord, but got £3 a month more than I got before ; and did the will of the Lord, *which is better than all the money in the world.*" And whatever ridicule may be poured upon his statements that he heard the voice of God forbidding him to do this, and directing him to do that, or upon his belief that God would not suffer any harm to be done by the water on the Sunday, surely all must admire his fidelity to his conscience and his God, and his courage in acting up to his convictions of truth and duty, whatever the result might be to himself. And, after all, what are the incidents just related but illustrations of the Scripture, "Them that honour Me, I will honour"? And if men only simply and honestly believed what God has promised, such examples would be of daily occurrence, for "none ever trusted in Him, and was confounded."

* I am not quite sure, as the different accounts furnished by Billy's friends are not quite clear and consistent, but it is probable that his being put to work on this particular spot was intended as a punishment ; perhaps his "captain" had not quite overcome his chagrin at Billy's refusal to work on a Sunday. He and his comrades could not make much progress, a great part of their time being employed in drawing off the water. In the ear of the Most High he poured his complaints. Almost immediately on resuming his work they heard a sort of gurgling with the water below, and in a little time they had a dry place to work in, and the result was in every respect satisfactory.

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Much more of the same might be added. In the freshness of his first love, Billy had asked on a Sunday morning, "What can I do to be more acceptable in the sight of the Lord than I have already done?" The answer he received was, "*Fast this day for the Lord's sake.*" "*I will, Lord,*" was his prompt answer. He did not take any food until eight o'clock at night; and that was the best day he had had for twenty-nine years. Henceforth he took no food from Saturday night until four or five o'clock on Sunday afternoons. His neighbours were afraid that he would starve himself, and a good man, Richard Verran by name, kindly said to him, "The devil is trying to starve thee, for he knows what great things the Lord has done for thee." Billy's answer was, "Richard, the devil shall not starve me, for I can soon know by asking the Lord, who will tell me whether I am right or no." On the next Sunday morning he knelt on a stool and said, "Lord, Thou knowest what the people are saying, that I shall starve myself if I fast; now, my dear Lord, if I must not fast, make me happier than I have been." But he did not feel happier. Then he said, "Lord, must I fast?" and he says, "The power of God came down upon me, so that I fell off the stool; and I was convinced that it was the will of the Lord that I should fast." What the people said had no effect upon him now; and truly, as he declares, "If the members of the churches would *mortify* the flesh more, and not

gratify it, they would be much happier than they are." To his friends who pressed him to eat he would say, "On the Sunday I get my breakfast and dinner from the King's table, two good meals too, and I would not exchange this food from heaven for the richest dinner on the earth;" or, "I have had a good slice off my Heavenly Father's great loaf this morning." He was always happiest in the house of any friend, where, as he said, he could get "plenty of the best meat." However long might be the journey he had to take, he never altered his practice. And on the Sunday, incessantly occupied as he was, singing, praying, exhorting, in addition to his bodily exertions—for he would be jumping and dancing almost every moment when not otherwise engaged—he never seemed to want food, and I never saw him appear either dull or fatigued. To him the promise seemed literally fulfilled—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; *they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.*" After rather a long journey one Sabbath to his appointments, when he was got an old man, a good friend on his return said to him, "Poor old man, come, are you?" Billy leaped on the floor, and said, "Don't call me an old man, for I am like a boy. I could go the same journey again, for I'm not one bit weary." At another time, after a very hard day's work, he said to a friend, "How strong I am! I am as strong as a lion. I could run up

to St. Austell (a distance of twenty miles or so), I am so strong."

After he had started one Sabbath morning to take his appointments at Mevagissey—he was then living at Tywardreath Highway—he felt very unwell, but to the suggestion, of the enemy as he supposed, that he had better return, he said, "No, I won't. The dear Lord can help me, and I shall go." The pain soon ceased, and if there was any remaining weakness, when he descended from the pulpit, after the morning service, he shouted and jumped it all away. Mr. Wesley's *sure* remedy for cold and hoarseness was, we believe, more preaching. A happy meeting seemed to be all that Billy Bray required for either body or soul. On the occasion referred to above, he said, "This is the way to make old people young again. If you get into the Lord's mill, He will grind you down, and make you come out like new ones." Then, instead of going to dinner, he went to visit the sick, it being his meat and drink to do his Heavenly Father's will.

There was, too, a beautiful harmony about Billy's Christian character and consistency. He who will not "rob God" will not defraud his fellow-men; respect for the fourth commandment is a guarantee that the eighth and every other will be scrupulously observed. I am told it is the habit with dishonest miners when they have a good "take" to hide away, when they have the opportunity, some of the ore, so that they may not appear to have been getting too high wages the next

"setting-day," and the hidden treasure is reserved and brought out when they are working in a place where the ore is less plentiful and a larger proportion belongs to the "tributer." Against this practice Billy set his face like a flint. "These men could not enjoy religion," he said, "and act the rogue too. What peace of mind could they have when they came to die?" Against all deception, fraud, and oppression he faithfully witnessed, whoever might be the offender, or whatever his rank and position. He sometimes brought upon himself much opposition and reproach for the time, though he carefully watched his temper, that he might not rebuke his brother in a wrong spirit, and for a suitable opportunity, that it might neither be in vain, nor wound the offender unnecessarily. Some of these parties were high-sounding professors; but he well knew if a good conscience be not maintained, of faith itself persons will soon make shipwreck.

A friend of the writer's, naturally of a rather gloomy turn, had much peace and joy during a long illness that ended in death. Speaking to his widow as to the cause of this, which seemed in one of his temperament somewhat remarkable, she said that her husband gratefully noticed the fact, and next to the hope of salvation which he had through Jesus Christ, he thought that it was because he had *never once knowingly cheated any one of a lump of coal*, his business being that of a coal-merchant. This practical Christianity is the want of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRIALS AND CONFLICTS.

"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed ; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—GEN. iii. 15.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation : for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."—JAMES i. 12.

"THE devil knows where I live," was a common saying of Billy's, in answer to persons who said that he knew but little or nothing of trial and temptation. He was tempted, so he said, to do many bad things, to swear, to tell lies, &c., and sometimes to end his life by throwing himself down the "shaft" of a mine. But he told the tempter, "*old smutty-face*," to do this himself, and see how he would like it. He did not, as too many do, meet Satan more than half-way, go to him, and say, "Hae na ye some dainty temptation for me to-day now, Daddie Satan ? I'm sair wracked for a coaxing temptation ;" but Satan he always resisted, "steadfast in the faith." Nor was he in the habit of seeking sympathy from others ; but "took joyfully" everything as it came along from the hand of a loving Father. And more than all, perhaps, he thought "it not strange concerning the fiery trials" which were permitted to come upon him, "as though some strange thing had happened unto him." If temptation were a *strange* thing, it would be still *more* strange that Jesus Himself "suffered being tempted," that He might be "able to succour them that are tempted." It is marvellous that this power to succour Jesus

acquired in the actual conflicts of life.

Mr. Gilbert says he has heard that in coming home from the mine on one occasion, soon after his conversion, Billy was thinking of several recent accidents which had proved fatal to some of his acquaintances. On getting near a "shaft" where one or two persons had been killed, Billy's mind became possessed with the thought (he was not altogether free from the superstitions which still linger among persons of his class) that they would appear to him from the invisible world. His fears were greatly excited, and though, like many other troubles, quite imaginary, they were none the less terrible to endure. But he passed the place in safety, and of course saw nothing. On coming near another "shaft," he thought of one or two persons who had been killed there, and he trembled with the thought that he should see them. But he kept on his way, struggling with his emotions as best he could. In passing the second "shaft," he had to cross a bridge. Just as he was about to step on it, it came into his mind that the "devil himself" would meet him on the bridge. This thought thoroughly aroused him, and he exclaimed,

"The devil ! who is he ? what can he do ? The devil is a fallen angel ! he was turned out of heaven by God !—he is held now in chains ! I am Billy Bray ! God is my Heavenly Father ! Why should I fear the devil ?" Why should he, indeed, when he had resolved "that the devil should not have so much as a penny toy in his heart." Strong in the consciousness that God was his defence, he continued, as if addressing a visible foe, "Come on, then, thou devil ; I fear thee not ! Come on, Lucifer, and all demons ! Come on, old ones and young ones, black ones and blue ones, fiery and red-hot ones ; come on, devil, and all thy ugly hosts !" Then, feeling himself delivered from the fears that had distressed and darkened his mind, he began to sing—

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky :
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly ;"

when he was discovered by some of his neighbours leaping and dancing and praising the Lord who had again given him the victory !

Not many readers will be able, we suppose, to sympathise with this experience of Billy ; but he had trials of another kind which come home very closely to the understanding and hearts of many. The Lord was his Shepherd, and so he never came to want. The promise is, "Bread shall be given," and "water is sure ;" but the Lord's people are often brought into great straits. Many an honest Christian man has found it hard work at times to provide for

the daily wants of himself and family. Satan is busy in plying the temptation then that the Lord has forgotten him, and is utterly regardless of his wants. Scanty fare, an empty cupboard, an ill-furnished table, threadbare clothing—are these the evidences and proofs of God's favour ? And then many careless, godless persons have more than heart can wish. God thus *tries* the faith of His children, and He delights to honour it. Billy Bray was often thus tried, but God worked out his deliverance. He could *wait*, or *work*, or *suffer*, even *die*, but he could not *sin*, nor doubt his best Friend. He came home one "pay-day" from the mine without any money. It was a great trial to him, but he bore it meekly. His wife reproached him with being the cause of their poverty and trials, but he said to her, "The Lord will provide," and just then a person, who had heard of his circumstances, came into the house with a basket of provisions containing all that he and his needed. He might well sing, as we are told he did :—

"Not fearing or doubting,
With Christ on my side,
I hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide."

When he took some of the money that he had so hardly earned to pay for something wanted for the chapels which he did so much to build, his wife declared, "We shall be brought to the union if you go on in this way." "Never mind, my dear Joey, the Lord will provide ;" and so He did always, often marvellously. Here is one incident from his own lips :—

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" At one time I had been at work the whole of the month, but had no wages to take up when pay-day came ; and as we had no bread in the house, ' Joey ' advised me to go up and ask the ' captain ' to lend me a few shillings, which I did, and he let me have ten shillings. On my way home I called to see a family, and found they were worse off than myself ; for though we had no bread, we had bacon and potatoes, but they had neither. So I gave them five shillings, and went towards home. Then I called on another family, and found them, if possible, in greater distress than the former. I thought I could not give them less than I had given the others ; so I gave them the other five shillings, and went home. And Joey said—

" Well, William, have you seen the captain ? "

" Yes."

" Did you ask him for any money ? "

" Yes ; he let me have ten shillings."

" Where is it ? "

" I have given it away."

" I never saw the fellow to you in my life. You are enough to try any one."

" The Lord isn't going to stay in my debt very long,' and I then went out. For two or three days after this Joey was mighty down ; but about the middle of the week, when I came home from the mine, Joey was looking mighty smiling, so I thought there was something up. Presently Joey said—

" Mrs. So-and-so has been here to-day."

" Oh ! "

" And she gave me a sovereign."

" There, I told you the Lord wasn't going to stay in my debt very long ; there's the ten shillings and ten shillings interest."

Coming home one Sunday evening from his appointment through a dirty road, Billy stuck in the mud, and in extricating one foot, he tore off the sole of his shoe. Holding it up, now almost useless, he said, " Here, Father, Thou knowest that I have worn out these shoes in Thy cause, and I have no money to buy new ones ; help me." The Lord heard him in this time of need, and sent speedy relief. A friend the next week said he wanted Billy to accompany him to Truro ; and on their arrival he took him first to a shoe shop, and bought for him a pair of shoes, and then to other shops to get some needed articles of clothing.

Billy was very poor when he was converted (a working man who is a drunkard must be very poor) ; a low-priced fustian jacket was his best, and he said that was better than he deserved ; but false shame did not stop him from going out on the Sunday to warn his fellow-men to " flee from the wrath to come." At the request of a servant-girl, an unknown Quaker friend gave him a coat and waistcoat, " which suited me," he said, " as if they were made for me ; and they served me for years." His facetious remark on a similar occasion was, when a good friend said to him, " The Lord has told me to give you a coat and waistcoat, but I do not know whether they

will fit you," "If the Lord told you to give them to me, they will fit me all right, *for He knows my size exactly.*" It is right to state it was Billy's opinion that almost all the garments which he had given to him fitted him so well because "he and fashion had once quarrelled," and the breach had never been made up.

A friend, who in 1840 lived in Falmouth, and was the printer and publisher of the "Cornwall Teetotal Journal," has supplied the following :—

"A parcel was brought to the office, directed to William Bray, to be called for. In about three weeks Billy called and inquired if a suit of clothes had been left for him. When the parcel was produced, he exclaimed, 'Praise the Lord for that!' He then opened the parcel and displayed a complete suit of sober grey, which he said *his Father* had given him. He further stated that being much in want of suitable clothing to do his Father's work in, he had made it a matter of prayer, which was answered in the following manner :—

"One day, as he was passing through the town of —, he was accosted by a master tailor, who stood in his shop door, with, 'Is not this Mr. Bray, the Bryanite preacher?' 'My name is William Bray, generally called Billy Bray; but as to being a Bryanite preacher, I cannot say much about that—sometimes I go about inviting sinners to come to Jesus; and, praise the Lord, my labours have often been blessed.' 'Very good!' said the tailor; 'but you look as if you wanted a suit of

clothes.' 'Yes,' said Billy, 'I do, and shall have them, too, as soon as my Heavenly Father thinks it right to give them to me, praise His holy name!' 'You can have a suit from me.' 'I suppose I can, but you expect to be paid for them.' 'Never mind about paying until it is convenient. Come in and choose the cloth, and let me take your measure. You shall have, at cost price, a suit of the best I have, . . . and I shall not charge you for the making.' 'Praise the Lord for that!' shouted Billy. 'I thought Father would soon find a way for me to get a suit of clothes to do *His* work in.' It was soon arranged that the clothes, when made, should be sent to Falmouth for him, and when he could pay a few shillings towards the expense of the cloth, it was to be forwarded in one of the monthly parcels of 'Temperance Journals' to the agent, who should pay the same to the tailor. Taking up the coat, and examining the texture of the cloth, he said, 'You see, I did not choose the finest cloth, but I chose *the best*—just feel it—it will stand the wear of many years. I did not want a fancy coat, as that would not be suitable for me.' He then asked what the cost of carriage was, and when told there was nothing to pay, he shouted aloud, 'Praise the Lord for that!' while his face beamed with holy joy. 'How good Father is,' he continued, 'to send me a new suit of clothes, and the carriage paid. Praise the Lord!' After a little more conversation he left the office, and in a few weeks five shillings, the first instalment,

was sent as agreed on. After some months had passed away, Billy called at the office and said that the Lord had opened the way for him to call and pay the tailor himself. He had obtained employment in that neighbourhood, and been so prospered, as to be able in a little time to pay the whole amount."

Billy's deep poverty was shared by many of his fellow-Christians, preachers, and others, and his kind Quaker friends showed also no little kindness to them. When the Bible Christian missionaries went out first, their salary was very small, and oft-times they had to get meat and clothes where they could. "The love of Christ constrained them," and many of them cheerfully endured hardness for His sake. Billy relates this circumstance :—

"One of our preachers was called to preach to a very wicked people, and the Lord made him a great blessing to them. He has told me that, after he has done preaching at night, he has had no place to lodge and nothing to eat. He said that he had slept out in a cold frosty night, and when he awoke in the morning he found it very hard work to get any heat in himself. The devil tempted him that his case was a bad one, for he had neither food nor lodgings, and his clothes were very poor. He had no friends ; and all the people that were pious met in other societies. A member of another society said to him one day, 'You are fine fellows for beating the bushes, but we get the birds.' The missionary then said to him, 'The

Day of Judgment is coming, and then every bird-cage door will be thrown open, and every bird will fly to its own cage ; and then those will look foolish enough who have got only empty cages in their hand.' This good man suffered hunger and thirst and poverty to do the Lord's will ; and the devil was very busy in showing him that the Lord was a hard Master, and so tried to put him out of the way. But he could not, for the dear brother was like St. Paul, and could say, 'None of these things move me.' When his clothes got poor, the devil would say, 'See how the Lord is serving thee, for thy clothes are just done, and what wilt thou do then ?' But he trusted in the Lord, and the Lord opened the heart of a Quaker friend, who asked him one day, 'Is that all the clothes thou hast got ?' And he said, 'Yes.' Then the friend said, 'Come to my house, and I will give thee some clothes.' The Lord also opened the heart of another friend, who sent him some money. Then the missionary said, 'Now, devil, *I will chase thee all over this mission on penny loaves and water.*' So you see that this man loved souls ; and he was made a great blessing in the neighbourhood, which had been a wretched one. And the dear Lord will reward the friends who helped him, for He has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My little ones, ye have done it unto Me.'"

It was Billy's belief that the Lord "opened" the heart of his friends to help him whenever he needed it,

and "shut" them up when help was no longer required.

Billy had other trials in his family besides those of which we have spoken. He had two sisters, and one of them, who was out of her mind, was very trying. She was sometimes so cross that she exercised Billy's faith and patience more than a little. But he had one unfailing resort in trouble. "I cried to the Lord, and He heard me, for He made me so happy that I could not hold it in; I had a joy unspeakable and full of glory; I had good measure, pressed down, and running over. Now what was that trial compared with the blessing I received? I was so happy that I felt none of these things could move me. I could say, 'I long to be with Christ now. My dear Lord, let me die, and take me to heaven.' I felt so much of the Divine glory that I longed to be there. I cannot tell what I felt." Did he not know what the Saviour meant when He said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world"?

And yet one other kind of trial we must mention. During his wife's long illness, which ended in death, he "had many blessed seasons while praying with her, and promises from the dear Lord." At one time the words were so deeply impressed on his mind, "She is mine for ever," that tears came into his eyes. At another time he was greatly comforted by the conviction, inwrought into his heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, that he himself, his wife and family, should be saved. There-

fore he said, "I had no reason to doubt of my wife's going to heaven; nevertheless the devil often tempted me that, because I was not home with her when she died, it was not well with her. But the devil could not make me believe it. Since the dear Lord has settled the matter, *the old king of the blacks* does not tempt me that she is not in heaven. When the dear Lord speaks to His children's hearts, He speaks the truth; He is a God of truth, and all who love Him are children of the truth." Thus in all these things was Billy more than a conqueror through Him that loved him.

We may give two or three incidents, as they show not only the eccentricity, but also the force of his genius. He thus repelled the tempter, when he said to him, "I'll have thee down to hell after all." "Hast thee got a little 'lew' place for me in hell where I could sing thee a song? *Thee cusn't burn me, devil. There's no grease in me;*" or, "What an ould fool thee art now; I have been battling with thee for twenty-eight years,* and I have always beat thee, and I always shall." But the devil said again, "Well, I'll have thee down to hell after all." But Billy said to him, "I'd as soon go to hell with thee as not. For I'd bring Jesus Christ with me, and shout and sing, and praise the Lord, for that's a sound thee hasn't heard for two seven years, and I know thee wost-en (would not) like that."† If the

* This was spoken at the opening of Penhallow Chapel, Truro Circuit.

† Billy's daring faith reminds us of the old Scottish believer of whom Dr. Brown speaks in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*. To her

temptation was that he was a fool to go and preach, as he would never get anything for it, the answer was, "Not so big a fool as thee art, for once thee was in a good situation, and did not know how to keep it."

A graphic account* of how he "beat the devil" when his crop of potatoes failed, is so good, that we gratefully insert it here:—

"Friends, last week I was a-diggin' up my 'tatars. It was a wisht poor yield, sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the whole lot. An' while I was a-diggin' the devil come to me, and he says, 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?' 'I should reckon He do,' I says. 'Well, I don't,' says the ould tempter in a minute. If I'd thought about it I shouldn't ha' listened to 'en, for his 'pinions ben't worth the leastest bit o' notice. 'I don't,' says he, 'and I tell 'ee what for: if your Father loved you, Billy Bray, He'd give you a pretty yield o' 'tatars; so much as ever you do want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist. For it ben't no trouble to your Father to do anything; and He could just as easy give you plenty as not, an' if He loved you, He would, too.' Of course, I wasn't goin' to let he talk o' my Father like that, so I turned round 'pon 'en. 'Pray sir,' says I, 'who may you

pastor, who asked, "Janet, what would you say if, after all He has done for you, God should let you drop into hell?" "E'en's [even as] He likes," answered Janet: "if He does, He'll lose mair than I do." Surely that was the sublimity of faith in Him whose word cannot be broken.

* From "Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions."

happen to be, comin' to me a-talkin' like this here? If I ben't mistaken, I know you, sir, and my Father, too. And to think o' you comin' a-sayin' He don't love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house; and it do say, sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'! An' I'm sorry to add, that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you faithful as any poor wretch could; and all you gave me was nothing but rags to my back, and a wretched home, and an achin' head, an' no 'tatars, and the fear o' hell-fire to finish up with. And here's my dear Father in heaven. I have been a poor servant of His, off and on, for thirty years. An' He's given me a clean heart, an' a soul full o' joy, an' a lovely suit o' white as'll never wear out; and He says that He'll make a king o' me before He've done, and that He'll take me home to His palace to reign with Him for ever and ever. An' now you come up here a-talkin' like that." Bless 'e, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say good mornin'." Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life which now is, as well as that which is to come; but all true Christians love God for what He is, and not for profit or reward; and they love holiness, not only because it is happiness, but because it is His image who is to them "the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." It is a miserable, shallow philosophy to suppose that

the Lord rewards those who are poor in spirit, and pure in heart, and patient under suffering, with mere earthly good, or that their trust, and love, and devotion, and service, can be alienated by any sorrows and evils He permits to come upon them.

In resisting temptation, Billy knew the special value of the *shield of faith*, without which any Christian's armour is incomplete. On one occasion, in his capacity as captain-dresser, he engaged to dress a quantity of ore, and had to employ a number of young persons. But the general opinion was, that the lot was all but worthless, and for a time it was a great trial to Billy, as there would be nothing for him, and worse still, nothing for those under him. "Why, the people will say, there's that ould Billy Bray, an ould Bryanite, an ould rogue, he hath cheated the boys and maidens of their wages. A pretty Christian he!" But Billy wrestled and laboured in prayer, until he got the assurance that the Lord was on his way. (Dan. x. 9.) "I will bring thee through," the Lord said to him one day while he was praying; to which gracious word he at once answered, "I believe it, Lord, I know Thee wost (Thou wilt); praise the Lord, amen, glory. I don't care now what the devil says. If Thou tell me that Thou wilt bring me through, I believe Thou wilt." And his foot once placed upon the rock, he was not to be moved. The struggle was again and again renewed, but to all suggestions, from whatever quarter they came, his answer was, "I don't care whether the stuff is worth anything or not. The Lord hath told

me He will bring me through, and I believe Him." And did the Lord disappoint His servant? or "leave him at last in trouble to sink"? No, no! On the "sampling" day the "stuff" was found to be more valuable than any person expected, and Billy, after paying the boys and girls their wages, and reckoning his own, had £5 left for himself.

His own experience taught him the only method, and his occupation as a miner the particular illustration, by which he could inspire his fellow-Christians with steadfastness and courage in the midst of trials. "The best way to serve the devil," he would say, "is to win'en (wind him) up at the capstan. Throw the rope round 'en," he continued, "and turn away until you get 'en up close to the axle, and when he cries 'strick' (strike), you mus'en let go at all, but hold 'en fast. If you get 'en up tight to the axle, and keep 'en there, he'll never be able to harm 'e (hurt you): all he will be able to do, will be to grizzle at 'e (snarl at you)." It was evident that Billy had got the arch-foe tight at the capstan.

Who can read this account of Billy's temptations without being reminded of Jehovah's declaration to the serpent, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed"? and the remainder of that storm and wrath which the devil poured on the head of our blessed Redeemer, he has reserved for His followers, but with the same result in many cases, thank God, as in the case of Jesus Himself.

Impotent is Satan's fury if we take the whole armour of God. Billy knew, too, how to fight the devil and his agents with their own weapons. Returning late from a revival meeting on a dark night, in a lonely road, "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort" tried to frighten him by making all sorts of unearthly sounds; but he went singing on his way. At last one of them said, in the most terrible tones, "But I'm the devil up here in the hedge, Billy Bray." "Bless the Lord! bless the Lord!" said Billy, "*I did not know thee 'wost' so far away as that.*" To use Billy's own

expression, "What could the devil do with such as he?"

At a friend's house in Truro, the mistress read the account of the temptation of our Lord at family prayer. Billy listened quietly till the verse was read in which Satan promises the Saviour all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, if He would only fall down and worship him, when he started to his feet exclaiming, "*The ould vagabond! the ould vagabond! he give away all the kingdoms of the world when he never had an old 'tatur skin to call his own, the ould vagabond!*"

CHAPTER IX.

DRINKING AND SMOKING.

"What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." —1 COR. vi. 19, 20.

ANY life of Billy Bray would be considered by all who knew him as incomplete that did not refer to his strong detestation of the pernicious habits of taking intoxicating drinks, and of smoking. He bore a lifelong and emphatic testimony against these evils. He had been much debased by drunkenness, and a perfect slave to the pipe. "When I heard," he says, "that Mr. Teare was coming to Hicks Mill to lecture on teetotalism, I thought I would go to hear him, but that I would not sign the pledge; for a little drop, if a man does not take too much, will do him good. As I listened to what Mr. Teare had to say, the darkness was removed from my mind, and I thought I would sign the pledge; and before Mr. Teare had finished speaking, I shouted out to friend Tregaskis, 'Thomas, put down my name!'" and from that hour he was not only a staunch teetotaler, but also one of the most earnest and successful advocates of the great and holy cause of temperance. That so many persons have been saved from sin and shame by the safeguard of teetotalism ought to be a sufficient reason for all good people to render it their support. Billy used to say, so Mr. Ashworth

tells us, "'If Satan ever catches me, it will be with the ale-pot. Men set lime-sticks to catch birds, and Satan sets wine-bottles and ale-pots to catch fools, but I will not touch a drop, then I shall never get drunk.'" The same idea sometimes was applied more widely, as when he said, "If you are a little greedy or poor-tempered, the devil will get in his nail, and pinch thee tight!"

"At one temperance meeting, speaking of moderation, he said, 'Ye might as well hang an old woman's apron in the gap of a potato field to prevent the old sow with young pigs from going in, as expect a drunkard to be cured with moderation. Satan knows that, so he sets the little pot to catch him again.'"

He also fully endorsed the opinion which he had heard expressed, that public-houses were *hell-houses*. He knew one house where nineteen men got drunk, and while in a state of intoxication fell into "shafts," and were killed. "*Hell-houses*," he would say, "indeed they are!—for they are places where people are *prepared for hell*, and they *help* people on their way. But with his love of antithesis, and his habitual cheerfulness, even

"hell-houses" reminded him of chapels, where people are converted and prepared for heaven, and therefore might properly be called "heaven-houses."

I well remember how wisely and faithfully, yet lovingly, he dealt with a professing Christian who had fallen through drink. Billy and I spent nearly a whole day in talking to the unhappy victim of strong drink, and in praying with and for him. He was, we believed, mercifully restored to God's favour, and could again humbly hope in His mercy. But Billy told him he must be on his guard against his besetting sin, and keep beyond the length of the devil's chain. A crafty fox down their way had managed, though chained, to devour some foolish chickens. A few grains of corn he had thrown a long distance away, which were speedily picked up by the chickens, without thought of danger. Then a few more, but not quite so far off. Then a few again a little nearer, and then a little nearer still, till the unsuspecting birds came within reach, when he at once sprang upon them and devoured them. Satan would serve him like that. Only one glass, that he might take without danger; two glasses even, and yet be quite safe; he might think, perhaps, he could take three or four; but if he got on such dangerous ground he was putting himself in the devil's power, and he would drink till he got drunk again, and then the devil would say, "That is your religion, is it? you may as well give up your hopes and professions at once; no one will believe

in you more; I have you completely in my power, and you shall not escape."

But the evils of drinking are so generally admitted, that we need not insist on the importance of temperance, or attempt to describe the benefits that come, with autumn ripeness and bountifulness, on all persons who embrace and advocate its principles. But the case is different with the growing evil of *smoking*, and Billy's views thereon we cannot lightly pass over without being unfaithful to his memory. He says—

"I had been a smoker as well as a drunkard, and I used to love my tobacco as much as I loved my meat, and I would rather go down into the mine without my dinner than without my pipe. In the days of old the Lord spoke by the mouth of His servants the prophets; now He speaks to us by the Spirit of His Son. I had not only the feeling part of religion, but I could hear the small still voice within speaking to me. When I took the pipe to smoke, it would be applied within, 'It is an idol, a lust, worship the Lord with *clean lips*.' So I felt it was not right to smoke. The Lord also sent a woman to convince me. I was one day in a house, and I took out my pipe to light it at the fire, and Mary Hawke—for that was the woman's name—said, 'Do you not feel it is wrong to smoke?' I said I felt something inside telling me it is an idol, a lust; and she said that was the Lord. Then I said, 'Now, I must give it up, for the Lord is telling

me of it inside, and the woman outside ; so the tobacco must go, love it as I may.' There and then I took the tobacco out of my pocket, and threw it into the fire, and put the pipe under my foot, 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' And I have not smoked since. I found it hard to break off old habits ; but I cried to the Lord for help ; and He gave me strength, for He has said, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.' The day after I gave up smoking I had the toothache so bad I did not know what to do. I thought this was owing to giving up the pipe, but I said I would never smoke again if I lost every tooth in my head. I said, 'Lord, Thou hast told us, " My yoke is easy, and My burden is light," ' and when I said that all the pain left me. Sometimes the thought of the pipe would come back to me very strong ; but the Lord strengthened me against the habit ; and, bless His name ! I have not smoked since.'

In a temperance meeting at Liskeard, the first speaker had said, " Although Alexander had conquered the world, he allowed liquor to conquer him." When Billy was called on, he said, " Our friend has been talking about Alexander the Great ; I can't see that he was great for anything except to cut men's heads off. Alexander conquered the world, and drink conquered him. Now, we conquer drink, therefore we conquer Alexander's conqueror, and yet, Mr. Chairman," looking all the while the tobacco smokers steadily in the face, " will you believe it that those who

conquer Alexander's conqueror, allow a pipe of tobacco to conquer them."

Mr. Maynard says that, after Billy had given up smoking, he thought he would chew a little ; but he conquered this dirty habit too. " On one occasion," he says, " when at a prayer-meeting at Hicks Mill, I heard the Lord say to me, 'Worship Me with clean lips.' So when we got up from our knees, I took the ' quid ' (and when speaking of it he would suit the action to the word) out of my mouth, and ' whipp'd 'en ' (threw it) under the form. But when we got on our knees again, I put another ' quid ' into my mouth. Then the Lord said to me again, 'Worship Me with clean lips.' So I took the ' quid ' out of my mouth, and ' whipp'd 'en ' under the form again, and said, ' Yes, Lord, I will.' From that I gave up chewing as well as smoking, and have been a free man."

Smoking and chewing are expensive and wasteful habits, and this view of the matter is worthy of consideration by working men who find it difficult to live honestly in the world, and especially by Christian working men who find it still more difficult to render any but the most trifling pecuniary aid to the cause which they have espoused. More than twenty years after Billy had abandoned smoking, he said, " God has just given me enough money to pay my way through life, and nothing for the pipe. If I had spent only sixpence a week on the pipe, I should have been at this time about thirty pounds in debt." A thought surely worthy of the attention of those who

indulge in any useless habit at the expense of others and to their own injury.

It was especially a gratification to Billy if he could persuade young men to imitate his example.* He would tell them that the pipe "was no help to them in the way to heaven, but an enemy to body and mind and pocket. When the good Spirit suggests to the mind of a good man to read a chapter in the Bible, the evil spirit which is after the flesh will say, 'I would have a pull at the pipe first ;' and by the time he has lit his pipe and smoked, something comes along for him to do, and he does not read at all for that time. When it comes into his mind to pray, it is said, 'I would have a pipe first ;' and by the time the

* "After fifty years of most extensive and varied practice in my profession, I have come to the decision that smoking is a main cause of *ruining our young men*, pauperising the working-men, and rendering comparatively useless the best efforts of ministers of religion."—John Higginbottom, Esq., M.R.C.S.

"The first cigar that a young man puts into his mouth is often his first step in a career of vice."—John Angell James.

"Smoking," a clergyman says, "is Satan's seed-basket, with which he beguiles unwary souls."

Mr. Scott, the Chamberlain of the City of London, remarks—"The apprentices of the City who violate the covenants of their indentures are amenable to my court; and my first inquiry invariably is, Does the boy drink ? and as invariably the answer is, No. Does he smoke ? and in nearly every instance the reply is, Yes." "Seventeen out of twenty cases of criminal offences in Manchester and Salford gaols," says Mr. Thomas Wright, "are in connection with smoking and drinking—the former generally preceding the latter."

** These quotations are taken from "The Fascinator ; or, The Knight's Legacy," a Prize Essay by Mrs. Noel-Thatcher, a book which ought to be extensively circulated.

pipe is done, something comes in his way that calls him off ; and there is no praying for that time. *The pipe has robbed the Christian of hundreds of chapters and prayers*, besides proving injurious in point of health and wealth."

But persons say, "It is their right, and they will not give it up." But Billy would say they must give up every idol for the Lord's sake, who gave His last drop of blood for them. Once while he was speaking warmly on this subject, a gentleman said he was speaking what was not right. Billy said, "Drink and smoke, is that right ? It must be 'drink and smoke,' or 'not drink and smoke.'" The gentleman said no more, and an old man said, "Billy Bray is right, for I smoked forty years, and it did me no good, and I have given it up now." But Billy had to confess afterwards that the same old man says Billy is wrong ; for he had "turned to his idol again, and was a worse smoker than ever." Some who abandoned the habit soon took it up again, and exposed themselves to Billy's sarcasm "that a little pipe could beat them."

He told a person who said that he was tempted, "to go and tell the Lord about it." The man said, "I do not know whether it is the devil who is tempting me or not, for it is continually coming into my mind to give up the pipe." Billy answered, "I do not think that *that* is the devil.' I told him to stop, and not throw away his pipe till we had prayed, and cast lots, and if it came to his lot to throw the pipe away he should. We knelt down, and asked the Lord to

show us by the lot what we ought to do ; and as it came for him to give up his pipe, he threw it away for the time. After a day or two he said to me, he thought there was some good in the pipe after all. Then I said to him, "Thee hast cut the head of the beer-quart off, but only chopped the tail of the tobacco-pipe off ; thee wilt have it again soon." And he did, but after a while he gave it up finally.

Billy was particularly hard upon preachers, through whose example many, he believed, of the Lord's people were induced to depart from the right way. He considered no favour should be extended to them. He thought he was hardly at liberty to be charitable in the matter, for it was the Lord's work, and soon all would have to answer for their conduct in the judgment ; some for continuing to smoke, and others for giving it up, and he felt confident as to what the decision of the Great Judge would be. "If the preachers smoke, I may smoke too," was the argument he felt he could not answer, except by bringing a *charge* against the preachers, which he was most unwilling to do. "*Defile not yourselves with idols,*" and "*Mortify the deeds of the body,*" were, in Billy's view, such definite commands, that for Christians to smoke seemed to him to be the most glaring inconsistency.

Billy and a preacher of somewhat the same type of character were holding a missionary meeting at F——. Billy opened the meeting with prayer, and the preacher and others fervently

responded to many of his petitions. Observing this he began to be more minute and pointed in his requests. "O Lord, help the people to give up their idols." The preacher said "Amen." "May Thy children be saved from the love of the world's fashions." "Amen," again said the preacher. "Help Thy people to give up their ribbons and feathers." "Amen," was still the response of the preacher ; and again "Amen" when he added, "and their cups and drinks." "And their pipes and tobacco," but to this there was no "Amen" from the preacher. Billy at once said, "Where's your Amen, Brother B—— ? Why don't you say 'Amen' to the pipes as well as the cups ? Ah ! you won't say 'Amen' to the pipes !" He then proceeded with his prayer. And what would be irreverent in most persons did not appear so in him. But the preacher afterwards found fault with Billy for thus rebuking him in public. He justified himself by saying, "You were hearty and loud enough with your 'Amens' for others to give up their idols ; but you are not willing to part with your own. Bless the Lord ! I have given up *all* for my Saviour."

At one time the same preacher was preaching when Billy Bray was present ; warming with his subject, he exclaimed, "If my arms were long enough and strong enough, and God would give me permission, I would take you all and fly right away to heaven with you !" "And I," said Billy Bray, "would be back again in half-an-hour for another turn."

Billy Bray, the King's Son.

Persons sometimes are laughed out of idle habits, when serious remonstrance and Scriptural appeals are in vain. Billy frequently said, that if God intended man or woman to take snuff, the nose would have been turned upside down; and that an architect who built a house without a chimney, so that all the smoke came out of the front door, was in

his opinion a very poor architect. "And if the Lord intended men to smoke, He certainly would have made a little chimney at the back of the head for the smoke to pass through; but as He has not, I don't think He intended man to smoke; for surely the Lord could not be a worse architect than man."

CHAPTER X.

REBUKE AND EXHORTATION.

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain ; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not ; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it ? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it ? and shall not He render to every man according to his works ?"—PROV. xxiv. 11, 12.

"BILLY," writes a friend, "was so completely absorbed with a desire to do good—so fired with zeal for the honour of his Divine Master—so full of pity towards his fellow-men—so saved from the fear of man which bringeth a snare—and so impressed with a continual sense of God's presence and favour, that, without regard to position, or rank, or character, or circumstances, he was ever ready to testify of the reality and blessedness of religion, or to administer such reproof, or counsel, or warning as he deemed necessary. At one time he might be seen in the midst of a group of pleasure-seekers, seeking to impress them with the idea that real and lasting pleasure was to be had only in religion ; at another time he might be found in the midst of an angry, quarrelsome party, striving to conciliate by kind entreaties and loving arguments, or perhaps on his knees, asking God to be merciful, and soften the hearts of the angry ones, calling them by name ; and anon you might have seen him accosting strangers, whom he met on the roads or in the streets, or hailing certain persons with whose characters and peculiar tendencies he appeared quite familiar, and

abruptly, some fastidious persons might say even rudely, but always cheerfully and lovingly, saying something about Christ and His salvation."

His wonderful tact and address in speaking to friends and strangers personally, whether it came by nature or grace, or in part from one and in part from the other, was certainly one of the most marked features of his character. And yet he did not belong to that class of men who have been called "*religious chatteringers*." He had "such an insight into people," he had "such a sense of times and seasons," he had "such a power of putting the truth in an available form, that men could take it without hesitation, and digest it, as it were." He seemed to be one of those "*unordained men that are ordained of God from their birth to be teachers in this way*." His heart seemed to take such "*hold of persons*," as led him to "*think about them, and pray for them, and brood over them*" with the tenderest, purest affection and sympathy. But his talents were multiplied by the wise and benevolent use he made of them ; and to persons who say, "I have not the power he had ; and if I had I should not know how to use

it," it may be said, as has been said in a similar case, "But it does not follow you ought not to learn; for the *learning* is very essential." The Church needs the power to preach to individuals, and to preach, as did her Divine Lord, her best sermons, too, on such occasions.

"Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." We may best learn what this means by an example. Billy says, "At the time I was building Bethel Chapel, I knew a very good man, but who had a very wicked woman for his wife. She persecuted him in various ways, sometimes by throwing water in his face. One day she provoked him so much that he swore. He at once keenly felt that he had grievously sinned. Very earnestly did he ask the Lord to have mercy on him, Satan busily telling him all the while that it was no use to pray, for no one would believe in him again. When I was working about the chapel the Lord spoke to me and said, 'Go up and restore thy brother.' So I threw down the shovel that I was working with, and away I went to his house. When I got there his wife began to curse him, and to tell me what her husband had said. When she had done, I told her what the Lord said to the Jews when the woman was taken in adultery, 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.' I asked the husband to walk out with me. I then said, 'Is not the devil telling you that it

is no use to pray, and that nobody will believe in you any more?'" 'Yes,' he said. Then I told him that the dear Lord had sent me to him, and that He was on his side, and while I was talking to him the dear Lord sent another brother to encourage him. And on the following Sunday the darkness was all dispersed, he regained the blessing he had lost, lived and died trusting in the Saviour, while his wife, continuing to harden her heart, and make the path of her husband rough and difficult, was soon removed by death, to answer, at the judgment-seat of Christ, for all that she had done."

"In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." Billy had learnt the meaning of this Scripture also. When he was out one Sunday beating up recruits for the evening service, he tells us he met with a man, "who used to say that though Jesus was a good man, He had not all power, and that there was no such being as the devil; there was, he said, no other devil than the wickedness that was in man. He was a scholar, and thought to be a very wise man. One day when he was arguing that there was no devil, and that all a man had to mind was his own wicked heart, I asked him what wickedness it was that went into the swine and drove them over the cliff? He asked me

how it was that the Lord suffered the swine to be driven over the cliff ? And I said to him, for two reasons, it seems to me, First, to show the power of God ; and then to show the envy of the devil, who would rather go into the swine than nowhere. Then he said, ‘ You nearly always beat me.’ But since we used to argue like that the Lord has made him a new creature,” one of the many whom Billy turned to righteousness.

“ When a man’s ways please the Lord, He will make even his enemies to be at peace with him.” Mr. Wooldridge says, “ An old gentleman once took great umbrage at Billy’s faithful reproofs and lively manner in giving prominence to Divine things in everyday life, and at last he became all but inveterate in his hatred to one who strove to acknowledge God in all His ways. But when affliction overtook him, and death and judgment and eternity appeared close at hand, he found that his lamp gave neither light nor warmth. The happy Christian man, the once dreaded enemy, in the same sense as Elijah was the enemy of Ahab, was now sent for, to do for the unhappy man what David did for Saul, play upon his harp, so that the evil spirit of melancholy might depart from him. On Billy’s entering the sick chamber, looking around on the costly furniture, he spoke aloud, and yet as if he were speaking to himself, ‘ Did Jesus Christ ever occupy such a fine place as this ? or spend money to gratify fleshly desire and worldly taste ? ’ Then in a strain of tenderness and pity, he began to commiserate Jesus

on His deep poverty, while sojourning here below, till the bystanders were annoyed, and the old gentleman flushed with indignation and wrath. But when Billy had, as he thought, probed the wound enough, he applied the healing balm. And while he was praying, a sweet peace stole over the sufferer’s mind and greatly comforted his troubled heart. Billy was now asked to stay with the sick man until his departure hence, which was not till two or three weeks afterwards. Billy had some of the sorest conflicts he ever experienced during that time, but in every instance he came off victorious through the blood of the Lamb, was more than a conqueror through Him that loved him. The old gentleman, too, again and again lost his hold of God, but Billy as often rendered the help which the poor man who lay so long at Bethesda’s pool so much needed. He kept him whom he had under his care in contact, as it were, with the truth, and the Spirit, and the Saviour, till his mind underwent a complete transformation. At last he could no longer doubt that the day of eternal brightness and joy had dawned, for the ‘ day-star had arisen in his heart.’ The light of the ‘ city that hath no need of the sun ’ shone all around, and without a cloud he passed away to his home in the skies. Billy left the house early one summer’s morn, with the last practical proof of the old gentleman’s gratitude in his pocket, when he met an absent son from a distance on his way to see his father. To his inquiry how he was, Billy joyfully answered,

'Never so well in all his life, for he is just gone off with the beautiful shining ones ! '

In January, 1867, Billy went to Plymouth and Devonport to hold some meetings for the Primitive Methodists, for he was no bigot, and was willing to serve all to the best of his ability, because he loved all them that loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. They had *blessed* meetings, rather noisy too. A man reproved Billy in the street for making so much noise. "He spoke very sharp, and said he did not mind who heard him. He was not ashamed to *do* his master's work out in the street, and I am sure, we who love the Lord ought not to be ashamed to praise Him in the chapel. I told the man that I did not fear him nor his black-faced master ; and if I had hearkened to such as he I should have lost my best friend long ago. My best friend is the dear Lord ; He has made me *glad*, and no one can make me *sad* ; He makes me *shout*, and there is no one who can make me *doubt* ; He it is that makes me *dance and leap*, and there is no one that can keep down my *feet*. I sometimes feel so much of the power of God that, I believe, *if they were to cut off my feet I should heave up the stumps.*" He told another person of the same stamp "that he would not be a good servant of his master if he did not speak for the devil ! "

Billy was emphatically a *happy* Christian ; he rejoiced in the Lord *always*. His friend Mr. Haslam interrogated him on one occasion as to the secret of his *constant* happiness,

comparing Billy's experience with his own. He was not always, he said, on the Mount ; his prospects were sometimes clouded ; at times his fears rather than his faith prevailed ; he therefore wanted to know how it was that Billy got on so much better than he did. Billy answered that we must become fools for Christ's sake ; that Christians, like Mr. Haslam, who had so much *book-larnin'*, having so much to unlearn, were placed at a disadvantage, when compared with some others, "*for some of us, you know,*" Billy naïvely added, "*are fools to begin with.*"

On most occasions, Billy's wit sparkled and flashed without effort apparently on his part ; but he knew how to hold it in reserve when persons sought merely to gratify their curiosity, or wished him to display his powers for their amusement. Some such got more than they bargained for. Thus, to a lady who once "interviewed" him for this purpose, he was very silent and reserved. She, hoping to draw him out, said, "You know we must be willing to be fools for Christ's sake." "Must we, ma'am ? " was his ready answer ; "*then there is a pair of us !*"

Reproached one day by a depraved, dissolute man, as being one of those idle fellows who go about living upon others, and doing nothing whatever, he said, "My Father can keep me a gentleman always if He pleases, without my doing any work at all ; but your father"—pointing to his shabby tattered garments—"cannot even keep you in decent

clothes with all your hard work." "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him. Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit ;" *i.e.*, "If fools talk nonsense, do not talk nonsense with them ; if fools

boast a victory over wisdom, then let wisdom expose their folly."

When some person, on one occasion, asked Billy how the world was getting on now, he answered, "I don't know, for I haven't been there for twelve years."

CHAPTER XI.

FULLY RIPE FOR THE GARNER.

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."—JOB v. 26.

HAVING nearly filled the space allotted me, I notice in reading what I have written, that the subjects so run into one another, that my purpose to keep them separate and distinct has not been fully accomplished; and that I have dealt with the flowers and fruits, rather than with the roots and the principles of the Christian life.

I also observe that subjects which in my plan had separate chapters assigned to them have hardly been noticed; Billy's evangelistic labours was one of these, in which he succeeded in first winning the *ear*, and then the *heart*, and thus introducing the Gospel into many places; his view of the sin and danger of worldly conformity was another, under which head his opposition to holding *bazaars* to raise money for religious purposes, to *choir* singing in the public worship of God's house, when the singers were unconverted, or when the tunes were such that the congregation could not readily join in the service of praise,* and to preachers and members, especially the former, allowing their *beards* to grow long, according

to the prevailing fashion, might very properly have been discussed. Some will regard this last-named particular as an indication of essential narrowness of mind. But he was ready to make excuses for those persons who, he believed, allowed their beards to grow long for the sake of their health, but he could not tolerate them for one moment if he believed that persons did so for pride, or love of show and fashion. Perhaps it was a struggle in all cases for him to overcome his prejudices against long beards! Let the reader call it a weakness in him, or what he will, it was with him a matter of conscience, and where one is to be found who is scrupulous to a fault in little matters, a hundred may be found who pay no heed to conscience whatever. In the company of many "long-bearded" men he once said, "If I thought you did it for the sake of Christ, I should not care, but I am afraid they are too plenty to be good." One of them said, "They come by nature, I suppose." "True," said Billy, "and do you suppose that Heaven ever designed everything should remain in its natural state? Do you prune your fruit-trees, or allow them to grow wild, just as they please? It is only a foolish man that would use such an argument."

It might be thought, too, that a

* On one such occasion, when the verse was finished, he looked up to the gallery, and said in a half-comical, half-angry manner: "You there have taken away our employment, have 'ee? Nothing for we to do down here, I s'pose. Come, let's begin again, we ain't going to have it like that at all."

man who had so given himself up to the public, must have *neglected*, in some measure, his own family and friends ; but he fully believed in the ancient covenant of Jehovah that He would be the God of the righteous, and to *their seed after them* ;* and gladly obeyed the command of the Saviour : “ Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and had compassion on thee.” Wife, children, brother, mother, uncle, and other relatives, believed because of his word, and had the great reward of faith in the blessing of a joyful experience, already forming quite a large group in the kingdom of eternal glory.

Billy always enforced the principle that the “ best ” should be given unto the Lord, and not the “ blind,” the “ lame,” or the “ sick.” At one time at a missionary meeting he seemed quite vexed because there was something said in the report about money received for “ rags and bones.” And when he rose to address the meeting, he said, “ I don’t think it is right, supporting the Lord’s cause with old rags and bones. The Lord deserves the best, and ought to have the best.† However, He is very condescending, for when a person has a little ‘ chick ’ that is likely to die, puts it into a stocking, and lays it by the fire, saying, ‘ If that “ chick ” lives, I will give it to the missionaries,’ it is not long before it says, ‘ Swee, swee, let me out, I am better.’ I knew a

woman down at St. Just some years ago who had two geese, and though she might have a good flock to begin, she could never rear above two or three. At last she promised the Lord if He would increase her flock she would give every tenth goose to the missionaries. Now I reckon,” he continued, “ you will say that that woman was a good heart ; but I don’t think so, for if she gave every fifth goose to the missionaries she would have then more than she had before. However, the Lord took her at her word, and the next year she had eleven, and they all lived till they grew up nearly as big as old ones, and then the Lord tried her faith, one of her geese died. And what do you think the devil said ? ‘ That’s the missionary goose ! ’ That’s as the devil would serve the missionaries ; he would give old, dead, stinking geese to them to eat, but what do they want of an old, dead, stinking goose ? But she knew ‘ un, and she said, ‘ No, devil, I have ten left now, and the missionaries shall have one of them.’ And the next year she had eleven again. They were out swimming about the pond, with their great long necks and their beautiful white feathers, *they were the most respectable-looking geese I ever saw.*”

As already stated, Billy was a most earnest and successful missionary advocate, and some of his arguments and illustrations were at times quite novel. I well remember on one occasion his strongly urging the people, both the converted and unconverted, to contribute—those who

* Gen. xvii. 7.

† Mr. Spurgeon’s comment on this is, “ Well done, Billy ! This is right good, and sound divinity.”

were converted, out of gratitude, and those who were not, because it might give them greater confidence if they should ever seek mercy and forgiveness at the Lord's hands. An old Independent minister, who had kindly lent his chapel for the meeting, sitting by my side, said to me at once, "I suppose you would not like to vouch for the soundness of his theology"; and before I had time to answer, Billy was in the midst of an illustration of his meaning that set us all in a roar of laughter. He knew a young man once who had been very wicked, and when convinced of his great sinfulness by the Spirit of God, he despaired for a long time of finding mercy. Billy among others tried to comfort him; but to all they said he only answered, "As I have never done anything for the Lord *I have not, I really have not, got the cheek to ask Him to bestow on me so great a blessing as the forgiveness of my sins.*" But the thought, later, that he had once given five shillings to help on the Lord's cause, at a time when help was much needed, greatly encouraged him. Billy said his gift "did not make the Lord a bit more willing to save him, but it made him more willing to be saved;" and therefore he believed "the devil kept the thought out of the young man's mind as long as he could."

I remember being with him once on a missionary tour, when some gaily dressed persons, ashamed, I suppose, to be seen putting coppers into the plate, put in some peppermints. Some of them followed us to the meeting in another place the

next night, and Billy said that formerly plain, poor women, had such love for the cause, that they would make great sacrifices often to give a shilling. And each of them was worth a dozen *penny ladies*, or twenty-four *half-penny ladies*, and he did not know how many of the *peppermint ladies* that came sometimes to their meetings, and he believed some of this class were then present.

It is more important to speak of his deep piety, his abiding sense of the Divine favour, the secret of his great usefulness, the source of his constant and perpetual joy. The "much fruit," which is so pleasing to God, cannot come except the roots have struck deep into the soil. Religion is not shallow in its nature. "The water that I shall give you," said the Saviour, "shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life." To be "sanctified wholly," to use an apostolic phrase, Billy very early in his religious history felt to be both his duty and privilege. "I remember being," he says, "at Hicks Mill Chapel one Sunday morning at class-meeting when a stranger led the class. The leader asked one of our members whether he could say that the Lord had cleansed him from all sin, and he could not, 'That,' I said in my mind, 'is sanctification: I will have that blessing by the help of the Lord;' and I went on my knees at once, and cried to the Lord to sanctify me wholly, body, spirit, soul. And the Lord said to me, 'Thou art clean through the word I have spoken unto thee.' And I said

'Lord, I believe it.' When the leader came to me I told him, 'Four months ago I was a great sinner against God. Since that time I have been justified freely by His grace, and while I have been here this morning, the Lord has sanctified me wholly.' When I had done telling what the Lord had done for me, the leader said, 'If you can believe it, it is so.' Then I said, 'I *can* believe it.' When I had told him so, what joy filled my heart I cannot find words to tell. After meeting was over, I had to go over a railroad, and all around me seemed so full of glory that it dazzled my sight. I had a joy unspeakable, and full of glory." From one expression in this narrative some may dissent. It seems injudicious, to say the least, *to tell a believer that he is sanctified, or a penitent that he is saved, if he only believes he is.* There is a more excellent way. But *henceforth* Billy lived not to himself, but to Him who died for him and rose again. He set the Lord *always* before him. His path was like the shining light, his own favourite figure, that shineth more and more to the perfect day. *Justified, sanctified, sealed,* were successive steps in his Christian experience, more clear to him, perhaps, than to others. His faith did not become feeble, but waxed stronger and stronger; his love to his Saviour grew in intensity till it became the absorbing passion of his soul; and his hope brightened into heavenly radiance and splendour. The freshness, the gladness, the delicacy and fragrance of the richest Christian experience seemed always his. He

soon reached, to borrow Bunyan's figure, the "Delectable Mountains," just in the way to the Celestial City, and which have "a pleasant prospect on every side." Happily, too, he carefully avoided traversing "the country of Conceit" which lieth near on the left hand, or sleeping in the place where "Little Faith" lost "most of his spending money." Doubts and fears, "gloomy thoughts that rise," he knew but little about, "because he lived further up, thus escaping the thick fogs and mists which dull the hopes and becloud the prospects of ordinary Christians. He was, so one of his friends tells us, like a roe or young hart upon the mountains of Bether; on Zion he saw the glory of God between the cherubim; on Hermon the dew of God's blessing continually rested on him; on Carmel and Sharon he gathered flowers of every hue and of richest fragrance, while on Tabor all that was earthly and sorrowful in his experience was transfigured into the heavenly.

One of the most blessed results of his deep piety was his *unfeigned humility*. His estimate of himself in comparison with other Christians was that he was a coarse spar among beautiful specimens. He would say, "Most gentlemen have a grotto"—in Billy's sense a collection of mine specimens and other curiosities, so arranged as to make things beautiful in themselves still more beautiful—in the centre of which "a coarse ould spar would be generally placed. So the Lord has His grotto, the Church, in which He places His own people

Billy Bray, the King's Son.

as so many beautiful specimens, of different sizes, colours, and degrees of beauty, but all so arranged as to exhibit all the graces of the Spirit, and consequently constituting a very grand and beautiful sight ; ” but though Billy was only “ the coarse ould spar among the rest to show their beauties to greater advantage,” his heart bounded with gratitude and his tongue vibrated with praise, because he was counted worthy of a place among the people of God.

At public meetings the idea would sometimes come out in a somewhat different fashion. The several speakers, and their brilliant, eloquent, and powerful speeches, reminded him of the precious stones with which the foundations of the heavenly Jerusalem were garnished, but the greatest wonder was that God, after having hewn these out of different quarries, and made them polished stones in His glorious temple, should pick up “ an ould Cornish spar ” to set off their great and manifold excellences with still greater effect. And then casting a look upward, a still greater wonder was it that Jehovah, from “ His glorious high throne,” should stoop to fetch up *such* an “ ould ” spar from His footstool to increase the splendour and magnificence of His palace ; and then he would anticipate the time when he, a young Prince, a son of the King of kings, should, in company with the seraphs, traverse the golden streets, and make the heavenly arches ring with his loud praises. Before he had finished, the misers, laden with gold, and sinking under

its weight like a hippopotamus in a bed of mud, might be told that they could not be admitted until the keenest of angels had been appointed to watch them, for fear they should tear up the golden pavement to hug it to their bosoms in the vain hope of filling that mighty void which God alone can fill. His practical and sound advice to them would be, “ Use all your earthly possessions to make ‘ lifting steps ’ to reach the highest place possible in the New Jerusalem, my happy home above.”

Billy’s idea above reminds us of a beautiful passage in the *Sermons* of the Rev. John Ker, but even by the side of his graceful eloquence, Billy’s rude picture is not without its charms. Mr. Ker says : “ There is a different colour of beauty in different stones that are all of them precious. One man may be burnishing to the sparkle of the diamond, while another is deepening to the glow of the ruby. For this reason there are such different temperaments in Christian character, and varying circumstances in Christian life, that the foundation of the wall of the city may be garnished with all manner of precious stones. . . . It is very beautiful to see how the God who has bound His world into a grand harmony by its very diversity, has arranged for this same end in His Church by giving the members their different faculties of work—how the pure light that comes from the sun breaks into its separate hues when it touches the palace-house of Christ with its varied cornices and turrets, till every colour

lies in tranquil beauty beside its fellow."

His humility was his safeguard all through life. An aged person remembers hearing him say on one occasion : " Soon after I was converted the devil said to me, ' Billy Bray, you'll be a great man ; ' but I sunk into nothing, and in that way slipped through the devil's hands ; " besides, when he was nothing, he, too, " could fly on angels' wings." Another result of Billy's deep piety was his continual sense of dependence upon God. The Lord's servants without the Lord's presence are weak like other men, like Samson when he lost his locks. Here is one " experience " of Billy's : " When I was in the St. Neot Circuit, I was on the plan ; and I remember that one Sunday I was planned at Redgate, and there was a chapel full of people and the Lord gave me great power and liberty in speaking ; but all at once the Lord took away His Spirit from me, so that I could not speak a word ; and this might have been the best sermon that some of them ever heard. ' What ! ' you say, ' and looking like a fool, and not able to speak ? ' ' Yes,' for it was not long before I said, ' I am glad I am stopped, and that for three reasons. And the first is, To humble my soul, and make me feel more dependent on my Lord, to think more fully of Him, and less of myself. The next reason is, To convince you that you are ungodly, for you say we can speak what we have a mind to, without the Lord as well as with Him ; but you cannot say so now, for you heard

how I was speaking, but when the dear Lord took away His Spirit I could not say another word ; without my Lord I could do nothing. And the third reason is, That some of you young men who are standing here, may be called to stand in the pulpit some day as I am ; and the Lord may take His Spirit from you as He has from me, and then you might say, " It is no good for me to try to preach or exhort, for I was stopped the last time I tried to preach, and I shall preach no more." But now you can say, " I saw the poor old Billy Bray stopped once like me, and he did not mind it, and told the people that he was glad his dear Lord had stopped him, and Billy Bray's dear Lord is my Lord, and I am glad He stopped me too, for if I can benefit the people, and glorify God, that is what I want." I then spoke a great while, and told the people what the dear Lord gave me to say."

He kept the great object of life before him wherever he went, whatever he did. Thus he writes, " I was asked to go to the reopening of a chapel. We had large congregations. I spoke in the forenoon, and brother Coles in the afternoon and evening. He had the mighty power of God, and preached two very good sermons. The people were very kind in giving their money for repairing God's house. On the Monday they had a tea-meeting, and I had to speak at three o'clock. The tea was at five. I believe we should be better off if we were to fast, and pray, and give the money without a tea ; we should

have more of the glory in our souls. In the evening we had a speaking meeting; one of our friends took the chair. He called on the superintendent to speak first; and after that he called on me. I told the people that the dear Lord had given them a pretty chapel to worship in; and now He wanted good furniture, for bad furniture looks disgraceful in a good house. I told them that good furniture for the house of the Lord was *sanctified souls*. We must be pardoned, sanctified, and sealed, and then we shall not only be fit for the Lord's house on earth, but we shall be *good furniture in heaven*."

At an anniversary meeting in 1867, he said, "You must excuse all faults and blunders. You do not expect so much from a child as from a man, and I am now in my *fourth* year of childhood, and therefore I may be a little simple and weak," an allusion to the Scripture, "The days of man are threescore years and ten," he being then in his seventy-fourth year.

He continued to be in "labours more abundant." His eye had a merry twinkle, his countenance an open and benevolent expression, his voice a cheerful and pleasant ring even unto the last. He took long journeys, held frequent services, had regular times for fasting and prayer—praise rather than prayer—and witnessed glorious victories even unto the end. His visits to the sick seemed more numerous even than before. The infirmities of age had come upon him, but his ruling passion had undergone no change, his spiritual ardour suffered no abatement. One

of his last entries, as late as February 10th, 1868, was, "In the morning after I had breakfast, bad as I was, I thought I would go to see some friends; and after calling on some of them, I went home. But I had hard work to get home, I was so ill; and my breath was short."

Only a little time before he had been at *Newlyn* and *Crantock*, labouring among the Wesleyans. There was a revival in progress in the latter place, and in a revival Billy was always at home. "The dear Lord made the people very happy, and me happy with them." After the meeting in the chapel was closed one night, many of the people adjourned to a friend's house. There some were singing, some praising God, and others crying for mercy. Six souls were set at blessed liberty, and the meeting was continued till a very late hour. "We could do nothing but praise," Billy said, "for the Spirit was poured out in such a wonderful manner. I was as happy as I could be and live. It was one stream of glory!" He was very weak in body then, but as the outward man decayed, the inward man was renewed day by day. "*I think I shall be home to Father's house soon*," was his happy thought, his glorious hope. He returned home pale and exhausted. He left it but once afterwards, when he went to *Liskeard* to see his children. He got much worse, and appeared like a man in the last stage of consumption. On one occasion he sent for a medical man, and when he arrived he said—"Now, doctor, I have sent for you

because people say you are an honest man, and will tell them the truth about their state." After the doctor had examined him, Billy said— "Well, doctor, how is it?" "You are going to die." Billy instantly shouted "Glory! glory be to God! I shall soon be in heaven." He then added in a low tone, and in his own peculiar way, "When I get up there,

tributed to his support. On Friday, May 22nd, 1868, he came downstairs for the last time. To one of his old friends, a few hours before his death, who asked if he had any fear of death, or of being lost, he said, "What! me fear death! me lost! Why, my Saviour conquered death. If I were to go down to hell, I would shout glory! glory! to my blessed Jesus,



BALDHU CHURCH.

shall I give them your compliments, doctor, and tell them you will be coming too?" This, the doctor says, "made a wonderful impression upon me." It scarcely need be said that Billy retained all his old love for shouting; he even said if he had his time to go over again he would shout ten times as much. In his affliction he was visited by persons of all denominations, who liberally con-

until I made the bottomless pit ring again, and the miserable old Satan would say, 'Billy, Billy, this is no place for thee: get thee back.' Then up to heaven I should go, shouting glory! glory! praise the Lord!" A little later he said "Glory!" which was his last word, and in a little time his was the unspeakable joy to behold that glory which Jesus had with the Father

Billy Bray, the King's Son.

before the world was. He was blessing and praising the Lord all the day, so that heaven was not to him very different from earth; the soul, according to Wesley—

“The change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.”

Glory in his experience had begun below, he enjoyed wonderful fore-tastes of its fulness and fruition in heaven above. He took his departure to the skies on Monday, May 25th, 1868, having reached the age of seventy-four years within a few days.

On the Friday following a large number of his friends and neighbours assembled at his house, when the corpse was brought out into the yard, and two appropriate addresses delivered, one by Mr. J. D. BALKWILL, Billy's pastor, and the other by Mr. THOMAS HICKS, an old and much attached friend. His remains were interred at Baldhu Church, where they await the joyous resurrection to eternal life.

Our task is all but completed, and every reader will, we hope, have clearly seen, that if Billy had not been a Christian, he had been nothing; and that the mere *form* of religion, with which many are easily satisfied, must have utterly failed to comfort and support him in his trials and temptations. Billy Bray was so greatly honoured and blessed himself, and made so great a blessing to many, because his religion was a glorious reality, part and parcel of his daily life and experience. To him all the promises of Christianity were true,

all its privileges to be enjoyed, all its duties to be performed, and all its hopes and blessings to be realised. He was simple, earnest, honest, devout. He belonged to the illustrious “Peerage of Poverty.” And he, like The Wall's-End Miner, The Village Blacksmith, The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, shall delight and instruct multitudes in days yet to come by the beautiful simplicity and goodness of his character. Many have gone as safely as he to the heaven above, who have not left behind them *a line of heavenly light, a trail of eternal glory*, as he has done, to be the guide of others, and to stimulate them to follow him as he followed Christ.

At the request of many of Billy's friends, we append, with his consent, Mr. John's poetical tribute to the memory of Billy :—

A dirge for the Cornish Miner,
For Billy Bray the brave ;
He was not born to honour,
Such as the world would crave ;
But in the vale of labour
His lot it was to tread,
Till Jesus called him higher,
Where rests his weary head.

His fare was sometimes scanty,
And earnest was the fight ;
But his dear Lord provided,
And with him all was right.
His dress was always homely—
His dwelling somewhat poor ;
But the presence of his Saviour
Made up for that, and more.

While in his face contentment
Was beaming like the sun ;
And so did it continue,
Till life and toil were done.
His soul possessed of patience,
The cross he meekly bore,
In honour of his Master,
Who did the like before.

He had a cottage-closet,
 In which he loved to dwell,
 In secret heart-upbreathing,
 A duty prized he well ;
 So God his Heavenly Father
 Might, through him, ever be
 Adored and highly honoured,
 And he His glory see.
 The Bible was his Guide-book,
 In which he daily read
 Of Jesus Christ who died,
 But not of Christ the dead ;
 And drinking thus of water,
 So living, full, and clear,
 He every day had strength
 To combat sin and fear.
 In many a congregation
 His voice was often heard,
 Proclaiming free salvation,
 Through Christ, the living *Word* ;
 In manner, gentle, simple,
 In spirit, kind and rare,
 His life one holy living
 Of humble, earnest prayer.
 The aged and afflicted,
 The mourner bending low,
 Found in him a comforter,
 Such as but few could know.
 But now his work is ended,
 His journey o'er and done ;
 With earth he too has finished,
 With heaven just begun.
 Nor doubt we for a moment,
 He and the angels vie,
 In the land of sweetest pleasure,
 Where goodness cannot die.

Over the swelling river,
 Where fields are always green ;
 With Billy Bray the famous,
 How changed must be the scene !
 High on the hills of Eden,
 With angels on the wing ;
 Shouting his favourite saying,
 "I AM THE SON OF A KING!"
 Climbing the dew-clad mountain
 Of God's eternal truth,
 In all the vigour of manhood,
 In all the beauty of youth.
 A-basking in the fulness
 Of that eternal day ;
 Where beauty ever brightens,
 And pleasures ne'er decay :
 Where glory, fairer, greater,
 Than ever warrior won,
 Shall gild his path for ever,
 E'en brighter than the sun.
 A-dancing to the harpers,
 On floors of solid gold ;
 Where the music's ever new,
 And the song's never old :
 A dweller with the angels—
 At home among the blest ;
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest."
 So much for his religion,
 Saving in all her powers ;
 Whate'er our rank or station,
 God grant the like be ours !
 Then in this higher life-land,
 We meet again ere long ;
 Where tears shall all be wiped away,
 And every note a song.



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'Bending over his lapstone, hammering,
stitching, always busy, sat Brother Dan'el,
ever, too, with a book before him.'

DANIEL QUORM,

AND

His Religious Notions.

FIRST SERIES.

BY

MARK GUY PEARSE,

Author of 'Mister Horn and his Friends,' etc.

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Illustrated by Charles Tresidder.

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To My Father,

WHOSE LIFE HAS MOST ENDEARED
ALL THAT IS TRUEST . . .
AND BRIGHTEST AND BEST
IN THESE PAGES,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

PREFACE.

MY old friend DANIEL QUORM, of Penwinnin, is a good specimen of one service that Methodism has rendered to this country, a service that of late has come to be more generally acknowledged. In all the Methodist system there perhaps is nothing that has aided her more than her power to develop the gifts of her lowliest members; finding some sphere in which to turn to advantage the various abilities of her people. The thoughtful miner, the prayerful ploughman, the godly labourer, the working men of every class have always been amongst her most successful Leaders and Local-preachers. In hundreds of towns and villages, men of the humblest position are doing the highest work of the Church, in the Sunday-school, in the Pulpit, and in the Society-class.

The scantiest acquaintance with Methodism makes one familiar with many such. Who that has read anything of this people but has heard of Silas Told the slaver's boy, and his work at Newgate; or who has not been stirred up to start afresh by the story of the good Carvozzo? Who has not heard of the village philosopher, Samuel Drew, mending shoes and working out his thoughts upon the immortality of the soul; of him who as a prince had power with God and men and prevailed,—the village blacksmith, Sammy Hick; of Billy Dawson, the wonderful Yorkshire farmer, who could sway the people like the summer breeze that swept over his own golden corn, whose words could play with cloud and sunshine across the listening hosts, and who, thrusting in the sickle, saw hundreds of sheaves gathered safely for the Lord with shouts of harvest home; of the Lincolnshire thrasher, dear good old Richardson, who could so deftly ply the flail in the service of the Heavenly Master? The ranks even of the ministry—in this like the Church of Rome—have been perhaps most richly adorned by men of humble origin.

Dan'el's beloved mother Methodism is much troubled just now by a host of physicians who would persuade her that she is ill.

Preface.

Some have written learned prescriptions for her in proper professional form. Many others shake their heads with gloomy foreboding and prescribe their home-made remedies, foretelling her speedy decease unless she will swallow their simples. They say that she has lost her vigour (she used to get up at five in the morning)—that her mind is not so clear as it was, that her tongue is getting out of order, that her heart suffers from weakness if not from actual disease. Some say that she wraps herself up more than she did, has a daintier appetite and takes too much care of herself; others, that she is not particular enough with whom she associates, and that she should live more as becomes her very respectable position; others talk of old age, that her sight is growing dim, her hand becoming feeble, and her natural force abated.

Bless her, the dear old mother! why if she had not more common-sense than many of her physicians she would have taken to her bed and made her last will and testament. Let her alone. She wants from her children, not the presumption that wearies her with good advice, but their hearty love, their confidence, and their devotion. Let her alone—give her only room for plenty of exercise, and let her sons cleave to her good old-fashioned ways—to the old-fashioned simple faith in Christ, the old-fashioned entire consecration to God, the old-fashioned burning love for souls—and her most glorious days are yet to come. She knows, as well as ever she did, how to use the talents that God entrusts her with, and cares very little about position or rank or wealth so long as her sons can wield with a strong arm the hammer of the Word. She has an unwithered faith in the Sword of the Spirit. Some perhaps may daintily inscribe it with chaste ornamentation; some may set it with flashing diamonds and costly work; some may enrich it with golden hilt, and labour to make it glisten with an exquisite polish, and she thanks God for these “cunning workmen;” but she holds them as worth very little who cannot grasp it with a mighty grasp, and with a keen eye and a quick hand thrust it up to the hilt and force the enemies to cry for mercy in the dust.

DANIEL QUORM,

AND

His Religious Notions.

FIRST SERIES.

BROTHER QUORM.

MY old friend Daniel Quorm, -- Brother Dan'el, as he was always called — was the village shoemaker, the Methodist ‘Classleader,’ and the ‘Society - steward.’ As hard-headed as the rounded lapstone on which he hammered all day long, as sharp and quick as his shining awl, as obstinate in holding his own as his seasoned shoe - leather; yet, withal, Brother Dan'el had a heart so kind, so wise, so true, that like the hammer it only beat to do good, and like his awl and thread it was always trying to strengthen some poor soul that had got worn in the rough ways of life. By some process not yet discovered, the very tools that lay about him had come somehow to partake of their master's character.

Dan'el lived in the village of Penwinnin, a cluster of miners' cottages some three miles from

the Circuit-town; nor would it be difficult to trace in a hundred features of the place all the chief points that struck one about Brother Dan'el.

You passed high heaps of stones on either side the way, the refuse of the mine workings, giving to all a wild and desolate look. You stepped across little streaming rivulets that had just been pumped from great depths and were yet warm. Our poor world has a heart in it, they say. Alas! that it should be so far down. You went under clanking chains, that stretched from the engine house away to the shaft, and thence down in the mysterious gloom. You met men dressed in suits of flannel stained a dull ochreish red, with a candle hanging from the shoulder, and another stuck in front of the hard canvas hat, ready to light them on their perilous journey.

Now and then there were

breaks in these stony heaps and one caught a glimpse of the steep cairn that rose beyond, purple with heather and brilliant with the fragrant furze, and, like an old weather-beaten castle, a pile of granite rocks crowned the summit. Or else on the other side, the break gave a peep at the valley and its red river, winding its way to the blue Atlantic that stretched beyond the headland.

Everybody in the place could tell you where Dan'el Quorm lived. You reached the little thatched cottage, crowned by luxuriant masses of the yellow stone-wort, and all girt about with

fuchsias, while the dainty little 'Mother-of-millions' crept over the stone fence that enclosed it. Here, without board or writing, a hundred 'signs' proclaimed the shoemaker's. The window-sash was filled with all that belongs to the art and mystery of cobbling, while in the seat below were crowded odds and ends in that confusion which is dear to the true worker, let proverbial philosophy say what it

will. There were the lasts and awls, the heel-taps and leather parings, the hobnails and sprigs, the cobbler's wax, and that mysterious half of a cocoa-nut shell with the little bit of grease that never got more or less.

There, bending over his lap-stone, hammering, stitching, always busy, sat Brother Dan'el; ever, too, with a book before him. We could almost guess its title, for the stock is limited, and the reading is a slow process, carefully digesting each sentence as it comes. The out-and-out favourite of all, Sunday and week-day, is Wesley. There

the volumes stand upon a shelf above the door — the 'Notes,' the 'Sermons,' the 'Journals,' and beside them two or three odd volumes of the 'Christian Library.' Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' is the most enriched with traces of soiled thumb and forefinger. There, too, is 'Josephus,' and Treffry's 'Eternal Sonship,' relieved by smaller volumes of Methodist biography.

They have passed away now,



that old race of preachers, and a passionate devotion to their memory inspires thousands of the English-speaking race the wide world over. We recall them for a moment that we may render tribute to one phase of their work that is specially to be remembered in these days of demand for national education. Not so many years ago, in country towns and villages, the chief supply of books of every sort was through the preacher. The monthly book-parcel was quite an event. With saddle-bags well filled the preachers went their rounds, eagerly greeted in homes to which they brought the only reading. From this source it was that Dan'el obtained his select library, and his knowledge of many scores of books that he had never seen, but of which he had heard from the preacher.

Here, then, aproned, and in shirt sleeves, sits Brother Dan'el. A face that we can recall as easily as if we had but just left the shoemaker's shop—as entirely original as his opinions. We see it still: that round bullet-head with its thick hair, which would not be smoothed down over his forehead, but stood persistently on end in an unruly and altogether un-Methodistical fashion; that forehead, straight and narrow, seamed and fur-

rowed with deep wrinkles; the bristling eyebrows, and under them the broad-rimmed spectacles, covering on one side a green patch (an accident in boyhood had hopelessly finished the work of that eye), while on the other side peered the surviving partner, generally half over the broad silver rim—a sharp, quick, busy eye, that looked as if it were perfectly aware that it had to do business for two, and meant to do it thoroughly; the short, broad nose, 'tip-tilted,' perhaps, but by no means 'like the petal of a flower'; the long upper lip, and then the little mouth pursed together as if it were always going to whistle, and lengthwise on each side ran the deep furrows draining into themselves the shallower rivulets and rills of wrinkles that crossed the face in every direction.

What a life of consistent devotion he lived! His religion was certainly theological; fiercely so sometimes, as even Fletcher could be in his polemics; a garrisoned city, full of defences and sharp definitions, of points and proofs. Yet it was as certainly the unswerving service of God, as that which was dearer than life; it was the hearty cleaving of his whole nature to the Redeemer, and a quiet joy in Him; as if within the buttressed walls there lay a garden of the

Lord, well kept and dressed, wherein grew the Tree of Life, and where often ‘the voice of the Lord’ was heard walking, in ‘the cool of the day.’

What a world of quiet humour lay in him, and what a world of shrewd common-sense! Now and then there was perhaps a tinge of bitterness, a tone of sarcasm. Most folks readily forgave it, and as readily accounted for it. Betsy Quorm, his wife, was dead. She had never become more than plain Betsy Quorm; not good enough to be ‘sister,’ not respected enough to be ‘Mrs.,’ she had lived, and died, and was buried, as her tombstone testified, plain Betsy Quorm. And a thorn in the flesh she had been to Dan’el almost all the days of their wedded life. Perhaps that was the worst of it,—that she was only a thorn in the flesh,—that without doing or saying any great harm that

one could take hold of, all she said and did somehow pricked, and fretted, and rankled, and festered, in a very unpleasant fashion. Only a thorn! Why, is there anything else that can compare with it? A man may be a very master of all sword-practice, a champion with the quarter-staff and the cudgel, but what are these against a thorn? The law redresses injury and wrong, but what legal skill can touch a thorn? A coat of mail may defy the tough lance that thrusteth sure, but what defence has a man against a thorn in the flesh? Little wonder that her influence lingered yet in a flavour of bitterness that betrayed itself at times, especially upon some topics.

‘Wives,’ said Dan’el, ‘be like pilchards; when they be good they be only middlin’; but when they be bad, they be bad, sure ‘nough.’

THE OLD CLOCK.

THE old clock stood in the corner of the cobbler’s shop, and was, with but one exception, the most precious bit of furniture that he possessed.

The little shelf of books was very dear, but Wesley’s Works would have gone, ‘Notes,’ and ‘Sermons,’ and all, before the

clock. Indeed there was only one thing that would have had any chance beside it. That was an old green-baize covered Bible, with loose leaves; dear, as the Book of precious promises from which every day Dan’el drew strength and peace and hope, it was dearer because on the fly leaf, amongst many family

names and sundry accounts and entries, came the writing in a large straggling hand: 'My Mother's Bible. July, 1832.' Away in the quiet little church-yard was a grave, carefully tended, made beautiful with simple flowers; and at its head a stone that explained this date. Here rests John Quorm, 'of this parish,' who died 1820. Here also slept Margaret Quorm, wife of the above, who departed this life July 16th, 1832; and underneath this name was the text: 'I bowed down heavily, as one that mourneth for his mother.' Little wonder that the Bible was dear.

But what could there be in a clock? It was an old-fashioned clock in a tall wooden case, that solemnly ticked in the corner,—slowly and solemnly ticked the minutes through, duly 'giving warning' five minutes before the hour; striking deliberately, as if it stayed to count each stroke, and then settling down for another solemn hour's work. Yet solemn as it was, and much above all trifling, there was a strange little



bit of humour on the very face of it. A round, chubby face with two round eyes was intended to represent the moon, and had been formerly connected with workings that marked the lunar changes and quarterings; but by some mishap it had slipped down, and one eye now peeped out of the corner with a cunning look, that seemed to say: 'You think me an old sober-sides who has not a bit of fun in him, but that's all you know about it.' And one almost expected to see a sly wink half shut that cunning little eye.

But these things,—its solemn ticking and its sly peep-

ing,—however noteworthy they may have been, could not explain how it came to have such a place in Dan'el's heart of hearts. This was its story.

Daniel was about seventeen years of age when his father died. 'Of course,' said everybody, 'of course old Mrs. Quorm will leave the place now. Pity but what young Dan'el was a few years older.' Old Mrs. Quorm's relatives had actually gone to the

length of making arrangements for her removal. But it had never crossed Dan'el's mind; and when he heard of it he simply stared with one little sharp eye, and asked, 'Whatever for?' and looked so amazed, and asked it with such angry surprise, that the relatives took a little longer time to think of it, in which time Daniel settled the matter in his own way.

He at once took upon his young shoulders all the care and toil of manhood. He never questioned how he should do, but just sat down in his father's place, and rose early and sat late, and worked away with a will that would have discovered the North-West Passage, much less sufficed to keep the old roof over the dear mother's head. It was a constant joy to him that she whom he loved so dearly, was so dependent on his thrift and industry. The very tools caught the impulse of such a generous motive. The hammer never rang so merrily in the old man's time; even the tough leather, and the hard lapstone might have had a heart in them somewhere, and never did their part so well—so all Penwinnin declared.

One night Dan'el sat, long after every other worker in the village was fast asleep, busying that one little eye that seemed never to tire. As he bored, and stitched,

and hammered, his mind dwelt upon his father's death, and many thoughts began to stir that had often come and gone with no very visible result—thoughts of death and immortality, memories of words and events that had impressed him in his very childhood, and now woke up from their long slumber with strange force; how that he, too, must pass away, and whither should he go?

Suddenly the old clock in the corner took up the message with its slow and solemn ticking. In that still hour it kept repeating with measured beat, and strange monotony, its brief sentence — For ever, — where? *For ever,—where?* *For ever,—where?* Without a pause for a moment, without a break, it ticked on its dreadful question. Every other sound was hushed, and in the lonely stillness the ticking clock seemed to become almost unbearably loud. It was troublesome, and Daniel hammered more vigorously; but the ticking only grew louder; the question was pressed home only the more closely. Distinct and incessant it repeated itself, For ever,—where? For ever,—where? Daniel's deepest feelings began to be stirred. The memory of his father's last words broke upon him,—'Good-bye, Daniel, but not for ever.'

And again, slow and solemn, the old clock took up its strain,—‘For ever,—where? For ever,—where?’ Daniel could bear it no longer. He rose, laid down his work, and resolved to stop this persistent messenger. He walked over to it, and opened the narrow door. More loudly the question began, ‘For ever,’ but before it could be finished Daniel put his finger on the pendulum. At once all was still, and he returned to his work.

But the silence was more impressive than the slow ticking, and from within himself a voice began to say some plain things.

‘Dan’el,’ it whispered, ‘thou art a coward and a fool.’ ‘So I am,’ he cried aloud, as he flung down his work, and as the tears gathered in his eyes. ‘Stopping the clock won’t stop the time. The moments are going all the same, whether I hear them or not. And am I going with them, for ever,—where? for ever,—where? No; I’ll set it agoing again, for it does no good to stop it.’

Bravely he set it off once more. But the work lay at his feet, and with clasped hands and head hung down, he gave himself up to thoughts that impressed him so deeply: the thought of God, of His claims, of His goodness, of His right-

eousness, grew upon him; of sin, of its horribleness and its awful peril. All the sins of his life began to rise up before him, especially the one great sin of neglecting and forgetting God; and amidst it all came every now and then that slow, solemn ticking: For ever,—where? For ever,—where? His distress became unbearable. He flung himself upon his knees, and cried, ‘O God, be merciful to me a sinner!’ Long he wrestled in earnest prayer; but all was in vain. No help, no light, no peace came. In despair he ceased to pray, and buried his face in his hands. ‘For ever,—where? For ever,—where?’ rang again from the clock, in that lonely silence.

What could he do? Goaded and driven on by that dreadful message, whither could he fly? All he could do was to fall, as a poor helpless sinner, into the Saviour’s arms. The tears fell faster as he flung himself helplessly on the stool and groaned: ‘O Lord, a broken heart Thou wilt not despise! Look at mine. Broken and crushed, have mercy upon me, and save me.’ That moment light dawned upon him. He rested upon Christ, his crucified Redeemer, and that was everything. Helpless and undone, he just

simply clung to the Cross of Christ, and there he found what the thousands of the redeemed have found there—pardon, and peace, and heaven. For his sins the Lord had died; for him that Life had been laid down. The clear light of the Holy Spirit, who is come to testify of Jesus, lit up all the purpose of the Cross, and revealed all the mercy of God in Christ. Daniel knelt, hushed in adoring gratitude. Again through the stillness came that message from the corner, welcomed now with strangely different feelings—For ever,—where?—For ever,—where?

From Daniel's heart there burst the rapturous response: ‘Glory be to Thee, O Lord! with Thee for ever! “He that believeth hath everlasting life!”’

As he rose from his knees the old clock struck twelve. ‘The “old things are passed away,”’ he whispered, ‘and “all things are become new.” Well may the old clock strike twelve, and finish this strange night; ay, and that old life! A new day begins for me.’ And he left it in the darkness ticking on its solemn message: For ever,—where? For ever,—where?

‘MY MOTHER’S BIBLE.’

DEAR old Dan’el would never forgive me, I am sure, if he knew that I told the story of the clock, and passed over that which was treasured more sacredly, and came somehow to be always mixed up with the clock,—his Mother’s Bible.

An old-fashioned book, in a faded green-baize cover which could scarcely manage to hold the looser leaves that projected beyond the dark brown edges,—it was certainly nothing to look at. A second-hand bookseller would probaby have grudged anything more than its worth as

waste paper. But gilt edges and gold clasp, morocco binding, the designs of Doré, or the wild grandeur of Martin’s fancies, could never have made any book so dear as was that old Bible to Dan’el Quorm.

Nor was the inside of the book more promising in appearance. You opened it, and under the black threads that held the baize together were sundry papers—Methodist quarterly Class-tickets, mostly bearing the name of Margery Quorm; old receipts and prescriptions in faded brown ink and queer spelling,—‘For takin’ down proud flesche.’

'How to kep henseggs ;' or brief headings with a long list of remedies for 'Crick in the backe,' and sundry ailments. One of the most curious entries was the 'Charm for a scal.*'

In the same faded ink were bills and accounts scrawled upon the cover and extending to the blank leaf, even intruding upon the title-page and the dedication, so that the most high and mighty

Prince James was obscured under 'perchas of lether,' and memoranda about the rent. To Dan'el's mind these entries were like 'tables of the money-changers, and seats of them that sold doves,'—defiling the holy place; intruders that he would fain have driven forth from the sanctuary, but that unfortunately they were fixtures, and could not

* Which ran thus :—'To be said three times :

"There was three Angels come from the west—

The wan brot fiar, and the other brot frost,

And the other brot the book of Jesu Christ.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

be removed without damaging the Holy Temple itself.

There was one more entry. Across the faded receipts, in bold and large letters, came a more recent writing which stood like an inscription over the temple porch, explaining all its sanctity and preciousness — 'My Mother's Bible.'

Who could tell all that this book was to Dan'el Quorm? It was verily more precious than gold,

yea, than fine gold.

Never was the laboured missal of the monk so beautifully illuminated as was this old worn Bible to Dan'el. Every incident of it was illustrated to him, and every page was bordered with memories that brightened and enriched it with more than crimson and gold.

Back in the dim age of his childhood, in the earliest memory of his life, there was this treasured volume. It was the memory that stood like the frontispiece of his life. He saw himself as a little lad beside his mother's knee, looking up with loving wonder into that gentle face: she a picture



of purity and sweetness in her Methodist dress and the white cap that gathered around a face not beautiful, but more than beautiful, just an embodiment of sweetness and light, in which lurked no possibility of distrust, or fear, or grumbling; every feature telling of a love such as could hope all things, and believe all things,—yet no weakness, but that combination of gentleness and strength which constitute the love that can endure all things. The neat white muslin kerchief folded under the black dress completed the portrait.

Here the little lad kneeled to learn his first lessons, and the associations of those early days, however illogical and foolish they may have been, were the most influential and imperishable of his life. Dan'el Quorm, an old fellow as tough and unsentimental as his own shoe leather, as sharp and shrewd as his shining awl or his keen knife, could not for the life of him come to believe any otherwise than that the sweet face and gentle voice and loving manner, that the very dress and bearing, came somehow from the teachings of his Mother's Bible.

Memories of her were wrapt up with its most familiar portions. Dan'el could never hear the story of faithful Noah, of the good lad Joseph, of little Moses,

of Joshua and Gideon, of David and Daniel, and the more familiar incidents in the life of Jesus, but they became pictures which her sweet voice explained and impressed.

Nor was it only in childhood that such vivid memories had illustrated the work. As you turned over the pages you came to marks enclosing many of the passages; lines drawn around some verses, and having a date written on the margin. To a stranger just four ink marks about some words: to Dan'el they were the chronicles of his history; they marked the most memorable incidents in his life.

From the beginning to the end of the forty-sixth Psalm were these distinguishing marks, elevating it into a kind of monument, the Ebenezer stone of a grateful memory. And this was the event that it recorded. Dan'el was yet a little lad when the French wars had drained the country of money and of labour. In common with thousands of others, the little family of Penwinnin was sorely pinched by it. But want was not the only, not even the worst trouble. Everybody believed that Napoleon was about to land somewhere on the Cornish coast. There where the sea locked them in on three sides, West, North, and South of them, they could see the ocean, the

highway of their enemies — in times, too, when newspapers were very few, and seldom reached that far-off corner, and when amongst the excited people rumours were rife and always terrible and threatening—there was enough to make folks uneasy. More than once a messenger had hurried to the village with the tidings that the French were coming — by this time had landed; some fisherman or smuggler had seen them at dawn, and came in with the news. The frightened people prepared to save themselves as best they could; some would fly eastward; others would escape to the rocky summits and crags of the hills. One stalwart mother in Israel grasped a pitchfork, and went through the village street rousing the people to arm themselves with whatever weapons they could find, and to follow her, and they would keep out 'Mounseer.' At such times Dan'el had been taken by a gentle hand and led into his mother's room: there, kneeling by her side, he had watched with wonder that calm faith renew itself, as she read the words: 'God is our Refuge and Strength, a very present Help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea . . . The Lord

of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our Refuge.' Then there followed the prayer, in which his mother poured out her trustful heart before the Lord. And little Dan'el came down the stairs at her side, with such a contempt for Napoleon and all the Frenchmen, and such a sense of safety, as if the overshadowing wings of the Most High verily enfolded them.

Another illustration was in the book of Isaiah. Here, too, the ordinary reader could but find a text enclosed in lines, and beside them the entry of a date. But to Dan'el there was a picture of a darkened room, where in the dim light knelt that mother and a lad of seventeen, he fatherless, and she a widow. They knelt in silence for awhile; then the pages of the Bible had been opened and the sweet voice read with calm firmness the words, 'Fear not, . . . for thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel.' And again they knelt in silence—a silence in which those tones and words sank down into the lad's heart, making her in her sorrow and loneliness sacredly dear to him; and filling him with the strength and purpose that henceforth he so lovingly rendered.

There were other illustrations.

But we must linger only over one more. One more distinctly marked, a scene more vivid and powerful to Dan'el's mind than any other. Not much to look at was there in that text with the lines around it and with the date written in the corner.

Arise, let us go hence.
July 16th, 1832.

But Dan'el saw in it a picture that could never fade or grow dim. He saw himself seated beside the bed with the Bible before him. He was looking with tears upon her whom he felt he could not look upon much longer. That faint failing breath too plainly told the story. The face, though pinched with suffering, was still beautiful in its placid calm and fulness of love. Since noon a wild thunderstorm had crashed and rolled about the hills, but now as the sun went down the clouds had cleared, and in the cool fresh evening the fragrance of sweet flowers and the singing of the birds and the radiant sunset glow came together through the opened window and filled the little room.

'Read to me, dear,' she whispered faintly. And her son, loath to turn his eyes from her face, at once opened at the favourite chapter, the fourteenth of St. John. Slowly he repeated the

verses, only now and then looking at the book. As the sun sank lower the rays slowly crept round the room, and now they were shining upon the bed.

'Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. . . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

The light crept on, until it touched the pillow, and just caught the withered helpless hand and the frilled sleeve.

Dan'el read on, 'These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My Name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.'

The light crept onward until it rested upon the border of the white cap, and almost touched the soft white hair.

'Peace I leave with you,' Dan'el continued; 'My peace I give unto you.' The feeble lips whispered the words as they were read. 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

The light crept further until now it fell upon all the face. It seemed to touch the cheeks with the ruddy glow of youth, and lit up every feature with a rare beauty.

'Arise, let us go hence,' whispered Dan'el with faltering voice. But no whispered response came from those half-open lips. The hand dropped helplessly towards Dan'el, and as it was caught and passionately kissed, she passed away.

He kneeled there in his great burst of sorrow, while the light faded; the long twilight sank into darkness, and when Dan'el looked up again he could not see her.

'Let me see her no more,' he muttered as he rose and turned, feeling for the door. 'She has arisen and has gone hence. "They need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever." . . . *

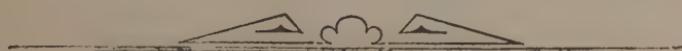
There were other texts thus made to chronicle the principal incidents; one or two that Dan'el might have been less willing to explain. But as notable events in his life, and as a faithful historian of them they were duly recorded in his Mother's Bible.

One was dated in August of the next year, when things at

home had come to be in much need of a gentle hand and of a woman's care. Together with much amused talk amongst the neighbours in which Dan'el's name was first associated with that of Betsey Crocker, there appeared four emphatic lines around the verse, 'It is not good that the man should be alone.'

'Betsey knew what she was a-doin' of,' was the uncharitable opinion of the village gossips. An opinion that had very little other ground for its uncharitableness than this, that Betsey happened to be twelve years older than her beau. Within six months of the wedding came another entry. Suffice it to say that it completed this portion of his history: lines were drawn about the passage: 'Art thou loosed from a wife? seek not a wife.'

Perhaps the fault was not altogether on his wife's side. Dan'el had an ideal of womanhood so lofty and pure, that very few could have attained to it, and poor blundering Betsey was always measured by the vivid memory of what his mother had been.



BROTHER QUORM'S PREJUDICE.

ABOVE everything else my friend Dan'el was a Class-leader. He was good at making shoes or mending them; good at doing the bit of garden in front of his place; good at an argument, and many a man dropped into the shoemaker's for a talk; good at a sermon, as appeared from his appointments on that huge Circuit-plan. But it was as a Class-leader that you had Dan'el at his best.

His two Classes had more than sixty members, a fair half of that flourishing Society at Penwinnin.

Here it was, at these Classes, that Dan'el came out strong. Pithy, plain, common-sensed, with a depth of pity and tenderness in his soul, here perhaps Dan'el was at his best. So wise, so simple, so practical.

But here, too, it was that Dan'el's prejudice betrayed itself. There were moments when he would come out in a sharp, hasty way, and run full tilt against some notion that he sought to demolish. Dan'el was a man to whom nothing was so intolerably offensive as a proverb. All that a pun was to Dr. Johnson, and worse, a proverb was to him. 'The embodiment of a nation's wisdom,' 'the simplest expres-

sion of life's philosophy,' 'the most compact summing-up of universal experience,' as others called them, to Dan'el they were the grossest delusions — 'half truths and all lies.'

And making some allowance for Daniel's prejudice, it must be owned that not many things are more provoking to an earnest man than to find one's careful arguments evaded or overthrown by some pet proverb, 'like as if 'twas the Gospel itself' as he used to say; or when a point is clearly established by some irresistible instance, to find it all coolly pooh-poohed by the ready saying that, 'it's only the exception that proves the rule.' If anything might vex an argumentative and logical saint Dan'el thought that this was of all things the most likely to produce such a result.

'They that made 'em had enough mother-wit for to see and know what they do mean,' he would explain to sympathising listeners, 'but as for most o' them there that use 'em, they hav'n't got sense enough for to see when they be true and when they be lies.'

Yet even such inconveniences as these Dan'el could have endured. The evil became unbear-

able when it assumed a religious form. The habitual phrases in which people contentedly excused themselves, and under which they took shelter from every duty, these most provoked his ire.

Old Farmer Gribble, who lived in the village, was a ready example of Dan'el's point.

'There's Muster Gribble in to the farm in here,—just like a snail drags hisself back, horns an' all, into his shell; or, like to a dew-worm that hears you a comin' an' starts back into his hole in a minute, that be just how he'll hide up in a proverb. I said to him the other day, "Farmer, you've had a capital harvest. I want you to give me something for our Missions."

"Missions!" he cries out, "Missions! No, Dan'el, I hold with Paul, that charity begins at home." Then when I tell him that Paul knew better than to write such nonsense, and that there's no such thing in the Bible, says he, in his drawlin' way:

"Well, if it ben't there, Dan'el,

it ought to be there, for I've heard it a'most so often!"

'That's the way with lots of 'em. There's poor Bob Byles, the drunken backslider, keeps sayin' what wonderful comfort he finds in that there passage, "'Tis a long lane that han't got no turnin';" like as if it were a sure promise that he'll come right some day.'

Now and then people ventured to speak in defence of such sayings, and of the good they did,—as when the man who was tempted to stay from the Class-meeting through the rough weather, thought of the words, 'Faint

heart never won fair lady,' and broke through the snare.

Dan'el would look up at you with his one little eye, and nod his rough head: 'Why there never was a bad thing yet that didn't do some good. The Devil hisself have sometimes worried me into prayin' and

watchin'. There, look 'pon that there,' he said one day, when arguing the matter thus, and pointed through the window to



a dilapidated rook that was tied to a stick, and swung in the breeze of the April day, scaring his comrades from the young green wheat. 'That old fellow sometimes eat grubs and insects, but Farmer Gribble shot him for eatin' his corn. They do some good; but it's to stop their doin' harm that I should like to hang 'em up. Tinker Tim, who went to prison the other day, was a rare good hand at grindin' of razors and knives, but he was sent across the seas for setting' corn stacks a-fire. Why there wouldn't be any harm in the world if it weren't done by things that be some good.'

How Dan'el met many of these sayings we need not stay to tell; but how he dealt with the proverbial phrases of the Class-meetings and of religious talk, is worthy of being recorded. Words with him were ammuni-

tion—flung out in a sharp, jerky style, like an irregular fire of musketry. Now they were grape shot, stinging and effective; now bullets, sharp and silencing; now cannon balls, sweeping with thunder; now shells bursting into atoms fine fancies, and the tall talk of some real or imaginary opponent. An artillery used with most manifest pleasure to demolish these refuges of idle and mendicant souls. For words to be abused in proverbs thus was to Dan'el much as it had been to some sturdy old Puritan had he seen honest bullets beaten into roofing for the shelter of traitors and rebels. Never did the one little eye twinkle with such flashes of indignation and joyous humour, or the pursed-up mouth so fling out its words, as when he demolished such religious phrases—good in themselves, but made false and harmful by those who used them.

BROTHER QUORM AT CLASS.

BROTHER QUORM had two Classes; and, as we have said, had altogether on his books more than half the Society at Penwinnin.

The larger and more popular Class met at eight o'clock on the Sunday morning. They met in what was called by courtesy,

'the parlour'—really the sanded front-kitchen—at Thomas Toms'. Next to the leader's own name, was that of Sally Toms, or 'Granny,' as everybody called her, who had her bed in that room, and always lay there. An old woman bordering upon a hundred, she had been in the Society for eighty years, and de-

clared that she should 'take her death' if she 'did'n go to mittin' regular,'—which was scarcely accurate, as the meeting always came to her. There she lay, with the thin withered fingers clasped on the clean white sheet; the face, with its clear, ruddy complexion, bordered by the hair of such bleached softness, and framed by the cap that gathered round and set it off like a picture. Cut off as she was from all other services, this united singing and prayer, the faces of her old friends, and the talk about 'good things,' was her solace and strength. There was no doubt about it: it

did her good, as she said, 'Body and soul, bless the Lord!—body and soul.' And to those who came, it was as good as a sermon—better than some sermons perhaps—to look at her.

Altogether it was an arrangement to meet the case of an old member, such as might well be imitated in thousands of places; an arrangement too by which the Church secured those holy influences and ripe utterances

which she can least afford to lose. If the mountain can't come to Mahomet, there is just one other expedient—let Mahomet go to the mountain. Take the Class-meeting to the old sick members; if not always, at least once or twice in the quarter. This is better than having the names run on page after page, till some day dropped as unknown by a new leader—cutting off from membership some of the saintliest heirs of glory. There was much grace, and much wisdom, and much gain every way, in that kindly little arrangement.

And how cosy and snug the place used to feel! A vestry has not any homeliness in it, somehow. You feel that folks don't live there, and you can't readily make yourself quite 'at home' in it. There, at Thomas Toms', was the canary hanging in the window, that always began to sing when the hymn was given out, just as if he had been a regular member of the Class. But he was summarily expelled



from Society by having an anti-macassar flung over the cage; an indignity against which he mildly protested by the utterance of an occasional mournful note. There, over the mantelpiece, were the shining brasses and pans; and on the walls figured the quaint old over-coloured drawings of the Noah's Ark, and other scriptural subjects. And at the week-day Class were homelier touches that made men talk about religion in a simple, every-day tone, the like of which it is hard to get in a vestry. Why there was the pan of bread set down before the fire to 'plumb;' or the savoury baking of 'the pasties' proclaimed itself delicately from the oven; and on the hearthrug lay a pair of little shoes and socks. Much of that strong social union to which Methodism has been so greatly indebted, and which in old time she so carefully fostered, came from the fact that the people went from 'house to house;' the Class-meetings and the prayer-meetings were in the houses of the people, and the Church itself was not unfrequently a 'Church in the house.'

You could not have been long in Brother Dan'el's Class, without seeing how much they all owed to the presence of old 'Granny' Toms. There she lay like a beautiful picture of the

faith that could comfort and guide and sustain them; a voice on before bidding them fear not, and a radiant face turning as if to let them know what light, and peace, and joy were on there.

Dan'el used perpetually to clench his argument and point his moral by reference to Granny. When young members began to talk of their fears and of hindrances, how the one sharp little eye would look towards the old saint, uttering a dozen notes of exclamation all at once.

'Hindrances!!! Hindrances!! Aw, my dear! Begin to talk about hindrances, and mother here'll tell a story about hindrances. Granny can mind hearin' 'em ring the Church bells 'cause they'd clean drove the Methodists out o' the parish.'

Granny would have confirmed it with words, but that Dan'el knew her habit of entering with much minuteness into the pedigree and circumstances of everybody concerned — so he only waited for her preliminary nod, and then hurried on again before she had time to begin.

'Hindrances, my dear! Why she can mind hearin' 'em talk of how a man down to Penzance was put to prison for blasphemy 'cause he said the Lord had forgiven his sins. Why, my dear, doan't let us go talkin' about it— we be goin' to heaven in silver

slippers. Why, Mother, you used to walk sixteen miles 'pon the Sunday.'

'Rain or fine,' said Granny with a nod.

'Iss, we be goin' in silver slippers,' and then as a merry twinkle played about that sharp little eye, and it rested a moment upon the smart ribbons or flowered bonnet — 'In silver slippers!—and that be the hindrance. We do make our own hindrances. It be easier to go barefoot than in tight shoes. And silver slippers is poor things for any journey, but most of all for going to the Celestial City. No wonder that we go limpin', and talk about making little progress and about our hindrances. Folks with tight shoes 'll get corns, —and serve 'em right too, —and then every road is hard to travel, and every bit of a rise is a mountain. Rain now-a-days is a hindrance; but in mother's time it wasn't. For in the old times the big bonnets and long cloaks were like umbrella and everything else, and "cats an' dogs" weren't a hindrance then. But now we go wearin' such fine feathers an' things, that a sprinkle of rain an' they're spoiled. And I wish they were all that was spoiled, for it wouldn't be any great matter if a good deal of 'em was washed away. But it spoils the temper,

and it vexes and worrits all the grace out o' folks; and then ever so much time goes in trying to get it right again. Talk about temptations an' hindrances! Why I don't see how it can be much other. The old enemy goes drivin' about like Jehu in his chariot, and he can see us in a minute with all this finery, and he comes poisonin' such folks with pride an' conceit. He's sent many, I'll warrant, to the dogs, like Jezebel, all through their tired heads and furbelows, who'd have been all right if they had just gone along plain and simple. O' course anybody can put as much pride into old mother's cap here as into anything else. Seemin' to me 'tis best to go in what other folks 'll take least notice of either way; for then we shan't think much of ourselves, 'an slippin' along in the crowd the enemy isn't so likely to single us out. I've seen it advertised very often in the papers—"tourists' suits." Well, they may be very good; but for our journey I don't believe there's anything that's so good, or so comfortable as what I've read of somewhere else—'tis homespun, and you can't buy it anywhere, so we must all learn to make it—"Be clothed with humility." A hindrance it is, sure 'nough, in a good many ways. Folks be kept so long

a-'tidivatin' o' theirselves that they're sure to get to meetin' ten minutes late; an' that's all the worse because they take so long a-gettin' ready that they're sure not to have a minute for a bit o' prayer afore they start. I've heard tell about a man who preached from them words—"There appeared a great wonder in Heaven—a woman." But he ought to ha' gone on an' finished it—"a woman clothed with the sun and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." Now seemin' to me the wonder was that

anybody dressed so shinin' an' glitterin' ever got to Heaven, and it will be a wonder if some folks manage to get there with their heads all covered over with feathers an' flowers an' all the rest of it.

'No, we hardly know what hindrances be now-a-days, and the few there are don't come from heaven above, or earth beneath; but they come out of our own pride and folly, or out of our neglect. They, too, are home-made, every one of 'em, home-made.'

BROTHER DAN'EL ON 'SLOW AND SURE.'

THERE inside the door of Thomas Toms' parlour sat Jim Tregoning — a well-meaning kind of a man, whom people spoke of as 'poor fellow;' and said how unfortunate he was. He had tried everything, from driving a van to selling patent medicines and hawking books. There he sat with an unmeaning smile upon his face, and large eyes looking on one place all through the hour, but never seeming to see anything. He was perpetually folding his red cotton handkerchief into a large pad, with which he stroked his hair down over his forehead, and then began to remake the pad. When his turn came he spoke with a sigh,

'How was he gettin' on? Well, he feared he was only a slow traveller heavenward. But there—he had many troubles and trials—fightin's without and fears within—and he hoped that his motter was slow an' sure, slow an' sure; for the race wasn't to the wise nor yet to the strong, but it were to the sure. If he couldn't fly he must walk, and if he couldn't walk he must creep; and if he wasn't so fast a traveller as some folks, he hoped he were just as sure.'

The little eye twinkled—and yet there was a tone of pain and grief in the reply.

'La, Jim, whatever do 'e mean! "Slow and sure, slow and sure." Always the same.

Never no forwarder, never no backwarder, but alway a stickin' in the same place. I'll tell 'e what, Jim. You "slow and sure" folks be just like a faggot o' green furze 'pon the fire. You don't blaze nor burn; you do nothing but only steam, and fizz, and go fillin' the house with smeach and smoke. Do 'e get out o' this here way. Strive to enter in at the strait gate; but goin' along so slow you'll be sure not to get through un. Slow an' sure! Iss, sure to be too late! 'Tis what the folks said when they was a comin' to the Ark; but the floods came quick and sure 'pon them before they got to the Ark, and slow an' sure was drowned. Serve him right, too. The virgins was slow and sure when they were a-gone to buy oil for their lamps, and when they come back the door was shut. Slow an' sure! 'Tis damp powder that do burn like that there, Jim,—it'll choke 'e all with smoke, but it won't ever heave a rock'in two, or do anybody a morsel o' good.

'I've heard 'em say that horses

that be stumblers be a'most sure to come down if you let 'em go along with a creepin' kind of a jog-trot. And that's how Christian folks fall in general; going along so slow an' sleepy, down they come all of a heap, knockin' theirselves all to bits a'most before they know where they are.

'An' then troubles an' trials—
of course you do have them—
heaps of 'em. What else can anybody expect? Slow and sure! Why, 'tis 'xactly like when I be walkin' to Redburn on a fair-day, and every van and cart and lumberin' waggon, and donkeys, and all the riff-raff and sharpeners — they

do all overtake me. But when you get in the train you go whizzing over their heads, and leave 'em behind, every one of 'em.

'Go creepin' along! Why o' course there's never a trouble or trial but it comes up to you. Spread your wings, Jim, spread your wings out, and fly! "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength"; and shall mount — mount, Jim; — "they shall mount up with wings as



eagles." Old care is a black-winged, croaking old raven; but his croakin' can't get up so high as the eagle; it's down, down ever so far below; down under the clouds; and the eagle is up above 'em all, in the floods o' sunshine. "They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

'My dear Jim, there ben't no such thing as this slow and sure o' yours. When the top do spin slow he's sure to come down. 'Tisn't the way the angels told Lot. "Escape for thy life; tarry not in all the plain"; and I don't think we shall get off easier than he did. And, 'tisn't the way Paul knew anything about; for says he, "Run the race set before you." He don't say anything about creepin', and it be best to stick to the Word, Jim.

"Slow an' sure"!—seem to me that everything be the other way about. The old Tempter, whatever other failin's he've got, ha'nt got that there—he do go about like a great roarin' lion, seeking whom he may devour, an' if we go on creepin' along,

he's sure to come springin' out 'pon us all unawares—an' serve us right for we tempt 'en even if he could have had enough afore we come by. Time is swift and sure, Jim; and death is swift and sure. And then the love of Jesus is swift and sure. Ah! bless the Lord, how swift and sure that is you know, Jim, as well as the rest! "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran,—ran!"—And Dan'el's voice spoke with a tenderness that brought the tears to every eye.—'No creepin' then, or walkin' either. He "ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him." Ah, bless the Lord; that's His way always—and His way be always the best!' And he brushed away the tears as he finished—'Come, friends, let us sing a hymn,—

"My soul, through my Redeemer's care,
Saved from the second death I feel,
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell."

'Second verse,—

"Wherefore to Him my feet shall run,"
'That's it, — run.

"My eyes on His perfections gaze,
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout His praise."



'IT'S THE LORD'S WILL, YOU KNOW.'

IT was at the Class-meeting on the Tuesday night. The wild west wind came sweeping round the house fierce and furious—now rattling at the window, and roaring in the chimney, then sinking into a low moan, whining at the key-hole as if its blustering had failed, and it had taken to entreaty instead; then suddenly it grew enraged again, as if ashamed of its weakness, and seemed to make the very ground tremble as it roared and thundered away up the wild hill-side.

Here in the sanded front-room at Thomas Toms', sat the members of Brother Quorm's Class. Only a few to-night, for many lived across the moors, and some a mile away over the fields; and even Dan'el could excuse those who tarried at home on such a night as this. The storm itself had nothing to do with the talk of that evening, only it came somehow to be inseparably bound up with the memories of it.

The meeting had opened quietly enough with a 'trumpet metre,' followed by a hearty prayer. Two or three had spoken, but it was not until Widow Pascoe's turn came that the memorable talk of that evening began. There she sat, in a

huge bonnet of rusty black, the very capacious widow's cap gathered about a face which was always 'in mourning.' That mouth of itself rendered crape altogether superfluous,—the long thin lips drawn down at the corners, and tucked away under the wrinkles and furrows, as if to keep it in its place. The languidly-closed eyes, the solemn shake of the head, the deep sigh, and then the long-drawn melancholy words in which she told of her troubles and trials, were unfailing characteristics of her experience; and to-night her favourite phrases kept coming in continually—'submit to His will,' 'done and suffered His will.' No belief was ever more deeply wrought into any heart than this into the widow's—that it was the will of the Heavenly Father that she should be always in trouble; to-day was given only that she might find in it some new sorrow; each hour came only to lay another burden upon her, and to-morrow already hinted at some threatening evil. She would almost have doubted her religion if she could not find in everything something to sigh over. With her the truest sign of grace was 'to walk mournfully.' Heaven itself to her mind was a sort of compensation paid

to those who endured the hurts and damages of religion in this life.

As the widow finished, Dan'el looked up at her almost fiercely with his one little eye. But immediately a sad expression crept over it. ““Submit to His will,”” “Suffer His will.” Is that all that the will of God is for, that we may endure it, and suffer it! And Dan'el sighed a great pitiful sigh. After a long pause, in which the wild storm outside seemed to burst with more fury, he went on in a gentler tone: ‘Bless His holy Name, He is our loving Father; and we go asking for grace to submit to His will, and go talking about suffering His will!’

Dan'el suddenly broke off his remarks, as if he had no hope of ever setting the widow right; and, with another pitiful sigh, he passed on to the next.

Now it happened that the next was John Trundie, the busy village shopkeeper. A man with whom business was the great end of life, and religion a very advisable precaution, in case of



emergency; much as a man thinks it prudent to insure his life. Indeed religion was to him just that—a Prudential Assurance; and the Class-meeting was only the agency through which he paid his insurance money, a quarterly account. His little fortune had been invested in some adjoining Wheal Gambler, — a mine in which he was to find prodigious wealth; but the golden visions slowly faded, and the mine was given up, having afforded only a deep, dark grave in which Mr.

Trundie had buried most of his savings. Vexation and disappointment had brought him more regularly to Class; at least for a little while. Perhaps it was the moaning wind outside, or perhaps it was Sister Pascoe's mournfulness, or perhaps, and probably, it was the prevailing thought of his mind, that led him at once to allude to his recent losses. He had been going through deep waters, he said, had been called to pass through severe trials; ‘but there,’ he said, ‘it be the Lord’s will,

'you know,' and he hoped he should have the grace to bear it.

Before John Trundle had finished, it was evident that something was moving Dan'el's soul to its depths. The little eye opened with astonishment; the mouth was pursed up as if it were going to whistle with amazement, the round bullet head nodded sharply, and at last the words were jerked out somewhat fiercely.

'Umph! "The Lord's will, you know!" Well, I must say I don't know it, John, and I don't think it either. Not a bit of it. The Lord's will! I went over the moors t'other night, without a lantern, and tumbled in a big hole, and I said, "Dan'el, you are an old stoopid for to go wi'out your lantern, serve you right." But I didn't think it was the Lord's will, John, and I hope I shouldn't be so foolish again.'

Then he stopped suddenly as if a new idea had shot across his mind, and passing over the next two or three he turned to an old man who sat in the corner of the room by the fire.

It was dear old Frankey Vivian. There he sat in the ruddy glow of the firelight, with the deep shadows of the corner behind him. Very feeble, weakness had given him an appearance of age much beyond his

years; and as he leaned there upon his stick in this light, he looked like some old patriarch who had turned his back upon the shadows of the world, and was standing on the threshold of the celestial city, waiting only for the summons to come in. His case was too common in those mining districts before the recent improvements had been introduced. Climbing up the ladders by which men came from immense depths below; coming from the hot air underground in wet clothes, and stepping at once into the keen winds that swept 'up to grass,' as the surface was called—poetically, for scarce a blade was to be found in all the stony waste of the mine;—these things had done their work upon a naturally weak constitution, and now he was in the last stage of asthmatic consumption. Unable to work, and having a large family to be cared for somehow, his was a sad story. He lived so near by that he could easily slip in 'to the meetin'," and very rarely was his corner vacant even on such a night as this.

With a touch of tenderness, and with a very evident relief, Dan'el turned to him.

'The Lord bless thee, dear Frankey. Come, tell us what the Lord's will is to thee.'

The pale, wasted face moved with deep feeling; the thin white

hands passed to and fro over the handle of the stick nervously; the tears gathered in his eyes:

'The Lord's will!' gasped the old man. 'Why this, my dear leader, this — "Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days o' my life; and I will dwell in the house o' the Lord for ever!" Bless His holy Name—that, nothing else but that. Why there was only last Saturday afternoon: I was very poorly; my cough shook me all to bits, and I was lying 'pon my bed. Yet my soul was full o' praise to God for all His goodness. Bless His name, I says, why this here shakin' cough be only like the joltin' o' the van over the ruts and stones as it be a-carryin' us home. And some day it'll give the last jolt and stop right afore the door o' my Father's house, and, bless Him, He'll come out to take His child into His arms, and I shall be home for ever and ever. To think of it! home! ay, and with breath for to praise my Lord too. I was a-sayin' over them words, "Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength." Excel in strength! And I thought how I would be a-flyin' in a little while, and how I would sweep the harp, and how swift I would go for my dear Lord, a-sailin' along 'pon a pair o' glorious wings, how grand it would be! My soul was all full

of it, when up come my wife, and she sat down at the foot o' the bed, and she flings her hands all helpless like down before her.

"Frankey," says she, a'most a chokin', "Frankey, whatever shall us do? There ben't a bit o' bread in the house agen the children come home."

"What shall us do, my dear?" I says. "Why think of the blessed Father Who tells us to call upon Him in the day of trouble, and He will hear us. And He will too, I know."

"Seemin' to me He must have forgot us," says she, bursting out a-cryin'.

"Forgot us, wife!" I says. "Forgot us! Bless His holy Name, it wouldn't be like Him. He don't ever forget. He has been round and about us, our Friend and Helper these twenty years, and it wouldn't be like Him to leave us now, just when we want Him most. That isn't the way He does." And I began to say over the hundred and forty-sixth Psalm that I do dearly love. "'While I live I will praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being. . . . Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God.' There, wifie, isn't that pretty music now. 'Which keepeth truth for ever.' Hear that," I says. "Keepeth truth

for ever. ‘Which giveth food to the hungry.’ Bless Him, why it’s put there a-purpose for you and me.”

“Well,” says she, wipin’ her eyes with her apron, “I s’pose it be the Lord’s will, and we must bear it.”

‘The tears came in my eyes then. “O, my dear! Don’t ‘e talk like that,” I says, “don’t ‘e talk like that there, now. It be no more the will of our blessed Father that our children should want bread than it be your will or mine. It do hurt me to hear folks talk like that about my Lord. ‘It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish,’ that be the Lord’s will,” I says. “‘Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear Him.’ Why, the Book is full of it, and we ought not to go talkin’ about our Blessed Father like that.”

‘Well, just then there came a double knock to the door. It ben’t very often that we do have a letter, so the wife jumps up and runs down stairs. In a minute she shouts up to me,

“Frankey, here’s a letter from our boy in Australia.” And then in a minute more she comes runnin’ up to me, and cries out —“Why, there’s a five-pound note in it. Bless his dear heart!” And tears of joy ran down our cheeks.

“Ah, wifie,” says I, holdin’ up the note, “look here; that be the Lord’s will, and we must bear it. Bless His holy Name, He ‘keepeth truth for ever.’”

Every eye was dimmed as Frankey finished his simple story. Dan’el now had a fair field, and all the gathering feelings and thoughts of the evening broke out with a triumph.

‘That’s it, Frankey,’ he cried. ‘Sure enough that’s just it. The Lord’s will isn’t starving children. ‘Which executeth judgment for the oppressed; which giveth food to the hungry.’ “The Lord’s will, you know.” Why people don’t stop to think what they mean when they talk about it. The words, perhaps, are right enough by themselves, but folks use ‘em to wrap up more nonsense and more sin than any other five words in the world. There’s poor Jem Pol-sue, lives up to Bray. I dropt in to see him a few days a-gone. He lost his wife of fever, and he himself wasn’t expected to get over it. I went in and prayed with him, and saw how the little place had been stripped by want, and I know’d what a long spell he would have of it yet.

“Jem,” I says, “I’m very sorry for ‘e, and I must try to help ‘e a bit.”

“Well, we mus’n’t be sorry, Dan’el,” says he. “It be the

Lord's will, you know, and we must bear it."

"It made me quite short-tempered to hear it. "What," says I, "God's will that your landlord should let you live in a place like this, with these drains about here, poisonin' you with the stench, an' poisonin' the water you drink! It be very different from God's will, Jem. I've just a-come up over the hill side, and all the air was sweet with His own breath, furze blossoms and flowers; and then up in the clear blue sky a lark was singing lovely as ever you heard, and everything was so pretty as the Almighty Himself could make it. An' then I come in here, and I see this slimy pond, and this black drain, and I couldn't help thinkin' how different the Lord would have it. It ben't His blessed will that landlords should be misers and fools, and next door to murderers, Jem; and all the religion in the world wouldn't make me own to that."

Widow Pascoe actually opened her eyes, and half opened her mouth; a sufficient evidence of her amazement at such an extraordinary statement. That dirt and wretchedness were not the will of God: it smacked of heresy!

Dan'l went on again fiercely: 'I can't abide to hear folks talkin' about it; puttin' down everything that is sad, and bad, and

miserable to be the Lord's will.' The little eye turned its sharp glance full upon Brother Trundle. 'It ben't the Lord's will, but just our own folly very often that makes the Lord deal with us a bit hardly. Fancy Eve a-comin' out of Paradise, and when the earth begins to get covered with thorns and briars, and Adam has to go earnin' his daily bread by the sweat o' his brow, she says, "Well, you know, it's the Lord's will, and we must bear it." Not a bit of it. They knew that the Lord's will was Paradise. The Lord's will was all the fruit, and flowers, and beauty of Eden. It was right against the will of their Father that there should come these thorns and things, and weariness and sorrow; only it was just what their sins forced the Lord to do. When I was a little chap my father had to give me a thrashin' one day, and sent me up in the garret to finish the day on dry bread and water. Do you think I said, "It's my father's will, and I must bear it." No; I knew too much about myself to do anything like that. His will! Why I can mind now how his lip quivered, and how grieved he looked, and I knew it was all along o' my own foolin', and it just served me right.

'And if a man goes a-forgettin' his Heavenly Father and neglectin' the means in makin'

money, and is comin' to love it till it be a'most chokin' the grace out of him, the Lord is forced to take some of it away, or to let him go and fling it away, which comes to just the same thing. And then the man begins to talk quite religious about sufferin' the Lord's will! By all means let him suffer the Lord's will, which to my thinkin' is this here,—that he shouldn't love what he has got left, and should make a better use o' what he earns another day. Why, when the poor old Squire tumbled down in a fit, and the doctor bled him to bring him to his senses, he didn't talk about bearin' the doctor's will. Everybody knew that the doctor took his blood to save his life. An' seemin' to me 'twould save us a heap o' folly if we were so wise in our religion as folks be about everything else a'most.

'But this isn't the worst of it, either. I wouldn't mind so much if people put in the other side a bit; but they won't do that. No; 'tis only what's wisht and dismal, and ugly,—that be the Lord's will. If a man be laid 'pon his bed in a raging fever, that's the Lord's will; but if the fever don't come near to him nor to anybody else, why that's nothing at all. Poor old Uncle Jan Kevern be doubled^e up a'most with rheumatics; that's the Lord's will, you know. But I can stick to my

last all day, and make a pair o' shoes, and nobody ever thinks that that is the will of our Blessed Father. I do dearly love that hundred and fourth Psalm: "My meditation of Him shall be sweet," says David. But our meditations of Him be all that is doleful and dull. David sang about the will of the Lord when he saw the man going forth to his work, and to his labour unto the evening. Sang about it too. But we sigh about the Lord's will only when a man be kept home all day, or when he be a-going to die, and leave a widow and half a score o' little children. Why, bless the Lord! His will has got quite as much to do with health as with sickness, an' more too.'

'Bless Him, that it have, dear leader!' responded Frankey from his corner, with much fervour.

Dan'el went on again, without fierceness now; with a gentleness and tenderness that came from his heart. 'Aw, my dear friends, I often think about it when I be a-doin' up my bit o' garden down to my place. People talk as if the Blessed Master only got fruit out of us with a prunin' knife; always standin' over us, an' a cuttin' here, and a loppin' there. Why, bless His Name; sunshine and showers, and the gentle south winds, have a deal more to do with a bunch of grapes than prunin' knives have. We

do want a bit o' prunin' now an' then, I dare say, but don't 'e go a-thinkin' about the dear Lord as only standin' over us for that. A standin' there with all His kindness and care—why He is trainin' the branches, and is watching over us, and wardin' off blights, and keepin' off enemies,—slugs, and snails, and such-like, that do harbour in a man's soul; and His gentleness and loving care have a deal more to do with the fruit than the knife has.

'O, don't let us always be a-talking about bearin' His will, and sufferin' His will. Let's talk about *enjoyin'* His will. When the baby is pinin' away and sickly, an' dyin', that be His will, perhaps; but that be His will, too, when the baby be a great big thumpin' boy, and thrives uncommon. It be God's will, perhaps—if it ben't our own carelessness—when the house be burnt down, and we escape

with our lives. But it be the Lord's will, too, all the days that we come and go, and find all safe and sound. The Father's will isn't that we should be out in a far country perishin' with hunger. His will is the best robe and the fatted calf; the comin' home, and the being merry. "My meditation of Him shall be sweet." You may say what you like about sufferin' the Lord's will; I shall talk about enjoying it, and delighting in it.'

'So will I, bless Him,' said Frankey.

Even Widow Pascoe looked as if a little light had come across her mourning face, as that evening finished with the hymn—

'God of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy
praise:

My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

'The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.'

'CATCHIN' 'EM WITH GUILE.'



F all the good folks in the little village of Penwinnin none was a greater favourite with Dan'el than young Cap'en Joe. His presence 'at Class' had much influence on the 'religious notions,' and his story was one that Dan'el used to tell with unfailing pleasure.

He had begun life as a poor lad, without any advantage of education or position; rather, indeed, with all the disadvantages that could gather about him. His father was a dissolute man, whose wit had once been the life of the public-house; but that light had long since been quenched, and there was left

only a bloated half-drunk idler, loafing about the public-house for any odd job that might turn up. The half-starved wife and mother lived in a wretched home, trying to bring up this only child as best she could.

But as a little lad Joe had taken a very practical view of his own case. He had nobody else to help him, and by that circumstance seemed only impelled to do so much the more to help himself. Reading and writing were soon mastered, and there early appeared the promise of what he would be.

Dan'el's quick eye had seen him in the Sunday-school; and the little cobbler's shop became in time a sort of night-school, where Joe learnt many a lesson, and picked up much good advice. He had begun as a common miner, but rose in the confidence of those about him, until now he was dignified as Cap'n Joe, an under manager of the mine, and had left his old teacher behind him in all but shrewdness and common-sense.

Dan'el used to tell with much glee how young Cap'n Joe had done the Purser of the mine,—a hard, snappish, sour old screw, whose delight was in grinding everybody down.

'He came in here laughin' one evening,' said Dan'el, and the little bright eye flashed with a joyous humour over the broad-rimmed spectacles.

"'Catchin' 'em with guile be scriptural, Dan'el, ben't it?" he began, and I knew there was something queer comin', but couldn't guess what it was.

"Depends what kind o' guile it is, and what it be a-goin' to

do," I answered,—cautious, for I didn't know what was comin'.

"Why the men up to mine have wanted a dryin'-room for ever so long, you know: comin' up hot and damp as they do; it be enough for to give 'em their death o' cold to go out ever so far in the wind and rain," says Cap'n Joe, lookin' just as queer as he did at first.

"That it be, Joe," I says, "but men be only men, you



know. The Pharisees might pull out a sheep or an ox, but then they were worth something. But men are such common kind o' creatures, and so different. If they were only horses, or pigs even, folks would take some care of 'em; but they be only men, and you can't sell them, at least in this here country. Well, Joe?"

"Well, what I do say about it be nothing at all; for the Purser will have it all his own way. He'd say 'Yes,' just contrairy like, if I said 'No.' He be like the 'bob' to the engine, that do dip down just because the other end do tip up," says the young Cap'n.

"Well, but," says I, "you might speak your mind about it, Joe. It would be a comfort to give your testimony to what be right, even if nobody don't receive it. Besides, you can't shake the dust of your feet agen 'em till you have done that much."

"No, Dan'el, it would only harden him, and make him more determined. I've had to catch him with guile."

"You have?" I cried, quite curious to hear about it.'

And Dan'el lifted his spectacles on to his forehead as he told of it, as if his curiosity always revived at this point by some subtle law of association.

'So then Joe told me about it,' said Dan'el. "'You see," he says, "the men kep' on comin' to me about it; 'twas always the same thing. Till last of all, I says to 'em, 'Well, look here; 'tis no good to keep tellin' me about it, men. The Purser must give the orders. But now, 'spose I say you shan't have a dryin'-room, and I won't let 'e have it, and you go up and tell the Purser what I've said.' So three of 'em goes up to the office, and sees the Purser. He was oncommon cross and gruff, even for him, and so soon as they began for to speak about a dryin'-room, he gets into a rage. 'Dryin'-room!' he halloos out, 'I dare say you do. Umph! You'll want dinner provided next, and a champagne luncheon, I s'pose. Certainly, certainly! What next will you want, I wonder?'

"Well, Sir," says the men, "we spoke to young Cap'n Joe about it."

"O, you spoke to him, did you? And what did he say?"

"Why, he said as he wasn't a-goin' to speak to you about it at all, but would speak right off on his own authority, and that we shouldn't have it,—that we shouldn't."

"The men say as he got into a towerin' rage. 'He said you shouldn't!' he cries out. 'Cap'n Joe, indeed! Who's he,

I should like to know? I'll let him know who's master up here—the young upstart. Go down and tell him that I said you should have it,—I said so, and tell him to see about it at once.' And they

said that he went on mutterin' about it for an hour after."

"Well done, Joe," says I, laughing out loud. "Aw, 'iss, my dear, 'iss, it be quite lawfu' for to catch 'em with guile."

'PRAYIN' BREATH IS NEVER SPENT IN VAIN.'

LA! what's that, my dear?
"Prayin' breath never spent in vain!"'

And there was a long pause in which the little bullet head shook itself, and the keen little eye peered over the broadrimmed spectacles; and the honest man who had thus completed his experience looked up in some amazement that such a common phrase could be anything but Gospel.

'That ben't in the Scriptures, my dear; though I believe many folks do reckon it be. But it isn't there, and if folks would look for it they would find something a deal truer. They would find this—"Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss." Now I do reckon that there's a good half of the prayin' breaths as be spent in vain. Half! why, nearer ninety out of every hundred. What with one thing and another that be amiss, it's well if one out of a hundred be worth anything at all. It be only another o' them common sayings that be lies that would have gone rotten and been

flung away long ago, only that there's just a grain o' the salt o' truth in 'em to keep 'em alive.

'Why, now, whenever we pray for what we don't want, neither needin' it nor desirin' to have it, that's a prayin' breath spent in vain. And that's more than half our prayers. I overtook a young fellow the other day, a good sort of a young man, too, and I says, "Well, John, and how's the soul prosperin'?"'

"Don't know," says he in a melancholy kind of a way: and the way a man talks about his soul is more than what he says very often. It's like feelin' the pulse and tells more than lookin' into his face. "Don't know; reckon it be busy - all," says he, "to get along."

"Well, now," I said, "just let me ask you one question that may explain it all,—How do you pray, John?"

"Pray, Dan'el," he says, wonderin', "why the same as other people do, to be sure,—pon my knees."

"Of course you do, John," I

says; "but what do 'e say now?" For, my dear friends, it be no good a-goin' hummin' and haa-in' about it. I do reckon a Class-leader be like a doctor, and he must find out what be wrong, and if he can't do it one way he must another. And he must go lookin' and listenin' and tryin' till he have found out, and then he'll have a chance o' curin'. So I says "Now what do 'e say?"

"Well," he says quite innocent, "my mother taught me a prayer when I was a little lad, and I do say that."

"Why, my dear boy," I says, "no wonder you don't get along! Why, I expect the first thing my mother taught me to say was 'Please for a bit o' bread.' Now, how ever should I have got along, do you think, if I'd always gone on sayin' 'Please for a bit o' bread'? If I wanted leather, or bradawls, flower-seeds, or lapstones, coats or bricks, or money, or anything else, and I'd always gone on sayin' 'Please for a bit o' bread.'"

"O!" says he, "Dan'el, that be very different, o' course."

"How different? I can't see that it's any different. I want things from folks about me, and I go and tell them what I want, and I stare if I don't get 'em. But I go to the Heavenly Father and, never mind what I want, I

just go sayin' over and over the same things, and then I talk all doleful about my not gettin' on! Why, whatever else can we expect?"

John was quiet for a minute or two, and then says he, in his slow way, as if his words came out in drops because he was afraid to turn the tap, "Well, Dan'el, I never thought o' that afore." And he turned in over the fields.

Now I got home, thinkin' that I had let a bit o' daylight in upon him, and then I soon found myself trippin' and came down in the dust. I was kneelin' down at prayer, and my thoughts began to go away to John again, my lips goin' on all the time. And when my thoughts came back again there was I going over an old sentence about forgivin' the sins o' the day. I stopped. "O, Dan'el," I says out loud, "you be a pretty kind of a teacher to talk to other people about prayin' for what they want! Physician, heal thyself! What sins do you want forgiven? and if you want 'em forgiven, do you believe you are goin' to get it by saying a phrase like that, as smooth and pat as anything." "Lord forgive me," I says with all my heart. And I began to look about through the day to find what I did want. And I soon found it, my friends,

a deal sooner than I thought I should. About eleven o'clock in the mornin' it was: I mind it quite well,—there was a pair o' shoes to be done for a man that was goin' away to California, and things had been goin' wrong all day, and I had to send down to Redburn for something, and the boy kept me waitin' and then brought back all wrong, and I got in a temper with him and spoke out sharp, and

said a deal more than I ought to have said, and felt a good deal more than come out. "There, Dan'el," I says, "you need forgiveness for that. Repent and pray about that." Why it was like another thing then. It began to hurt me, and the tears began to flow, and I meant it then when I got down before the Lord and prayed that I might be forgiven. And I got forgiven, too; and the next day when I came down I called the boy over to me and I told him that I was ashamed of myself for the way I had gone on the day before, an' I hoped he'd forgive me, for I was very sorry. As to

the boy, why I never knew a boy change so in my life as that changed him; seemin' to me as if he can't ever be thoughtful and steady enough now. Ah, my friends, that be the kind of breath that ben't spent in vain! When a man feels it, and can put his hand right upon the spot and say, "Lord, 'tis amiss just there, and 'tis hurting me and plaguin' more than I can bear, — Lord, do it good." Then

that goes right up to heaven.'

"We can manage that when we feel anything deeply, my dear leader," said young Cap'n Joe, from his place. 'Jacob prayed like that when he was a-goin' to meet Esau. But I have wondered how he prayed next day when it was all quiet again and there was nothing particular hangin' over him!"

"Yes, yes, Cap'n Joe," said Dan'el thoughtfully, 'there be a deal in that. Well, Frankey, my dear, tell us how you do manage,' and Dan'el turned with a loving reverence to the old man.

"Me, my dear leader, why I ha'an't got much to tell. Seemin'



to me 'tis like this here. When I do kneel down, I do think, and feel it too,—Well, here be another day, an' I don't know what'll happen, but right over it all there be the wings o' my Father in Heaven, and all day long I shall be in under them there wings, and no harm can't come to me in there — bless His holy Name. And my heart do begin to sing again and goes on singin' all day long. An' then when the night be come again I do think, and feel too, like as if the wings was foldin' in round me, and I put myself in under them, and I do feel such a blessed rest in under there — like as if it were so safe and so warm and so comfortable, — nothing couldn't hurt me, in there, ne'er man nor devil. Bless His holy name !'

'Well, Frankey, I do think you've got hold o' the right thing after all. Thinkin' about it beforehand, fixin' your thoughts 'pon it. Why, we pray like we don't do anything else in the world. There be plenty o' fools that go a-shootin'—poppin' at the larks an' blackbirds, and thrushes, like as if they didn't sing for their supper an' more than pay for all the harm they do. But I never heard tell of a fool who fired his gun without any aim ; fired it off anyhow and anywhere, and then expected to see the bird fall. But that be just like we pray.

We don't take aim. We don't think beforehand. Frankey here, have explained it 'xactly, seemin' to me. Now, suppose to-morrow mornin' we kneel down and begin to think : To-day where am I goin' to ? what shall I be a-doin' of ? What grace shall I need ? Where'll the devil be lying wait for me ? Thoughts 'll come—they'll come, and we shall begin to find out needs enough to pray about. Why I could a'most pray now as I come to think about it. Why there be that Particular Baptist who comes droppin' in 'pon a Wednesday, and we begin a argufyin' 'pon Calvinism, and Wesley and Fletcher, and I do a'most always get hot and angry and vexed with myself—I'll aim straight at him to-morrow, that I will ! That is it, my friends. Think what you do want beforehand, and then you won't go a-wasting your breath in prayin' for what you don't want.

'Then there be another prayin' breath that be spent in vain. When we go a-prayin' for what we don't expect. That be in vain —and that'll cover a'most the other half of our prayers. "Believin' ye receive,"—that be the pith and marrow o' prayer, in my thinkin'. But we pray, and don't ever look for it to come down ; like a man takin' aim and shooting, but never goin' in to

pick up what he's shot. "I will direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." That be the way David prayed. He took aim and expected to see the blessings come down. We don't expect to get our prayers answered.'

"Like as if He didn't mean what He said in all the precious promises: bless Him!" came fervently from dear old Frankey in the corner.

"I've often thought how folks would stare, sometimes, if their prayers were answered," said young Cap'n Joe.

Dan'el smiled, as if some slumbering memory woke up suddenly within him. He nodded the little head, and the merry wrinkles gathered round the corner of the bright eye; and the pursed-up mouth.

"They would, sure 'nough, Cap'n Joe. I happened once to be stayin' with a gentleman,—a long way from here,—a very religious kind of a man he was; and in the mornin' he began the day with a long family prayer that we might be kep' from sin, and might have a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was also in Christ Jesus; and that we might have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. A beautiful prayer it was, and thinks I, What a good kind of a man you must be. But about an hour after I

happened to be comin' along the farm, and I heard him hollerin' and scoldin' and goin' on, findin' fault with everybody and everything. And when I came into the house with 'en he began again. Nothing was right, and he was so impatient and so quick-tempered. "'Tis very provokin' to be annoyed in this way, Dan'el. I don't know what servants in these times be good for but to worry and vex one, with their idle, slovenly ways."

"I didn't say nothing for a minute or two. And then I says, "You must be very much disappointed, Sir."

"How so, Dan'el? Disappointed?"

"I thought you were expecting to receive a very valuable present this morning, Sir, and I see it hasn't come."

"Present, Dan'el,"—and he scratched his head, as much as to say, "Whatever can the man be talkin' about?"

"I certainly heard you speakin' of it, Sir," I says, quite coolly.

"Heard me speak of a valuable present. Why, Dan'el, you must be dreamin'. I've never thought of such a thing."

"Perhaps not, Sir, but you've talked about it; and I hoped it would come whilst I was here, for I should dearly like to see it."

"He was gettin' angry with

me now, so I thought I would explain.

"You know, Sir, this mornin' you prayed for a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart."

"O, that's what you mean, is it!" and he spoke as if that weren't anything at all.

"Now, Sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered? If you were to feel a nice, gentle, lovin' kind of a spirit comin' down upon you, all patient, and forgivin' and kind? Why, Sir, wouldn't you

come to be quite frightened like; and you'd come in and sit down all in a faint, and reckon as you must be a-goin' to die, because you felt so heavenly-minded?"

'He didn't like it very much,' said Dan'el, 'but I delivered my testimony, and learnt a lesson for myself too. You're right, Cap'n Joe; you're right. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayer. That sayin' won't hold water no more than any o' the rest,—a prayin' breath be very often spent in vain.'

A TALK TO THE LAMBS.

IT must not be thought that my dear old friend was always on the look-out for these religious proverbs, having no eyes or ears for anything else—like a cat watching for the unsuspecting mouse, and then springing upon it to tear it to pieces. True he treated these phrases in this style, and with a manifest relish; but many an evening passed without any such destruction of the prey, when there was just as much homely common-sense and helpful advice.

To the young and to the old there was a peculiar tenderness, perhaps especially to the old folks. 'Seemin' to me that the two dearest things in all the

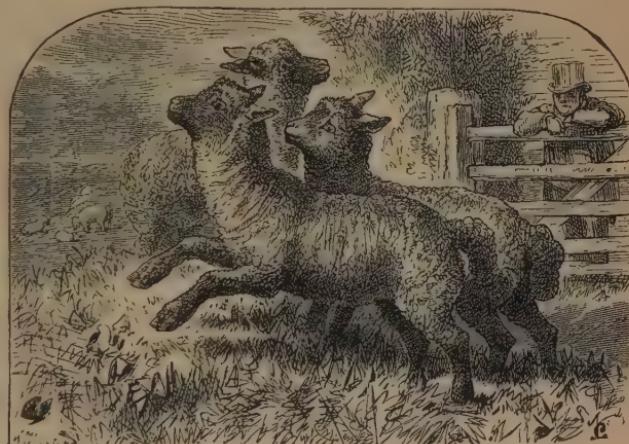
world to our Heavenly Father be a little child and an old saint,' was a favourite saying with old Dan'el; a saying to which dear old Frankey Vivian usually responded in a look beaming with joy, and a fervent 'Bless His dear Name for that!'

The previous winter had brought many additions to Dan'el's Classes, mostly of young folks, whom he welcomed very heartily, and made them feel as much at home as anybody else. Dear old Granny Toms herself was sometimes pulled up when she was running on too long, with a hint that she must leave time for 'a word to the young uns.' Widow Pascoe was some-

times startled by the question if she had something bright to give them to encourage the lambs,—a question which seemed to give her ‘quite a turn;’ but the folded hands and the tucked-down mouth regained their propriety, and in a moment she recovered her self-possession. The word exactly hits it,—self-possession was Widow Pascoe’s ruin, as it is the ruin of thousands of us. ‘Possessed of the devil was a misfortune and to be pitied,’ said Dan’l one day as we talked of it, ‘but possessed of ourselves is a curse and a misery that ben’t much above it. There is only one possession that God’s people should know anything about, and that is Christ in us, the hope of glory.’

He very seldom asked these younger members to speak. ‘God lets the children learn to live a bit and to walk a bit by themselves before He lets ’em talk,’ was his explanation. Hurrying through the rest of the Class, or contenting himself with speaking to three or four of the members, he would reserve a quarter of an hour for ‘a word to the lambs.’

It was an evening in May when the setting sun flung in its ruddy light upon the happy company at Thomas Toms’. Stretching the neck you could see over the muslin blind that cut the window in two, and catch sight of Farmer Gribble’s fields beyond, with the sheep and lambs luxuriating in the rich green grass and golden buttercups. The scene



may have suggested the talk of that evening.

‘Ah! young folks, you’ve got a blessed Saviour, you have. When I begin to think about it I a’most wish that I could go back and be a little child again. Why you know “He carries the lambs in His bosom.” Wonderful, but true. Carries them! It doesn’t matter much what the road is when we are carried,—highway or by-way, field-path or muddy lane, it be all as one to them that are being carried, and it don’t

matter how weak you are, or how foolish; you can't get tired, and you can't miss the way when you're being carried. He—that's your Saviour—carries the lambs—that's you, your very self—in His bosom.

'Now think about yourselves as lambs—young uns—who don't know the way, an' don't know the dangers, an' go a-friskin' out o' the way, a'most before you know you're in it; lambs that can't keep up with the old ones, and it ben't natural as you should; lambs so easily frightened that you're scared when the shepherd comes to count you and see that you are all right, and yet so ignorant that you'll go rubbin' your noses against the butcher's greasy knee when he comes to buy you. And so the devil comes a-whisperin', an' says he, "Pooh, you're a-settin' out for the kingdom, and hopin' to get to heaven. You can't do it, a little silly lamb like you. Wait; there's no need to hurry. Wait till you are grown up a steady-going old sheep. Why there's the rest o' the lambs a-friskin' about among the buttercups and daisies, as happy as the day is long, and here you'll be goin' to Class-meetin', a-mopin' about among the nettles, and trying to look solemn and to cry like an old ewe that has lost her little one, and

to be so proper as if you're much too good to jump about and enjoy yourself. You wait till you be grown up." That's how he talks, the old liar.

"Then," says he, "there's the wolf that's about, and he may have you; and how the folks 'll talk about it,—you settin' yourself up for a member, like as if you'd be so much better than everybody else, and the wolf gettin' you after all, just the same as if you'd been a wild wanderin' lamb all the time."

'That's how he talks. I do hate 'en, for comin' so to you young ones. If he'd come and have a bout with an old soldier like me it wouldn't be so bad, but to come a-bullyin' and a-frightenin' you—it is such a bit o' ghastly old cowardice as anybody else would be ashamed of. But theare, it be like 'en all over. And he comes round pratin' again: "It be a hard road to go up, and choke-full o' troubles and trials. And the devil will set snares an' traps and pitfalls for 'e; an' there be gloomy woods, an' desert places, and swellin's o' Jordan, and great cities wall'd up to heaven, and ugly great sons of Anak." Poor little lamb, I don't wonder that thee'rt most afeared to set out. But don't listen to him. Don't take one bit o' notice o' what he says. See, here is thy tender Shepherd standin'

over thee, and lookin' down upon thee with all His pitiful love. "Poor little lamb," He saith, "fear not, I will carry thee in My bosom" And He puts His hand in under thee, and He lifts thee up into His arms, and "He carries the lambs in His bosom." There's pretty ridin' for thee now, little one. Bless His dear Name! What now of mopin' among the nettles? What now of the wolf? I see him go sneakin' off with his tail between his legs, and his eyes glistenin' green with sick envy. He can't touch thee there, in thy Saviour's bosom. What now o' desert places, and gloomy woods, and mountains o' difficulty? He carries the lambs. "Wait till thou art grown up!" Why that would be to lose it all. Thou art so blest because thou art so little; thou art so safe because thou art so weak. He carries the lambs.'

"Bless Thy dear Name," came from Frankey's corner, where the shadows of evening now began to gather thickly.

"But that be not all, though it be a good deal," Dan'el went on again. "He carries them in His bosom—in His bosom. You know the man who had a hundred sheep and lost one of them, went after it,—I dare say with his dog that scented it out and found it in the ditch,

bramble-torn and wasted, and that barked at it, and grabbed at its wool, and drove it roughly to the shepherd. And the shepherd laid it on his shoulders—on his shoulders. When an old sheep goes astray—one of us old uns, the Good Shepherd has[®] His watch-dog to fetch us back again. He sends a snappish sorrow to bite us, or a sharp-toothed loss to shake us up a bit and to drive us out of the ditch into which we had wandered.'

Dan'el's little eye shot its glance across to John Trundle, who shook his head as much as to say—"That's true." Widow Pascoe sighed deeply.

"And serve us right too," Dan'el went on, "serve us right. Old sheep like we are—what do we want, goin' astray and tumblin' into ditches? Serve us right. We ought to know better, and deserve that the watch-dog should give us a bite that'll be a warnin' to us for all the rest of our days. And the Shepherd lays the runaway on His shoulder. It wasn't a very comfortable position, held on by the legs, with his head danglin' down and all the rest of the sheep comin' round him, thinkin' what a figure he looked. That be the way the Lord carries us old sheep when we go astray. He brings us back makin' us feel uncomfortable, and very much ashamed of

ourselves. But the lambs He carries in His bosom—in His bosom. The shoulder is not for them, but the bosom. There they lie, with His arms folded about them—there, where His kind eye can keep its glance upon them. In His bosom—where they can feel the great full heart beatin' in its love, where He can hear the first mutter o' their fear, and they can catch the gentlest whisper of His lovin' care. He carries the lambs in His bosom. Keep close to Him—lie down in His arms, an' you're safe enough.

'Don't go thinkin' about yourself—you're weak, of course you are—you're ignorant, of course you are. And so the Shepherd will take all the more care of you for that. Don't let that scare us, or let it scare us only into our Saviour's arms. I was down under the cliffs the other day, and there was a man there with his two boys and a little girl. The boys were strong lusty fellows, who could run down the steep path and leap over the rocks like young goats. But the little maid was lame. And you should have seen that father helpin' her because she was lame. How carefully he led her along, an' how he lifted her over the stones, and how gently he brought her on step by step till at last he set her to sit upon a rock, and she leaned against him. Then as she

looked out upon the blue ocean, and on the cliffs, an' the white gulls wheelin' up above her, an' the ships far out at sea—she enjoyed it all so much that tears o' very joy came into the father's eyes. Ah, bless the Lord, that be just like Him! The strong lusty ones can get on perhaps—though He won't let them out of His sight. But the lame and the weak, and the little ones, how gently He leads them, how He takes them on a step at a time—how tenderly He lifts them over the rough places, and then how He delights to lead us to some cleft in the rock, and there to make all His goodness to pass before us!'

Dan'el paused. The tenderness and touching way in which he had spoken had more to do with it perhaps than the words themselves; but there was not a heart there that had not been moved to tears. And the general feeling found a relief in dear old Frankey's fervent words: 'Bless His dear Name! It be true, my dear leader, every word of it. Bless Him! And not only for the lambs of the flock. I've been a-thinkin' o' them words: "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you."'

But Dan'el had not finished his talk, and quietly went on again.

'And yet, mind, you're lambs.

Though you be in the dear Lord's bosom you're lambs -- not old sober-sided sheep that have got no friskin' in them. God made the lambs to leap about, you know. And you are His lambs. Don't think that it is a sin to laugh or to play, or to be as happy and as merry as lambs in the fields. I am quite sure that God's people are very often the devil's shepherds,—without knowing it of course,—and do a deal o' harm to the lambs o' the fold. I know that about a fortnight after I had found the love of God to me in Christ Jesus, one day my soul was full o' love an' joy an' gratitude, and I was workin' away as happy as could be, when the devil came to me and whispers,—“Dan'el, if you go on like this, you'll die and go to heaven like such good people always do, and then what'll come to your mother, and who'll keep the place over her head?”

‘I was foolish enough to listen to him for a minute or two, but that was enough. I jumped up from my work and rolled my apron around my waist, and I ran across the road. There before me was old Farmer Gribble's gate—a five-barred gate. So I took a run and leaped over that half-a-dozen times, and the last time I tumbled over it and bruised my shin. So I came back limpin' to my work and sat

down again. “Theare,” I said, “that'll settle that anyhow: who ever heard of anybody dyin' while they could jump over a five-barred gate like that, or who ever went to heaven while he could bruise his shin in that style?”

‘Well, I thought that was a pretty way o' jumpin' out o' the snare. But I found that I'd only jumped out o' the fryin'-pan into the fire. For the next day I went to Class, and an old man—he's in heaven now—began quite solemn, and turnin' a look upon me that made me feel dreadfully guilty,—“How some folks can make a profession o' religion, an' do as they do, be more an' I can understand, goin' and jumpin' over a five-barred gate like as if 'twas the whole ten commandments at a stride. An' not once, nor yet twice, but agen an' agen, till last of all the judgments o' heaven came down an' a'most broke his leg ! ”

‘I went home thinkin' myself a dreadful sinner, and if my dear mother hadn't had so much sense I should have given up in despair, and have thought that there was no chance for anybody so wicked as I was. When I told her about it she smiled,—ah! I think I can hear her still in her gentle, quiet way,—“I am glad thee can jump so well, Dan'el,” she says; “but to-morrow go and jump a gate where the old

man can't see thee, for we must not offend the conscience of a weak brother, you know,—and see that thou doesn' bruise thy shin so badly next time."

"You're lambs, you young folks, you're lambs, and don't go tryin' to be old sheep. You're lambs, —only lambs—though He does carry you in His bosom."

'TRUSTIN' HIM WHERE WE CANNOT TRACE HIM.'

THUS Widow Pascoe had finished her doleful statement.

She had picked out all the mysteries and perplexities of her lot. She had sighed, with a sigh that spoke volumes, over a list of her troubles and trials. She had gone through a very dismal catalogue of the ills of the past. She had languidly shut her eyes, as if by way of adding to that darkness which was to her the emblem of true religion, and had shaken her head very solemnly over the fears of the future. As to love and joy and deliverance, she had not a word from beginning to end. Of Him Who always 'causeth us to triumph;' through whom we are 'more than conquerors,' there was just one word at the last: in a tone of despair she wound up by saying, 'she hoped she should trust Him where she could not trace Him.' Then her mouth, returned to its sour propriety, drawn down at the corners and tucked in under the folds that kept it in its place.

Poor Dan'el! More than once

he had rushed at this sentence, and hacked and hewed it till he hoped it was past recovery; but here it was, growing luxuriant as ever in the garden, or rather in the graveyard of Widow Pascoe's soul. Again Dan'el gathered his strength to demolish it. Yet it was with much tenderness, and almost sadness, that he began,—

'Trust Him where? Trust Him where you cannot trace Him! Why, of course, of course: you know you can't trust Him anywhere else. You didn't mean any harm, I know. Folks mostly never do mean any harm; but they do it for all that. One way not to do any harm, is not to say any harm. If we thought more about what we said, we shouldn't do so much harm by a good deal.'

'Trust Him where you cannot trace Him! Why he's a very poor creature amongst us that you can't say that much of. If you haven't got any confidence in a man, you can't say much worse of him than this,—'I'll trust him as far as I can see.' The other

day a neighbour of mine was a bit hard up, and he came into my place, and told me of it. Well, I knew that he was a good kind of a man, so I let him have a sovereign. I gave him the money and away he went. Now suppose that as soon as he had turned his back I began to think about my money. Come, I say to myself, I'll trust him where I cannot trace him: but where I can trace him, what should I trust him for? So I slip out after him. He goes down the road, and I am at his heels: he turns in over the fields, and I am after him: he goes up the lane, and I keep my eye upon him; and then he turns into his house, and shuts the door. So I sit down on the doorstep, and console myself with the saying, "Well, I can't trace him any further, so now I must trust him." There I sit hour after hour trustin' him. By-and-by he comes out and finds me there.

"Why, Dan'el, what are you a-doing of here?" says he.

"O," says I, quite coolly,

"trustin' thee, neighbour, trustin' thee where I cannot trace thee."

"Now wouldn't he get very angry, and cry out, "Is that what you call trustin' me! a-followin' me about in that fashion? Here, take the sovereign back again. I can starve, but I can't be doubted and suspected."

"Why, it's about as bad as you can serve anybody, only to trust 'em because you cannot trace them. And to hope for grace to treat our lovin' Father like that! You didn't mean it, I'm sure. Bless His holy Name; it hurts me somehow to think anything like that about my blessed Father, and

much more to hear people keep sayin' it.

"Trustin' Him where we cannot trace Him! Why, it be a poor kind o' trust that only trusts because it is blind, and not because it has got any faith in them that lead it; to go on wonderin' and doubtin' and fearin', a-reaching out the hand, and a-feelin' with the foot, as if them that lead haven't a bit



more eyesight than the blind man himself. When I was a little lad I remember once I'd gone up to spend the day with my grandmother. About sunset when I ought to be goin' home, there came a tremendous thunderstorm, and the rain came down in torrents. Of course I couldn't start when it was like that, so my old grandmother said: "Dan'el, my lad, however wilt thee get home?" And just as she was talkin', in came my father, drippin' wet. He had on a great long blue cloak, like they used to wear in those times. So when we started to come away, he said, "Now, Dan'el, come in under here;" and he put me inside the long cloak. I got in under there, and took hold of his hand, and away we went. It was pitch dark in there, o' course, and outside I could hear the thunder crashin' about among the hills, and every now and then I took hold of his hand tighter, for somehow I could see the blaze o' the lightnin' right in under the cloak. I went splashin' on through the puddles and the mud, all right because I'd got hold of his hand. Now shouldn't I have been a little stupid if I'd kept a-sayin', "I don't know where I'm goin' to, and I can't tell where I am, and I can't see the way, and it's very dark, and

I must trust my father where I cannot trace him."

'Why I didn't grumble at the darkness; it would be like grumblin' at my father's cloak that wrapped me from the storm. I knew that he knew the way right enough. He looked out, and managed to see the road somehow. And at last we stopped at our door; and they flung back the cloak, and there I was in front o' the blazin' fire, with mother gettin' us all sorts o' dry things, and the supper waitin', and all lookin' such a welcome,—like only a lad's mother can give him. Of course he led me home: where else should he lead me to? An' seemin' to me that be just the way it ought to be with our Heavenly Father.'

'Under the very shadow o' His wing, dear leader. He do love to cover us with His feathers, bless Him,' said old Frankey fervently.

'Under His wing, my dear Frankey. And in there we don't mind the dark a bit. It's so safe, an' so warm; so snug. We can take His hand, and then go 'long our way rejoicing. What of a few splashy puddles under-foot; and a bit of a storm now and then! Why we'll only take hold of His hand all the tighter. Of course we don't know the way, and don't want to either. Our

Father looks out all along the way; and He leads us right. Aye, and by-and-by we'll get to the door; an' then we'll step out into the light, and be safe home, leavin' all the wild storms and darkness outside for ever and ever: and what more can anybody want than that? Goin' a-tracin' Him, like as if He didn't know; or like as if we weren't quite sure that He was takin' us right. Where else will the Father lead us but to the Father's house, I should like to know?"

"Bless His dear Name," cried Frankey; "straight home, o' course, straight home;" and the fire-light glistened in the tears of joy, and made his face yet more radiant.

"Seemin' to me that trust,—that be worth the name of trust,—don't think about itself one bit: it just feels so safe that it don't think of askin' any questions about it. When my neighbour had my sovereign, if I hadn't trusted him I should have gone thinking about it, and hopin' it was all right; but because I did trust him I sat down and went on hammerin' and stitchin' as if he had never come. O, dear folks, let us give ourselves right up to the good Lord, once for all; and then be so sure of His love an' care that we go singin' on all day long, doin' nothing else but

lovin' and servin' Him with all our hearts! If we trust Him at all we shall trust Him so much that we shan't think about it enough to try and trace Him."

So Dan'el had finished. But the topic was a favourite one, and was taken up again and again. Scarcely a member but had some incident to tell; some deliverance wrought; some joy brightened by trust in the Lord. And when it came to dear old Frankey's turn, his pale worn face was lit up with holy joy and rapture.

"You've been talkin' about trustin' in the Lord where we cannot trace Him. Well, bless His dear Name, I don't know anything about tracin' Him, and I never thought anything about that. But I do love to think about trustin' Him, and I do know something about that, bless Him. I be a poor ignorant scholar, and always seem to be down to the bottom of the class in a good many things. But, bless Him, I've had enough, I reckon, to make me a'most the top o' the class in trustin' Him. Ah, dear leader, it be 'zactly as you been a-sayin',—so safe that you don't think 'pon it: just lyin' down in His arms, without a morsel o' care or frettin', but feeling so sure that everything be as right as it can be, an' never a shadow o' fear come creepin'

up between His sunshine and me. Why if heaven be any better than that, then heaven must be a wonderful place sure 'nough. It come to my mind a week or two ago, so full an' sweet an' precious, that I can hardly think o' anything else. It was during them cold North-east winds; they had made my cough very bad, and I was shook all to bits, and felt very ill. My wife was sittin' by my side; and once when I'd had a sharp fit of it, she put down her work and looked at me till her eyes filled with tears, and says she, "Frankey, Frankey, whatever will become of us when you be gone!"

"She was makin' a warm petticoat for the little maid; so after a minute or two I took hold of it, and I says—"What are 'e makin', my dear?"

"She held it up without a word; her heart was too full to speak.

"For the little maid?" I says—"and a nice warm thing too. How comfortable it will keep her. Does she know about it?"

"Know about it! why o' course not," said the wife, wondering. "What should she know about it for?"

"I waited another minute, and then I said, "What a wonderful mother you must be, wifie, to think about the little maid like that."

"Wonderful, Frankey? Why it would be more like wonderful if I forgot that the cold weather was a-comin', and that the little maid would be a-wantin' something warm."

"So then, you see, I had got her, my friends," and Frankey smiled.

"O, wifie," says I, "do you think you be goin' to care for the little maid like that, and your Father in Heaven be a-goin' to forget you altogether! Come now, bless Him, isn't He as much to be trusted as you are? And do you think He'd see the winter comin' up sharp and cold, and not have something waitin' for you, and just what you want too? And I know, dear wife, that you wouldn't like to hear the little maid go a-frettin' and sayin' 'There, the cold winter be a-comin', and whatever shall I do if my mother should forget me.' Why you'd be hurt and grieved that she should doubt you like that. She knows that you care for her, and what more does she need to know—that's enough to keep her from frettin' about anything. 'Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.' That be put down in His book for you, wifie, and a-purpose for you, and you grieve and hurt Him when you go a-frettin' about the future and doubtin' His love."

"Ah, Frankey, I wish I had your faith," says she. And I let her go on with her work, hopin' she would think it over.

'When the little maid came home from school that afternoon, she had a bit of a sick headache. She went frettin' about the kitchen whilst her mother was gettin' the tea, and couldn't rest quiet for a minute together. But when the wife sat down, the little maid came and laid herself in her mother's arms, and put her head on her bosom; and her mother began to sing a quiet kind o' hymn to her. Then the little maid forgot her frettin', and sank down all snug and comfortable, and in a few minutes she had gone off to sleep. "Frankey," I says to myself as I looked at it, "there's a lesson for thee. Sometimes the children o' the Heavenly Father get all fretful and sickly, and they go here and there and can't find a comfortable place anywhere, but are all nervous and fidgety. Here's what thou must do, Frankey. Thou must come and lay thyself down in the everlastin' Arms, and lean thy tired head upon the bosom of thy dear Lord, and draw His love in all round Thee; and a'most before thou know it, all thy fears and troubles shall be hushed off to sleep, and thou'l hear nothing but a quiet kind o' singin' in thy soul tellin' of His

love." Ah, it be more than true, truer than any words can tell or anybody can think for—"like as a father (or a mother either) pitieith his children, so the Lord pitieith them that fear Him."

'It be a poor thing to go a-tracin' Him. But it be a blessed thing, sure 'nough, to put your trust in Him. And I can't understand how anybody can help a-doin' of it. Why, when things have come to the worst, and I do know what that be—when the money been done, and the cupboard been empty, and I haven't seen a way out of my trouble, and the devil has come a temptin'—for he do love to hit a man when he's down—I've gone 'pon my knees, just like as if I got down under the Cross for a bit o' shelter from the storm. An' whichever way the wind blow, a man can get shelter there. Well, let me lift my eyes to Jesus, and see Him there for me, with the crown of thorns, an' the nails in His blessed hands and feet, and very soon my heart be so full as ever it can hold. "Eh, Frankey," I cry out, "the King o' glory died for thee—died like that. One drop of His precious blood is more than all worlds, but for thee His heart emptied itself. He gave Himself for me.'" The old man's voice grew hoarse with deep emotion as he went on: 'Why I kiss

those bleeding feet, and every bit o' life and strength in me cries out, "My dear Lord, I can starve, I can suffer, I can die. But there be one thing I can never do; never—never—never. My Lord, I can never doubt Thy love!"'

Frankey's deep feeling filled every heart—as if indeed it were more than full, the feeling of the little company seemed almost naturally to overflow in the words which Dan'el gave out. 'Let us sing a verse or two, and we will go on again.

"I rest beneath the Almighty's shade :
My griefs expire, my troubles cease :
Thou, Lord, on Whom my soul is
stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

"Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity :
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee."

'The Lord bless thee, Frankey,' cried Dan'el. 'I'm a'most glad that you're shut up as you are with nothing to do but to think over His love, and to come and tell us about it. You've done my heart good, anyhow. But I've had my say. Come, Cap'n Joe, thou hast been thinkin' over it a bit, an' we must have a word from thee.'

'Well, friends,' said young Cap'n Joe in his brave, outspoken manner and with his ringing bass voice, like some sturdy David giving testimony after an old silver-haired Samuel, 'I've been

reminded of two or three things while I've been listenin' to-night. I've been thinking how much people lose by trying to trace the Lord instead of trusting Him. The other day I was on the other side of Redburn and I overtook a man who wanted to know the way. I told him I was going in sight of the place, and would show him the nearest path to it. We turned off the high-road through the wood and over the downs. The day was beautiful, and as we came along under the trees I thought I had never seen anything more lovely—the sun coming in through the leaves here and there on the branches and trunks of the trees, and lighting up the flowers, and the birds singing all about us, and the rabbits kept running across the mossy path. But that man didn't see a bit of it; not a bit. The path went winding along, and he kept putting his head first on this side and then on that to see it, and when the trees seemed to block it in, he stopped and said quite timidly: "I'm afraid we're wrong; the pathway ends here." I laughed at his foolishness. "Why, I've been along here many times," I said. "You needn't be distressed." But he was as nervous as ever. Then we left the wood and came out on the downs. And when we came to the top I stayed to

look away over the furze and the old granite rocks to the sea. "There's Saint Michael's Mount," I said, pointing away in the distance. "Isn't this a fine view?" But he looked about quite timidly and said, "I hope we are right."

"So I thought it was no good trying to interest him in the scenery, and I showed him the smoke of Redburn just down under us, and he thanked me and went away down the valley. I came along thinking how much these poor timid souls do lose, and how foolish it was for him to be so afraid when I'd been over the path scores of times. And I said to myself, "That's the way with hundreds of folks going heavenwards. They forget that their Lord has led thousands of pilgrims to the Celestial City, and they come all along the way wondering if they're right, and when they stand upon the Delectable Mountains and have the stretch of beautiful scenery about them, they are timidly fearing lest they should have lost the way. I'm sure that it is a poor unhappy kind of religion—this tracing kind. Frankey's is the right sort—trust, simple trust, that feels so safe that it never thinks about it."

"It might cure us to think what a set of ignorant creatures we are, and what mistakes we keep

making when we think we can trace Him—mistakes that I reckon will be almost enough to spoil heaven itself when we wake up and find out how we've wronged our Blessed Father. There was Jacob, he tried his hand at tracing the Lord, and a mess he made of it, making himself and everybody else miserable for half a lifetime: going away now and then to the secret place where he kept the coat of many colours; taking it out all stained with faded marks of blood; going over the story again, shaking his head and saying bitterly, "Doubtless some evil beast hath devoured him. I'll go sorrowing down to my grave." And the old man goes in and out, refusing to be comforted, tearing the wound open again when it did begin to heal, and loving to have it festering. And there all the time his Father in heaven was preparing to feed them all and keep them alive in time of famine. If Jacob was like me, I know he'd feel dreadfully ashamed of himself when he got down to the land of Goshen and found his son there, the great man of the land, and he would go grieving then that he had gone grumbling before.

"That is what comes of tracing the Lord, and it must always be so, I think, for we see only one side of it—we can't see the

Lord's side. Here's the coat we wanted to wrap Joseph in—right before our eyes; but we don't see the fine linen and the royal robes that are being woven down yonder in Egypt. Here's the empty chair'—for a moment Cap'n Joe's voice faltered; the grave was not yet green in which he had laid his bright-eyed eldest boy—'Here's the empty chair,' he went on, 'and the place where he used to sit, but we can't see the throne that God is leading him up to. It is so with all that God takes away. Our eyes are upon our lost, and we think of what is gone, but we don't see that God has taken them away only to enrich them and enrobe them with majesty and splendour, and one day to give them back to us exalted and enriched as kings and priests. We can't afford to go tracing the Lord: we make such bungling work of it.

'And talking about Jacob brings to my mind the way people go wondering what they'll do if all kinds of troubles come upon them—losses and sorrows and death. Jacob had lessons enough, as Frankey says, to teach him the blessedness of trusting the Lord. There was Esau coming up to him with a great company of armed men. He was dreadfully frightened, for the fierce hunter had been

cruelly and foully wronged, and now he would surely avenge himself. And Jacob began to trace things. He couldn't have seen anything else than this, look as long as he would: his flocks and herds seized, his sons carried into slavery, and himself slain. And at last here they were right before him, the hundreds of spearmen, fierce fellows whose eyes shone at the sight of so much plunder. And Jacob came up bowing and trembling and saying "My lord" and "my lord." But Esau ran, generous man that he was, and fell on his brother's neck and kissed him, and wept with very joy and pressed him to come and dwell with him in his own country. Where Jacob traced destruction he found loving welcome and blessing; where he traced loss and death, he found a brother's love and a wonderful deliverance. That's the way with us. We can only see the fierce Esaus, armed and angry, that are coming to slay us. But the Lord can touch the heart with His finger; and turned in a moment, it is all love and peace and blessing. We can't afford to go tracing Him; we can't afford to do anything else but trust in Him.

'Besides, when we go tracing Him, there's one thing we never see, and that makes all the difference in the world: we never see

the special grace that our good Lord will give for special seasons. Seeming to me that these people that are always wondering what they'll do if such and such things happen, want to have the grace *now* for all their lifetime. - The children of this world are wiser than the children of light, in this too, as in a good many other things.'

'Aye: that be true,' interrupted Dan'el somewhat fiercely, with a look as if the little eye had shot out a lightning flash, and this was the attendant thunder. 'Men never are such fools anywhere as they be in religion.'

Cap'n Joe continued, 'For folks to keep on wondering what they'll do in the future is just as if you were to meet a man going to work with a sack of flour on his back, and a stone of meat, and a bundle of clothes. "You know," he says, "I shall be hungry in three months' time, and I shall want food and clothes then, so I carry it all with me." Now nobody was ever mazed enough to do that. The man just takes his day's dinner with him and goes to his day's work; and he believes that where to-day's meal came from, to-morrow's will too. And that is what we want. The Lord gives us one day's grace for one day's need; and to-morrow's supply will come out of the same fulness,

and what more can anybody want!'

Dan'el finished the talk of the evening.

'Well, friends, 'tis a pity that the time be gone; but I must tell 'e a little story I heard the other day. Cap'n Joe been talkin' about temptations. Why, how ever we can listen to the devil when he do come round temptin' of us to doubt our Father's love and care, is wonderful. It be such impudence,—such downright, brazen-faced impudence.'

'Just like 'en though, my dear leader,' put in Frankey.

'But I was goin' to tell the story that I heard from dear old Billy Bray. He was preachin' about temptations, and this is what he said:—

"Friends, last week I was a-diggin' up my 'taturs. It was a wisht poor yield, sure 'nough: there was hardly a sound one in the whole lot. An' while I was a-diggin' the devil come to me, and he says, 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?'

"'I should reckon He do,' I says.

"'Well, I don't,' says the ould tempter in a minute. If I'd thought about it I shouldn't ha' listened to 'en, for his 'pinions ben't worth the leastest bit o' notice. 'I don't,' says he 'and I tell 'e what for; if your Father loved you, Billy Bray, He'd give

you a pretty yield o' tatars ; so much as ever you do want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist. For it ben't no trouble for your Father to do anything ; and He could just as easy give you plenty as not. An' if He loved you, He would, too.'

"Of course I wasn't goin' to let he talk o' my Father like that, so I turned round 'pon en : 'Pray, Sir,' says I, 'who may you happen to be, comin' to me a-talkin' like this here ? If I ben't mistaken, I know you, Sir ; and I know my Father, too. And to think o' your comin' a-sayin' He don't love me ! Why I've got your written character home to my house ; and it do say, Sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'. An' I'm sorry to add that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you faithful as ever any poor wretch

could : and all you gave me was nothing but rags to my back, and a wretched home, and an achin' head,—an' no tatars,—and the fear o' hell-fire to finish up with. And here's my dear Father in heaven. I've been a poor servant of His, off and on, for thirty years. And He's given me a clean heart, and a soul full o' joy, and a lovely suit o' white as 'll never wear out ; and He says that He will make a king of me before He've done, and that He'll take me home to His palace to reign with Him for ever and ever. And now you come up here a-talkin' like that.'

"Bless 'e, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say good mornin'."

A hearty laugh followed Dan'el's story. Even Widow Pascoe had to twitch her mouth into its propriety.

DAN'EL'S NOTION OF A CLASS-MEETING.

IHAD dropt in to see Dan'el one evening before the service. It was in the late Autumn, and the days were 'drawing in,' so Dan'el looked up from his work with a smile of relief as well as of kindly greeting. He lifted the broad-rimmed spectacles on to his forehead, and laid down his work

with the air of a man who could not do much more, and would enjoy half-an-hour's chat with a pleasant consciousness that he was not wasting his time.

It happened that just then local circumstances had directed attention to the Class-meeting. A correspondence in the papers was the talk of the uneventful

month, rather because there was nothing else to talk of than because of any anxiety that was felt on the matter. It afforded a ready topic; so giving my old friend plenty of line, and encouraging him by a question here and there,—with which I need not break the narrative now,—I managed to get some notions that have not lost their value to-day.

'Class-meetin's be like awls and needles—they'll go so long as ever you can keep 'em bright; but when they get dull they'll rust, and then it be hard work. There was my old leader that I used to meet with, he was enough to kill any Class-meetin'.

'I was a young lad, so full o' joy as ever I could live, and my heart singin' to God all day long. And then I used to go up to Class, and it took all the music out o' me, like Granny's finery over the canary, and I couldn't do more than squeak a bit instead of singing at all. Why first of all he'd give out a hymn—one o' them for "mourners" — like this,—

"Woe is me! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state!
Who my anguish can reveal,
Or all my woes relate!"

And then they'd sing it to "Josiah," so slow as if they was to a berrin'.* Or else it used to be that hymn—

* A funeral—at which hymns are frequently sung in Cornwall.

"Ah! whither should I go,
Burden'd and sick and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint!"

Then he had what he called a bit o' prayer. But there wasn't a bit o' prayer in it from beginnin' to end. It was all a groan about how bad we were, and what miserable sinners we were. He never thanked God for anything at all but this,—that He had not swept us away with the "besom o' destruction."

'And then he used to speak—it was all dismal an' mournin' about this "howlin' wilderness," — till I could't stand it any longer. I tried at first to feel so dull, and to speak so melancholy as he did. But it was no good my tryin'—not a bit. The Lord had put a new song into my mouth, and I couldn't help singin' it. So I thought I might as well speak out my mind about it, for all I was only a young lad. I can remember it quite well. 'Twas in the spring-time, and I'd been rejoicin' in all the beauty o' the world as I came along.

"Well, my young brother, and how be you a-gettin' on?" he says, in his slow way.

'So I said, "My dear leader, I don't know how it is, but I can't feel like you do, for the life o' me I can't. I don't feel any more like you do, than the day do feel like the night. Seemin' to me I must sing because my heart be so

full. 'Tis like the spring down in the valley that be so full it must flow over. And if the Lord has made my heart to rejoice, I don't believe I ought to try and make myself feel any other. I've been and washed my robes and made 'em white in the blood of the Lamb, and now I don't like to think that they are not white; it seem to me like insultin' my dear Lord for to go callin' 'em filthy rags. If my Lord has wrapt me up in the weddin' garment—and bless His dear Name He have!—it ben't right, and it ben't grateful, and it ben't true for me to go callin' em sackcloth and ashes. An' if I be drest for a weddin'—specially for the Marriage Supper o' the Lamb—I don't want to feel like as if I was a-goin' to a berrin'. I may be wrong, but I do think that the world be a brave deal more like God's world when the flowers be out, and the May be 'pon the hedges, an' the trees be all green and beautiful, an' the birds be a-singin' everywhere, than when it be all dead and shiverin' with the cold, an' the trees all stript naked, and liftin' up their arms to heaven, like as if they were askin' for pity. 'Howlin' wilderness' it may be, till the Blessed Lord come to us; then the wilderness do begin to bud and blossom as the rose, and rejoice with joy an' singin'. And it says

that 'the ransomed o' the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlastin' joy 'pon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow an' sighin' shall flee away.' Bless the Lord, my dear leader, I be His child! He has ransomed me, and now I can't help it—and I don't want to, neither—my heart be singin' all day long. I joy in Him by Whom I have now received the atonement. Why, I be a child of God, dear leader, an' I can't help walkin' about so happy as a king; for it be my Father's world, and there ben't a thing in it anywhere but is workin' together for my good. Bless the Lord, that's how I be gettin' along: it may be right, or it may be wrong, but that's 'zactly how it be."

'I didn't mean to say so much, but I felt it, and when once I open my mouth it be hard work to shut 'en again till it be all said. The old leader didn't like it. He turned quite red, and gave me a sly rap or two. But he wasn't a bad sort of a man, only a bit hasty in his temper for all he had so little fire in his bones. Before the week was over he went to the minister and told him that though I was so young he thought I might have a Class-book and get some members, for he was gettin' old, and couldn't do as he used to; and we two

were all right after that. Nodody rejoiced more when I began to pick up a few members than he did.

' But talk about Class-meetin's, and people not comin' to 'em : why the reason is pretty much the same as I was a-tellin' Bob Byles's wife the other day,—that it wasn't all his fault that he was home so little, and at the public-house so often. If she kept a bright fireplace, and a snug corner, and a pleasant smile for him at home, he would be tempted oftener to stay at home. We leaders must keep the place bright and cheerful and attractive if we want to keep the members. Why, I should every bit as soon think o' goin' to Class with the wax an' the grease on my hands, as soon think o' goin' with my apron on and in my shirt sleeves, as think o' takin' all my cares and worries. I get away first of all and lose all my own fears and troubles in the lovin' care of my Heavenly Father. I get my own heart put into tune, and then the rest 'll take the right pitch from me. And then with the fire burnin' I get away to meetin'. We always begin with a good, cheerful hymn—one o' them that do stir up your soul, and a good old tune that you can sing without thinkin' about it, because you do know it so well, Give

me a " trumpet metre " to " Arise, my soul, arise ! " or dear old " Jerusalem," to the hymn—

" My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights ! "

' Bless 'e, why, by the time you're gone through that, and had a bit o' downright earnest prayer, the fire is burnin' in every heart, and you're all aglow with holy joy. No fear o' freezing the tender lambs to death then : more likely to warm the old ones up to shoutin' pitch. When I hear some folks talk about the Class-meetin's as they do, I wonder whatever the leaders can have been about for to let 'em get such notions as they have got. I know faults are thick when the love is thin ; and standin' water 'll breed plenty o' nasty things without anybody goin' nigh it. The old mill-wheel 'll creak and grumble when the river be low. But you can't wonder that folks don't like Class-meetin's if there be nothing for 'em when they do come ; neither meat, nor drink, nor fire, nor a nice hearty welcome.

' I was down to the Infirmary the other day, and while I was waitin' there, they were all a-tellin' o' their ailin's and failin's. One had a cough, and another had a pain here and a weakness there, and another had a crushed

hand, and another a bad eye. Now it didn't do 'em much good for to tell each other how bad they were. But directly the doctor come out. He never said a word about his own ailin's and failin's. But he looks in a cheerful kind o' way, and cheers up one, and has a pleasant word for another, and begins to examine another to see what be amiss with him, and tells him very serious that he must take care. And he writes down the medicines they want, an' tells 'em all to come next week.

'Now that be just what a leader ought to be,—a kind o' doctor that can give each one the prescription he needs—the blessed promise that suits his case; that can deal out the Lord's medicines, and can make up a strengthenin' plaster for them as is weak in the back and can't stand very well, and can clap up a stiff blister to them as have caught the fever o' worldliness, and can make a pill for sluggish livers—I do find that be the commonest kind of ailin'.

That's what a leader ought to be,—a doctor who knows how to deal out the Lord's blessed cure-all, and can tell wounded consciences how to get whole, and them as is hard o' hearin' how they may hear the gentlest whisper o' that still small Voice, and can help dim eyes to get a clear, strong vision that can look

on the glorious sun all day long; iss, and can see the Sun o' Righteousness in the middle o' the darkest night.

'But theare, nobody feels less fitted for it than I do; but I can see what it ought to be; I can see that much. And if everybody saw that, perhaps they would come a little bit nearer



to doin' it and bein' it. A dinner o' herbs be better than some things; but the man who hasn't got anything else for the guests won't have much company, whatever name he may call it by. We shan't get folks very often to come into a desert place and rest awhile, if we, like the disciples, forget to take bread. If we want the folks to come we must have it now as it was then, and as it

always will be when the Blessed Master be with us.—“They did all eat, and were filled.” All—nobody was forgotten. It was a big Class-meetin’ that, but everybody got a bit: not an old woman was shut out by the crowd; not a hungry child was passed by because it was afraid to ask; not a little maid but got a bit. That be just what I do want my Class-meetin’ to be; a bit for all round—old and young, weak an’ strong. A bit for everybody. And, bless the Lord, more than a bit too! “They did *all* eat,”—but that’s only half of it, only the beginnin’—“They did all eat and were filled”—*filled*. Ah! that’s

just like Him—filled. He don’t give us a taste and leave us hungerin’ for more. He “*satisfieth* thy mouth with good things.” “They did all eat, and were filled.” Now that’s a Class-meetin’ *zactly to my mind*. And if we’ll take the trouble to bake our bit o’ bread, and catch our fishes, never mind though they be nothing but little sprats,—a few small fishes,—and if we’ll put ‘em into our Blessed Lord’s hands, it’ll be over again just what it was then—they shall all eat and be filled. And then they’ll come again. Sure enough, they’ll come again!

DAN'EL'S NOTIONS ABOUT SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

THIS was a great point with Dan'el. To the younger members the question was put very often,—‘Now, do ‘e stick to the Scriptures? You won’t do anything without that; and if you mind that, you won’t get far wrong.’ Whenever a time of religious awakening brought a number of young people to the Class an evening was sure to be devoted to this subject. Our chapter has grouped together many of Dan'el’s sayings on this subject, rather than give the talk of any one meeting.

‘We shan’t get on without it, friends, not a bit, and the prayer we need to put up, every one of us, is this: “Lord, teach us to read.” Why the Word is everything. And yet, seemin’ to me, there’s scores of folks who count themselves religious and yet they haven’t a morsel o’ conscience about this. To go without their bit o’ prayer would make ‘em uneasy and fidgety all day long: they’d expect that something or other would go wrong. But as to searchin’ the Scriptures—why you’ll see them take the Book ‘pon a Sunday afternoon,

and turn it over very solemn and very serious, and presently they begin to nod their heads, and soon they're snorin' over the page. Good old John Bunyan, I'll warrant, had some of his neighbours in mind—he might have had some of mine—when he made Christian go to sleep whilst he was readin' the roll. Then they wake up, and count that that's enough to last for a week !

'No wonder so many go about cryin' "My leanness, my leanness," and are so weak that you can knock 'em down with a feather or trip 'em up with a straw. And a plague they are too. Talk about durin' hardness as good soldiers ! Why if poor brother Feeble-mind only gets a cap snapt at him, he flings up his work and goes grumblin' and mumblin' about it all the rest of his days ; and if you happen to step on sister Ready-to-halt's toe she'll limp for a year. For at best we are babes ; but without searching the Scriptures we are babes without any milk — poor little frettin', pulin', wasted things.

'St. John says, "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you." 'Tis the man that "meditates" in the law of the Lord that comes to be "like a tree planted" ; you know 'em in a

minute, — fixed, steady, immovable kind o' folks who don't mind a bit of a storm, and hold on though it blows great guns, as they say. But religious people who don't meditate in the law of the Lord, are commonly like the chaff—without any root, whirled about by their own feelin's ; now whirled up into the third heaven, wonderful high up, a'most out o' sight ; and now down again in the mud, trampled under foot. They meant well enough, but they didn't get hold o' the Word and stick to it, and so they had nothing to hold by, and it was all up and down with 'em, and in an' out, and in the end just nothing at all.

'There's hundreds o' young converts start fair enough, but they founder a'most before they're out o' the harbour, because they don't study the sailin' orders, and stick to the compass. They don't 'bide by the Word. The Blessed Master says in the New Testament just the same as David says in the Old. Buildin' on His sayings is buildin' on a rock. But buildin' on our own notions and feelin's and hopes and desires is poor stuff. The first bit of a breeze and a smart shower and 'tis all over with 'em. Backsliders are mostly made that way. They come in with the tide and they go out with the tide, for they don't heave out the

anchor and hold on to the sure promise o' the Word.

'The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide,' nodded young Cap'n Joe, as Dan'el paused a moment.

'Prayer is very good, and there's no gettin' on without that, but I don't believe prayer is prayer without the Word. Prayer is no good without faith, and faith cometh by the Word o' God. I know 'tis so with me. I can't pray right till I get hold of a promise; then I can go so bold as a lion. Why if I was to go down to Redburn and walk into the bank and ask for five pounds, they'd take me for a crazy man. What bis-

ness have I got in there askin' like that? But when I go down there with a cheque for five pounds—or five hundred for that matter—I go straight in and I put it down and I pick up my money and come out again. Now that's just how I do dearly love to go up to the throne o' the heavenly grace. The Bible is a great book o' cheques and all you

got to do is to put your name in. They're all signed, ready an' waitin'.'

'Bless Him, they are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus,' whispered dear old Frankey in his corner.

'And then 'tis when a man is searchin' the Scriptures that he begins to see what he wants and

what he ought to be. He sees the blessings he may have, an' it stirs up his desires and sets him a - longin' and hungerin', like when a hungry man is comin' home and he catches a sniff o' something savoury from a neighbour's door, it quickens his steps and sets

him thinkin' hard about his dinner. Prayer without the Word is a heartless kind o' thing. There isn't any grip about it.

'There's two things wanted to get along in this religious life, and you won't do much with only one of 'em — The Bible and prayer: prayer and the Bible. We can't get along this river with only one oar in the boat—we shall only keep pullin' round



and round. Scores and hundreds o' religious people are to-day just where they were ten, twenty, thirty years ago, 'zactly in the same place. They've got no more light, no more power, no fresh scenery ; nothing altered. They say there's "no standin' still in religion." Well then there's a deal o' lying still — that's all. Folks keep all their old tempers and ailin's and failin's just as if time had stood still ; and the reason is that they've only one oar in the boat and they keep pullin' theirselves round an' round. We must have the other out too ; we shan't do anything without it. We must get out the Word and begin to pull with it, and then, though it may be slow, we shall keep going on.

'To my mind that's just how 'tis that our fathers went ahead of us so much. They were mighty learned in the Scriptures, and didn't trouble their heads much about any other kind o' learnin' ; and in spiritual power there were giants in those days ! But now we go runnin' about increasin' knowledge. The newspapers come busyin' everybody about everything that's happenin' anywhere, and a man must know all that's going on in France and Russia and out in all them foreign parts. Nobody is ever took up for stealing a pair o' boots or trespassing after a hare but you

must stop to read all about it ; and all the time the Bible is kept under your finery as if it was much too good for every day ; or else there's a great pile o' books 'pon top of it, like as if every kind o' reading come before that.

'The first thing I found out when I began to search the Scriptures was this,—that it isn't much good just readin' the Bible. The Word itself doesn't say anything that I can remember about readin' it. But it says a great deal about searchin' the Scriptures. And it says a great deal more about meditatin' on them. I have heard folks say — and they've been very sorry as they've said it—that they couldn't get any good in readin' the Bible. Any little bit of a story, or somebody's sermon, or a bit of any other religious book did 'em more good than this. They can't understand how David could have found it more precious than gold, and "sweeter than honey." Here's the reason,—they only read it, and David meditated in it.

'I don't know much about pearls, but I've heard tell that they come from the bottom o' the sea. Now we come up and look at the great stretch o' water, and say, "This is where they get the pearls from ;" and we take up the water, and get nothing

but bubbles o' foam. "Pooh," we say, "why that's not pearls!" and we go away wonderin' what people mean by talking as they do. But David comes along, and he dives down under the water, down ever so far, and he brings up a wonderful pearl, and so says he, It's "more to be desired than gold, yea than much fine gold." That's it. Readin' skims, and can't find anything but what floats along 'pon top; meditation dives down deep, and finds pearls.

' You know, one day the disciples heard our Lord's parable about the sower. They could make nothing of it: it was all strange and dark, and they couldn't see anything in it. That was just like 'tis to us when we read the Word sometimes. But when they got to a quiet place they said, "Lord, declare unto us this parable." Then He began to explain it; and slowly it came before them all simple and beautiful, and did them all good. Now that is what we want: sittin' down in a quiet place askin' the Lord to explain it to us, and havin' our ears open to hear every word, and then it all comes so plain an' blessed, "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." Or just like the man that we read about in the Acts, who was ridin' along in his carriage, readin' the Bible, and he couldn't make any-

thing of it. "Who is the prophet talkin' about," he says; "is it about himself, or some other man?" Then Philip sat down alongside of him, and it came out all clear and beautiful, and he found the pearl of great price in the Word that seemed so hard to be understood,—he found Jesus, and believed with all his heart, and was baptized, and "went on his way rejoicin'." Now readin' would ha' shut up the book and said, "Dear me, I can't tell how folks get any good out of this here!" But meditation brings the Blessed Spirit to us, and He opens our eyes to see wondrous things out of His law, and we do begin to see the Blessed Lord, an' full o' joy and peace in believin' we go on our way rejoicin'.

' There's a blessin' in every bit of it, only we must get into it, and that's turnin' it over and meditatin' upon it. 'Tis like one o' them nuts with the milk inside. Here's a poor parched traveller, and he picks it up—"Call this delicious," says he, "or refreshin'! Why, it's nothing but husks and wood," and he flings it away. And another thirsty wayfarer goes by. "Here's a lucky find!" he cries out; and he strips off the husk, and bores into it, and gets a refreshin' draught. Meditatin' upon it we get in at the sweetness of it. That's why 'tis, my friends, that

we can't get along with the Bible like David did. We read it; David meditated on it.

'And 'tisn't only for gettin' at the truth o' the Scriptures that we must turn it over in our thoughts like that. We want more than that. We want to get the truth into us. Folks read the Bible like a beggar looks into a baker's shop: he sees the rows of loaves, but he can't lay his hand on 'em. Only the difference is this, that the beggar has got an appetite if he could only get at one of 'em. We are so faint and so weak that we don't care to do any more than look. Now meditation is like gettin' the hand on the truth that feeds us. Samson didn't only look at the bees' nest, but he got at the honey and took it in his hands and went on eatin' it. 'Tisn't only seein' the truth but gettin' the truth into us. That's what David did. "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

'I've heard say that tisn't what we eat but what we digest that does us good. I know that's true in feedin' the soul. Why no kind o' thoughts are much to a man till they get into his heart. Passin' thoughts be like the bees that light for a moment and are off again before they can gather honey or leave a sting; they do neither good nor

harm. But when a thought comes into a man's mind and begins to wake up the desires and stir the heart, then it does something; and you'll see what the man is like; for desires grow up into resolutions and it comes up in full-grown sayin's and doin's; and thoughts like that are the makin' of a man or the ruin of him. Now that's just where we must get the truth o' God's blessed Book. 'Tisn't much to read, but then we begin to feel it, and the strength and blessin' and peace of it goes all through us, and we get to be like the young men, strong because "the Word abideth in us."

'And, dear friends, in these times when life is all so busy and the soul has got such lots o' cares going rumblin' and rollin' over it, makin' it hard and barren like a highway, nothing but meditatin' on the truth will get it into us. When the fields are dried up with the heat they want more than the evenin' dew and a passin' shower. We want a kind o' a soakin' rain that don't run over the surface, but do get right down to the roots. And nothing else 'll do it for us but a quiet, steady meditatin' before the Lord 'pon His Word. Why I believe that if some o' the Lord's feeble folk would try this—just a half-an-hour's quiet thinkin' over the Lord's Word — they'd hardly

know theirselves in a month, and their nearest friends would begin to think that they were ripenin' for glory, sure 'nough.

'When a man begins the day like that he do keep such a glow of God's presence and favour about him, just like Moses came down from the Mount and went among the people, and his face shone still, go where he would. And then it do keep the mind all so fresh and clean and give a flavour to all the thoughts. It always minds me of when I was a little lad runnin' about the kitchen, and I've seen my mother pick a bay leaf and put in among the marinated pilchards. "'Tisn't much," she'd say, "but it gives 'em a flavour, Dan'el; it gives 'em a flavour." Ay, 'tis wonderful how a leaf o' the Tree o' Life will keep its sweetness and make all that it's put into sweet and nice! And then all day long it'll gather good thoughts about it, like the laurel tree home in my bit o' garden. There isn't any hive about here that I know of, but for all that the bees 'll be humming about there from sunrise to sunset. No, my dear friends, we shan't get along a bit without it, and we shan't go far wrong if we do stick to it. "Search the Scriptures," says our Blessed Lord; "they are they which testify of Me." But come, let somebody else tell us how they manage.'

The sharp little eye peered across to young Cap'n Joe, confident that in this matter he could add something to what had been said. Nor had he to wait long.

'Well, my dear leader,' Cap'n Joe began, 'there is just one thing that I dare say you can manage better than some of us. You see, we can't always get that half hour's quiet. I'm sure we could get it very often when we don't care to; and a little bit off our sleep would go a long way to wake up our souls—I'm sure of that. But there are times when you can't get it anyhow. When there's anything amiss up to the mine, I'm there late at night, and have to be there early in the morning. Now how is a man to manage then?'

Many a head nodded its sympathy with Cap'n Joe.

'Manage, Cap'n,' cried Dan'el, as a merry twinkle played about his eye, 'why there's times as I can't stay to get my dinner sittin' down to it proper, but I don't starve for all that. I get a snack now and then, a bit here an' there, in the middle o' my work. 'Tis no reason why a man should starve because he can't sit down fitty to the table, and have a knife and fork and a table-cloth, and all the rest of it. Give me a pasty under a hedge with my old clasp-knife, and I can make a dinner fit for a king. If

we've got the appetite we shall get a meal somehow. To begin with now, there be hours in a busy day when a man's head isn't taken up with anything though his hands have got to keep at it. And if he can put something good into his thoughts he can be turnin' it over, however busy he may be. When I've got to begin work early in the morning; I open my Bible at night, an' pick out a passage for the next day. As soon as I get up I look at the words and say them over to myself three or four times; then I shut up the Book and hurry away as fast as you like; for wherever I've got to go, or whatever I've got to do, I can keep thinkin' over the text, and kind o' inwardly digestin' it, as the prayer says. But you don't belong to the starvin' sort, Cap'n Joe — how do you manage now ?'

Cap'n Joe's reply was in pulling out a little pocket Testament. 'Just as you said, leader, if I can't have my dinner at home I carry it with me; and a man must be hard up if he can't find a place to eat it when he has got it in his pocket.'

' Precisely, Cap'n. If we make up our minds to do it, we shall; and if we don't mind about it, we sha'n't. 'Tis with this like 'tis with everything else. But, Frankey, we must have a word

from you. What's your opinion about this here matter ?'

' Well, my dear leader, I don't know as my 'pinions be worth anything, but, bless the Lord, His Word be everything to me — everything ;' and a radiant joy spread over the wasted face, and every word trembled with deep emotion. ' Whilst I've been sittin' here, I've been a-thinkin' about my boy over to Australia. He says how he do look out for a letter from home, and when it comes how he reads it over an' over. One day he was bad o' fever, and the man that he was along with waited 'pon him, and tended him, he said, like a mother; and just when the boy was gettin' better the man comes in and says, " You won't want for medicine now; here's a letter from home ! " And the boy wrote back by next post to say that it cured 'en 'most directly.

' Dear lad, out there all alone to have word comin' that we do think about him, an' pray for him, and love him ! And so I read my Father's letter and feel all His love and care for me, and know that home there to my Father's House they do think about me, and get a place ready for me, for all I'm nothing but poor old Frankey,—it be wonderful, wonderful, sure 'nough ! And the boy, we can only send him

a letter once a month, but seemin' to me as if I had a letter from my Father every day, and such wonderful letters too—bless His dear Name! Then sometimes we got wisht tidin's to send the lad; and it be all full o' poor speed; but there's nothing but good tidin's in my Father's letters. Nobody is ever afear'd to begin to read one o' em, thinkin' somethin' bad have happened, like we did when the boy couldn't write hisself, and the man had to write for 'en, and we turned all cold so soon as ever we see the strange writin'. Bless Him, His letters be always full o' rejoicin', and I do open 'em making sure that everything be right; for nothin' can "separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"The dear boy says that when he begins to read the letter 'tis like as if he was home again, and he can see us all, and do know just what we're all a-doin' of. And that's how 'tis sometimes when I'm readin' the Word; instead of bein' only words wrote down in a book, 'tis all livin' and

real, and I can see it all and feel it all. It reminds me always of the prophet when he stretched hisself out 'pon the dead child, and the child began to get warm, and opened his eyes and spoke out. It be wonderful, wonderful, how we can stretch ourselves out 'pon the promises—lie down on 'em full length,—and they begin to live, and speak, and ben't words that somebody spoke a long time ago, but do come fresh and warm from the lips o' the Blessed Lord, all full o' His gentle love and tenderness an' power. O, my dear leader, the Word is everything! And I was thinkin' how I should love to write a letter out to the dear boy, sayin', "Come home, for we can live home here now, all of us, and I'm quite well, and we sha'n't want any more, but we'll be all together so happy as we can live." Ah, bless Him, that is how I sometimes read it in my Father's letters. It won't be long—I expect it every post now, the message that'll say: "Rise up, My love, and come away."

ON TWO WAYS TO HEAVEN.

I USED to think that there was only one way to heaven.

"I know now that there's two. There's only one gate to

go in at, and they both lead up to the one golden gate at the other end; but there's two paths from one to the other.

"'Tis just like the fields goin'

up to Brea. You get in over the stile, and as soon as you're over there's two footpaths, and you may go along which you've got a mind to. One is down by the side o' the ditch, all in between furze bushes, an' there's some ugly old shafts about there covered over with nothing but bramble bushes, an' there's nothin' to see but a great stone wall all along. The other way is up higher: 'tis a bit of a climb at first: but you get up above the furze bushes, and then you have a good view all round and a draught o' fresh air, an' you can look out 'pon the blue sea and the glorious white clouds risin' up ever so far off, like a land where there's no sin. Now seemin' to me that's just like some folks goin' to heaven. Good folks, I'm sure, and they've come in the right way an' they'll get to heaven if they keep on; but they're all among the furze bushes, an' old tangled ways, draggin' theirselves through brambles an' brakes; they've

got to keep lookin' for the right way, an' they can't see anything of the view for the great stone hedge. How ever it may come about, so it is. Some folks 'll find a way to heaven that'll keep 'em singing all along, so happy as a lark. They serve the Lord with gladness. But other folks 'll go sighin' an' fearin' and worryin', and always be in a way chuck-full o' brambles an' furze bushes.



silver slippers. That won't account for it; I've met Barefoot many a time runnin' along like a strong man in the upper path, and I've seen Silver-slipper and gouty Prosperity go limpin' along the lower way. Look at dear old Frankey—bless him, I'm 'fraid we sha'n't have him with us much longer! Now if any of us is going to heaven bare-foot, that's Frankey; and

yet he's 'pon the mountain-top all day long. I've just come from seein' him, and what he said has set me a thinkin' about this matter. His cough was bad, sure 'nough, but his face was lighted up with glory.

"Just outside o' the golden gates, I reckon, Frankey?" I says to him.

"Iss, my dear leader, just outside. I can 'most hear their music."

"But seemin' to me that you've been 'pon the steps for years a'ready, Frankey."

"Well, isn't it the best place to get to?" he said, between his breath. "If Lazarus could come an' lay hisself down at the rich man's gate an' pick up the crumbs from the rich man's table, why he'd ha' been a stupid to ha' stayed away an' starved — wouldn't he? And I soon found out that my dear Lord didn't mean me to go about so miserable as I could be, but that I might come right up to the golden gate o' my Father's house, where, bless Him, there's bread enough an' to spare; an' that I might pick up the crumbs of heaven's glory, so much as ever I could carry. It would be strange if I'd stayed away an' perished of hunger? Why, I should ha' been a stupid, shouldn't I, my dear leader?"

"Strange, iss, Frankey,

'twould," I said; "an' 'tis wonderful how many o' the pilgrims goin' to heaven be strange, sure 'nough — stranger here than they'd be in anything else. Walkin' when they could ride, and ridin' third-class when they could go first just as cheap."

"Ridin'! my dear leader," says Frankey, lookin' so happy: "why bless 'e 'tis more like flyin' home, flyin' up like a lark, an' you can't help singin' as you go."

"Now, friends, I've been thinkin' as I came along here that this is a secret worth tryin' to find out. I've thought about it very often before now. Once when I was up to London I was goin' to the Crystal Palace, and I asked a policeman to show me where to get my ticket.

"There's two lines," he said; "which do you want?"

"Of course I told him I wanted the best, an' asked what difference there was between them.

"Well," said he, "they both start from this station, an' they both get to the Palace. They call one the high-level and the other the low-level. One runs right into the Palace, and there you are. The other sets you down not far off, only you've got to go up scores o' stairs before you're into the place itself."

"Ah," I says, in a moment, "if that's it, give me the high-level o' course." An' I wondered

that anybody ever went the other way.

'That set me a meditatin' about it. Folks goin' to heaven by the low-level; goin' down under their privileges; goin' to heaven, but ever so much lower than they might be; goin' through tunnels an' cuttin's, instead o' bein' up in the light an' sunshine a-viewin' the landscape o'er. And then when the journey's done, seemin' to me they'll have a great' lot o' stairs to climb up somehow.

'I fancy sometimes that I can see the beginnin' of it. You start from the same station, but the lines are different. There's Paul startin' for the Celestial City—I was goin' to say the Crystal Palace, and it wouldn't have mattered much if I had, for it is that. Paul got right off 'pon the high level at the very first. He says, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" It was Thou. He hadn' a great big capital I stuck in his thoughts, so big that he couldn' see anything else. But the jailer cried out—"What must I do to be saved?" It was I, all I with him. Of course he was only a heathen, and p'raps came to see different after they'd spoken the word o' the Lord to him. But whatever he did, there's thousands o' people who never get beyond that. "What must I do to be saved?" It is all this great I. They hug

it, and love it, and bring it up to be saved. Mind you, I don't say that it isn't right. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" We are every one of us bound to make our callin' an' election sure. A man comes to Jesus seekin' his own salvation, like this, an' he shall find it too; and if he holds on he shall get to heaven. But for all that 'tis the low-level. And Paul went along a more excellent way. The high-level starts there where a man doesn't see hisself so much as he sees his Blessed Lord, and he sees what his sins have done,—and he hates himself, for he sees how he has injured an' grieved an' hurt his Lord; and he sees his Blessed Saviour as the "altogether lovely"—and he falls down at His feet, and wants to do anything for Him. All his soul cries out—"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

'That's how the ways begin. And that's how they go on. The Low-level man climbs over the stile, and he sees the path that goes down the hill. Thinkin' all about hisself, he says: "Well, I'll save myself this bit of a climb," an' so he gets down among the brambles an' brakes. An' ten to one but he'll go sighin' an' grumblin' an' thinkin' what a hard road it is to travel, this road to Zion; and when he gets

to Class he'll have nothin' to talk about but his temptations an' troubles; and the worldly folks that are over the other side, will say—"What a dismal thing religion is!" But the High-level man jumps over the stile to meet his Blessed Lord. When he sees the path goin' up the hill-side, he says, "Why I shall be nearer to Him up there, and shall see more o' His beauty." He climbs up the stiff bit, and then he goes singin' along in the sunshine, with a lovely view. Poor Low-level is goin' to the same place, but he'll see nothing but a great stone wall, and the worst of it is that he'll have to climb twice as much when he gets to the other end of the field.

'There's scores o' people goin' on like that. They are very religious, but their religion has never got into the sunshine and the joy. And the reason is just this—that they only think about themselves. They pray, but 'tis only that the Lord would take care o' them, and feed 'em and clothe 'em, and bring 'em safe home at last. But on the high-level a man doesn't care so much to ask for anything as to get into the presence of his dear Lord, and feel how good and kind He is, an' then try all day to please Him. Low-level keeps a-sayin', "I hope the Lord 'll keep me to the end." High-level keeps

a-sayin', "My meat and my drink is to do the will of my Father which is in heaven."

"The Psalmist says, "Serve the Lord with gladness." But Low-level doesn't think about servin' the Lord, so much as the Lord servin' him. Or if he does set hisself for to serve the Lord, 'tis for a crown an' a robe by way o' wages. Trust 'em, they won't forget theirselves. There's gladness for anybody when they'll set theirselves with all their heart to please their dear Lord, and keep on doin' it. That level 'll take 'em right up to the throne—right up alongside o' the angels an' archangels who serve Him day and night in His temple.

"Why when I was a little lad there were some days that I can mind now like as if it was only yesterday. The sky was such a wonderful bright blue, and the flowers were all such a wonderful colour, and the birds a-singin', too, wonderful, and everything I saw an' heard was so full o' strange beauty, and a kind o' delicious joy, that I had to dance with very gladness. Ah, I can mind quite well how it was. 'Twas when I set myself to please my mother, and tried to do it all day long, and did it too; an' she'd see me tryin', and used to give me a smile or a word o' love. Eh, talk about heaven; about what is there, and what

isn't there. I don't care so much about that. That's heaven down here and up above too—when a man has set himself to please the Lord, and He whispers to his heart, "Well done, good servant." Why if 'tis in a tumble-down cottage, or a mighty palace, 'tis all one : that man enters into the joy of his Lord. That's heaven.

"No wonder poor Low-level is so dull—the only wonder would be if he were anything else. He carries *himself* about with him like a great pair o' blinkers that shut out the view and shut him up in the dark. But High-level gets up on the top o' the Delectable Mountains an' gets out his spy-glass, and forgets himself, because he sees so much o' the love an' wisdom an' power an' glory of His blessed Lord; and he begins to praise Him with all his heart, because he can't help it. How can he do anything else but praise Him when he sees how good an' kind an' wise He is? And how can anybody be any other than dismal and dull when he keeps his thoughts always 'pon his own self? He'll have to look a long time before he sees much to sing about there. If we don't want dull thoughts to come we must keep 'em away like I keep the weeds out o' my bit o' garden. I fill the bed so full o' flowers that there isn't any room

for weeds. Let a man live where he can keep his mind stayed 'pon his Lord, and he won't have much room for dismal old thoughts and fears about his own self.

"The op'ning heaven around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His."

'Depend 'pon it 'tis just this here : if we come to the Father only for what we can get, askin' for the portion o' goods, well, we shall have it because we are sons. But we shall always want something else. We shall never feel so full o' satisfaction that it'll have to run over into a bit o' singin', like the brook up to Carninnin. 'Tis when we come to feel that the portion o' goods is very little—nothin' at all in comparison--but that the Father is everything, then our hearts begin to sing. Why, with the Father's blessed voice in our ears, and His arms about our necks, an' His love in our hearts, we can't help ourselves—we *must* begin to be merry.

'Paul went along the high-level because he died to his own self, and lived only for Christ. Pain and loss and trouble and death were nothing to Paul if he could only serve his Blessed Lord. But folks that go along the low-level are always wantin' the Lord to wait 'pon them with health

and prosperity, sunshine an' best robes. I do dearly love to read an' think about Paul and his way to heaven. Why, my dear friends, we should hardly know ourselves if we went to live up there where Paul lived. I've heard folks who've come home from California say that out there the air is so pure that you can see miles an' miles, everything is so clear; and 'tis all so still that you can hear singin' miles off, and 'tis always like summer over there, so that the bees don't lay up any honey because there's no winter and no need for it. Now that's the high-level to heaven, 'zactly. 'Tis up where you can see ever so far, where you can always catch sight o' the golden gates, an' see the shinin' o' the Father's House, and when 'tis very still you can a'most hear the singin' inside. I wonder we don't emigrate right off to once, 'tis such a pretty country, and no rates nor taxes. And like the bees, you've got honey up there all the year round, no great black clouds o' care coming about like a hurricane, and no ugly old fears keep a whisperin' about the winter, an' whatever we shall do to get along then. Why 'tis down here for us as well as up there, if we would only have it:—

"There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

And if you like to ask why we

don't live there, the answer is plain enough,

"*Self*, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

'Seemin' to me that Paul made short work of self. He gave self notice to quit, an' gave up the freehold to his Blessed Lord. And I mean to try and follow his example and to say to my own self, "Dan'el, I won't have you for a tenant any longer; you're more trouble to me than all the world besides. You're so hard to please, an' so uncertain that if you happen to be all right to-day, there's no knowin' what you'll be like to-morrow. I shall turn 'e out, neck an' crop with all your goods and chattels." That's what I want for my own self, friends. My heart cries out, "My Lord, come in and live in this house, not like a great visitor for me to entertain, and ask a favour of now and then; but come in an' be the Master and I'll be the servant, an' all I am shall wait upon Thee." That's what I want for myself; and then when anybody knocked to the door an' said—"Dan'el Quorm live here,—does he?" I should dearly love to say, Dan'el's gone away and he's dead an' buried: "Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

'Paul gives us a good many short cuts across from the low-level to the high. There's one

in the twelfth chapter o' Romans and in the first verse. "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a livin' sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Now, seemin' to me, that's plain enough for anybody. Here's the house, a three-storeyed house, consistin' o' body, soul and spirit. You go on month after month, an' year after year, sayin' what you'd like to do an' what you mean to do. I've heard scores o' sermons about this text, an' heard it talked about hundreds o' times, and I've heard folks say in their prayers that they desired to do it. But hearin' about it, an' talkin' about it, and prayin' about it, like that isn't a morsel o' good. Here, take the key, and go right away and give it up to the Lord once, for all, and have done with it. We go dilly-dallying about it year after year, till the old walls fall in and there's nothing left but a heap o' rubbish. "Present your bodies," says Paul. Go in before the Lord, and say, Here I am, Lord, take me, altogether, Thine and Thine for evermore. Give Him the house an' let us just sweep the rooms an' keep it so nice as ever we can for Him. The Lord help us, every one, to be high-level Christians.'

So Dan'el finished, and a hearty

Amen came from most of the members. For a moment there was silence, for Dan'el often broke through the set form and routine of speaking, and encouraged a conversation. Then it was that young Cap'n Joe struck in.

'Well, friends, I don't know how 'tis with you, but there isn't a subject in the world that has been more in my thoughts lately than this that our leader has been talking about; only it seems to me as if he thought the bit of a climb was just nothing at all, and that a man could be up on the high-level in a minute. You talk about it as a path in a field, but to me 'tis something very different from that. I was down to Portreath the other day when the tide was out, and as I was walking along on the pier, I saw an old friend of mine on the sands below me. I leaned over and said in a joke,—"Come up here!" He looked up; it was only twenty feet or so above him, "Ah, I wish I could," he said. It was twenty feet of granite wall without a foothold in it, and he had to go back a long way over the sands before he could get up. Now what you call a path in a field, is a good deal more like the face of a granite wall to me. I've tried to climb it till I'm ready to give up in despair, and sometimes it quite frets and vexes

me to hear people talkin' about it as they do, for I've tried ever so hard, and never seemed to me to be so far away as I am to-night, for all my trying.'

It was plain that young Cap'n Joe had hit a difficulty that was shared by many. Eyes met each other, and heads nodded in sympathy, and earnest faces were thrust forward to catch the reply.

A happy smile came over Dan'e'l's rugged face as he began:—‘Ah, Cap'n Joe, I'm glad to hear what thou hast said. I'm fine an' glad that thou'st got so far as that. We've got to learn that lesson a'most before every step in religion—that we can't get on a bit in our strength, but that 'tis accordin' to our faith. Why now, didn't you come to Jesus years ago as a poor sinner with the great burden 'pon your back? You wanted to get rid of it. How you tried to, till your fingers were a'most worn away, and you hadn't got any strength left. And when you couldn't do anything else, you came an' cast yourself 'pon the Blessed Saviour, an' prayed Him to do it all for you. Then when you trusted Him like that, your load fell off, and you wondered you hadn't come to Him long, long before. And so 'tis again here, dear friends. We want to be saved clean out of our sins,

an' right out of our failin's, and right up out of our own selves. Well, we been tryin' to do it, and we can't; and now shall we give it all up in despair? No, no, we won't let the devil get the upper hand of us like that there. We do every one of us know too much about the dear Lord to do that. Come, we'll cast ourselves 'pon Him, an' take Him as all that our hearts are a-longin' after. Our Saviour from all sins; our Saviour from sinnin'; from our weaknesses an' hindrances an' failin's; accordin' to our faith it shall be to us again, just like 'twas at first.

I picked up a lesson down to Redburn t'other day that I shan't forget in a hurry; 'twas back in the winter. They had a soup-kitchen, you know, down there. An' one day when I was comin' along I saw them comin' for their soup. There was the boys and girls with their mugs and their jugs; and, in amongst them came up an old grandmother who looked as if she'd plenty o' little hungry mouths at home, an' she brought a great big pitcher. I waited to see her come out again. The mugs were filled, and the jugs were filled; so I says to myself, “I wonder if she'll get her pitcher full.” Yes there it was full to the brim, as much as she could carry with both hands. So I came home thinkin' about it.

"'Tis a lesson for thee, Dan'el," I says. "Why thou'rt old enough to learn it too. Thou hast gone up to thy Lord's storehouse with a mug, and thou mightest ha' gone with a jug. A jug? iss, thou might' st ha' gone with a pitcher, an' it would ha' been full. An' a pitcher needn't ha' been all. If thou wilt go with

a faith so big as a horse an' cart thou shalt have as much as thou can't carry." Come, my friends, let us have a bigger faith, so big that it shall come to take the Blessed Lord as our All in all, fillin' all the heart an' all the mind, an' all the house. "'Tis too hard for us—but according to our faith it shall be unto us.'

ON WINNING SOULS.

STANGELY enough, it was Widow Pascoe who most commonly suggested this topic. Partly by the selfishness of her sentiments, partly by her dismal looks and tones, but still more by the impression that all about her made on one's mind. Though she never said it in so many words, there were a hundred things about her that kept saying it over and over again—'The Lord's people are a *peculiar* people, a *little* flock. You only know that the way leads to Heaven if a very few there be that find it. Therefore receive all new comers with cold suspicion. Most likely they are hypocrites, and if not, they will probably be back in the world again in a month. Keep the way as much as you possibly can to yourself.'

In her thinking, the road to Heaven was not only as gloomy

and uncomfortable as you could make it, but it was walled up like the cities of Anak; and plenty of broken glass on the top of the walls would have been a real consolation to her mind. She would have had the entrance gate covered with spikes, and surrounded with notices of spring-guns and man-traps, and warnings that trespassers would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. As for 'the grave and beautiful Damsel, named Discretion,' whom Pilgrim found at the gate, Widow Pascoe would have given that fair maiden 'notice' and have improved matters very much, in her own estimation, by installing herself as doorkeeper. Dan'el was constantly provoked by it into plain speaking, and nobody else in the Class had a particle of sympathy with a nature so ice-bound and narrow. But that was Widow Pascoe's comfort. To be misunderstood, to find that no-

body agreed with her, to have no encouragement and no sympathy, was 'a good time' to Widow Pascoe ; all this was the most satisfactory evidence of her religion. It was meal-time to her when she could come hither and 'dip her parched corn in the vinegar'—then she did 'eat, and was sufficed, and left.'

Dan'el listened with a sigh, and spoke slowly and sadly,—' Well, if we don't take care, I'm 'fraid some of us 'll never get to Heaven.'

This was threatening : it even disturbed Widow Pascoe's composure for a moment.

Dan'el continued, as if explaining what had gone before,—' Or if we get there it won't be like the Lord Jesus went. You remember that Jesus wouldn't go to Heaven alone, even He took a soul with Him, and said "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." An' the only safe way for us is to go like the Blessed Master went.'

Another pause followed, in which the little eye regained its humorous expression, and a ripple of playful roguishness came over Dan'el's face.

' You know, my dear sister, you'll never get anybody to go along such a dismal old road as you make of it, never. An' what'll you do if you get up to the golden gate all by yourself?

You know the Lord wouldn't let the beasts go into the ark one by one — not even the unclean beasts; not a cat or a dog could go in by itself. An' if 'tis anything like that, what will folks do who've never got a soul to go to Heaven with 'em? Besides, it would be a'most impudence to knock to the door an' ask the glorious great Archangel to open it just to let in one. When I was up to E — once, I went in to see the Cathedral; and the man came up with a bunch o' big keys, and says he, " You must wait a bit till somebody else come, for we don't show it to less than two at a time—it ben't worth while." An' then when there was two of us, he opened all the doors, an' took us up on top o' the tower, and showed us about everywhere. Now seemin' to me 'twould serve us 'zactly right if we was to go up and knock to the golden gate o' the Celestial City, and the Archangel was to say, " You should ha' found somebody else to come in with 'e," —an' if he was to keep us waitin' outside till somebody else come up.

An' it isn't a matter that we can please ourselves about either. The Lord Jesus tells us that we are the lights of the world, an' if that do mean anything at all, it do mean that somewhere somebody in the world is bein'

cheered an' guided and helped to see things out there in the dark, by what we are a-doin' of, or by how we are livin'. And the Lord tells us that we are the salt o' the earth. An' if we are not helpin' to keep some soul sweet an' clean, an' to preserve it unto everlastin' life, why I can't see much difference between that an' salt that has lost its savour; one doesn't do any good, and the other is good for nothing. And like everything else in God's world that is good for nothing, it shall be cast forth and "trodden under foot."

'Why I meet lots o' the Lord's people who think it don't matter a bit how they let their lights shine, so long as they shine somehow. Some of 'em 'll flash it out and frighten anybody with it, like the glare of a policeman's bull's-eye. I can mind an old gentleman who used to come to see my father: he'd take hold o' me by the collar o' my coat an' frown at me, an' say in a great gruff voice, "Now be a good boy and do what you're told, or you'll go to the devil." That never did me any good; I don't believe it would do anybody any good. And then there are others of 'em—why you might think they had to pay for it, an' was always afeard o' wastin' the gas. They'll turn it up 'pon a Sunday an' 'pon the prayer-

meetin' night, an' they'll have ever so big a glare then; but so soon as ever they do get home, they'll turn it down so low that the children an' the neighbours think it be gone out altogether. Now seemin' to me the only kind o' light that'll do the world any good is a burnin' light—"a burnin' an' a shinin' light." Some folks be like glow-worms, that shine without burnin'; but they won't do much good. We must burn, friends, burn an' then we shall shine. Let's long to win souls, an' feel the longin' burnin' in us, an' then we shall do it. Only let our hearts catch fire, then the world'll see the light an' feel the warmth, an' some poor perishin' mortal or other'll be sure to come up to get a bit o' life. But if we don't burn, we shan't shine much. That be the only kind o' light that's worth anything, a "burnin' and a shinin' light."

'An' the beauty of it is that every one of us can do it, whether we got one talent or whether we got two. Furze bushes and brambles ben't no good for buildin' o' the Lord's House,—you must have great cedars o' Lebanon for that,—nor yet for a-makin' the furniture out of; but set 'em a-fire, an' they 'll light up the country for miles an' miles. Never mind though you be reckoned nothin' in God's world but weeds an' rubbish, you can

burn so as to give light in the dark. Dear old Granny here can't do much, but 'pon a dark night she can begin to think about the folks that have got to come across the moors, an' that may be strayin' away an' gettin' down some old shaft or other ; an' she can tell 'em to sweep up the hearth an' get a nice bright fire an' to pull up the blind, and let the candle shine right out 'pon the road.

Somebody 'll be guided a bit, and get a bit o' warmth an' cheerfulness out there in the dark. An' I often think about it when I rake out my fire just afore goin' to bed. This here fire do burn away like that, and come to nothing

but ashes ; but they that begin to burn an' shine, tryin' to "turn many to righteousness," shall never go out—they shall shine like "the stars for ever and ever." 'Tisn't enough to be called the light o' the world an' the salt o' the earth, my friends. We must set about it the right way to do it. Folks may be the salt o' the earth : but they won't do much good if they come to you with a great mouth-

ful of it that 'll be a sickener for many a day, an' perhaps spoil your relish for it altogether. There's lots o' people who want to save souls, but 'tis "they that be wise" that "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."

'Now seemin' to me that the first thing is to set ourselves to do it. 'Tis just like everything else—it wants doin'. It won't do it to be always talkin' about it, an'



desirin' it an' prayin' that we may be useful. We must get up an' do it. Simon said, "I go a-fishin'." And he might have talked about it, and prayed about it all his life,—he never would have caught anything till he went. We keep sayin', "Dear brethren, let us go a-fishin' ;" or, "You know we really must go a-fishin'." We talk of how very right an' proper it is, an' how we desire to do it, an' we go

prayin' that we may be stirred up to go a-fishin'. But Simon gets out his bait-box, an' his cross-lines, an' he shoulders the oars, an' he shoves off the boat, an' settlin' down he calls out to the rest of 'em, "I go a-fishin'." Then the rest, who perhaps had been talkin' about it, shoved off their boats too, and said, "We also go with thee." An' that's the way in fishin' for souls, you must set about it. Why we stand in on the shore loungin' about the quay with our hands in our pockets, thinkin' that if the fish are to be caught the Lord will send 'em to us. If we want them, we must "go a-fishin'."

'And then there's another thing I like about Simon—he didn't mind goin' alone. I'm 'fraid a good many of us would have seen Simon goin' out in his boat, an' never have said what the rest did. We should have kept our hands in our pockets, and have said, "Quite right an' proper; he's called to the work;" or we should have said, "O, he's a leader; he ought to go!"—or we should have said—"There goes Simon again: what a gift he has got for it!" Pack o' stuff an' nonsense. A gift for it! Why he had a hook an' a line an' a bit o' bait; and so he went out to do what he could. That was his gift for it, and that was his

callin' too. I want for every one of us to say, "I go."

'I was down to St. Ives once when the pilchards was about, and the man that was on the look-out up on top o' the cliffs saw the school of pilchards a-rufflin' the water, so he puts up a great speakin' trumpet to his mouth, and holloas out so loud as ever he could, "Heva, heva, heva." All the people knew what he meant, and the place was all in a stir in a minute. The big boats put up sail, and went out to shoot their nets; and then when they'd got 'em all shut in everybody got in a boat and pulled out to lend a hand, an' the water was all covered with boats. Everybody went a-fishin' then. Now that's just like 'tis when the Lord sends a great revival, and everybody wakes up an' goes a-fishin'. But, la! my friends, there be fish in the sea all the year round. There's souls to be caught all the year round: summer an' winter; hot or cold; rain or fine. 'Tis never too rough to put your boat off to catch souls, an' 'tis never too calm. Don't let us wait till we can go out with the great nets; we can always go hookin'—catchin' 'em one by one. Every one of us can catch a soul here an' there, if we'll only try. I do dearly love that "I go": like as if he said, "You others,

may please yourselves, but as for me, I'm off."

"There's something about Andrew too that is almost as good as what Peter said. "He first findeth his own brother Simon. Now I'm sure that 'tis a good plan to go looking after one soul. Anything is fair play, I do count, 'pon the devil's ground. Every soul in the world do belong to our Lord. He made 'em every one, and He bought 'em every one with His precious blood. They're His every way; and the devil is a thief. I've very often thought o' what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he come up to tempt our mother Eve in Paradise, he hadn't got any bit o' a little thing for to bribe her with, an' all he could do was to tempt her to steal her Master's apples. He haven't got anything at all of his own, an' I am sure he ha'n't got any souls belongin' to him. So I think 'tis quite fair to go catchin' souls any way you've got a mind to, an' whichever way you can. He isn't so very partic'lar about it, his own self: he's always a-comin' up poachin' 'pon our preserves, so bold as a lion; an' I don't see why we should mind how we can get back the souls that he has stolen, so long as we can get 'em back somehow.

"I can mind when I was a boy seein' the big folks come up to

Carwinnin with their fine rods an' lines an' wonderful turn out, an' they'd go all day an' never catch a fish. But we boys would see a fish go dartin' in under a stone; then we should get in an' go gropin' round the stone an' catch 'em like that. Well, I b'lieve in gropin' for souls. And seemin' to me that Andrew did too. He didn't say "I'll try to do all the good I can," and then do nothing because he couldn't find any to do. But he says, — "There's Simon. I'll go an' catch him." That's the way. Pick out one soul, an' set your heart 'pon it,—begin to pray for that one an' try to catch that one, an' go on tryin' till you've got it; an' then try for another. We might do a good deal o' good in the world, if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folks a-singin' — an' meanin' it too —

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;"
an' because the "realm o' nature" wasn't theirs, they didn't give anything at all. But if they said, "I've got five-an'-twenty shillin' a week; how much can I manage to screw out o' that," then they'd have done something. An' that's the way with folks who want to go catchin' souls. They'll sing —

"O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!"

they want to convert the world, but because they can't do that,

they won't try to save their next-door neighbour.

'Now all that's cured if we'll just pick out one soul an' try to catch that. Let us do it, my friends. Let us begin this very day. There's somebody in your family, or there's a neighbour o' yours, or there's somebody that works up to your mine, or there's somebody that you often meet with goin' along your road. Pick out that one, an' say— "Now, the Lord helpin' me, I'll try an' catch that there soul." Pray that the Lord 'll give you a chance o' gettin' at 'em, an' keep on prayin': an' when you get the chance make a downright good use of it. There isn't a door in this world but prayer 'll batter it down, if you keep hard at it. Bolts an' bars haven't got a chance against prayer. It can pick a lock that a London sharper couldn't do nothing with. Great gates an' draw-bridges, like them down to Pendennis Castle, can't help theirselves against it. Only pray in downright earnest, an' the door 'll open before long, an' then, when 'tis open, go in an' take possession in the name o' the King of kings. Depend 'pon it, that's how the world has got to be converted. Everybody who loves the Lord Jesus Christ must try, for His sake, to win somebody else, and must stick to it till they do.

'Then there's just one thing more about this catchin' souls. 'Tis a'most so good for ourselves as 'tis for those we try to save. There's nothing else, I believe, that'll make a man so watchful an' so careful about all he says an' does, as this will. When I used to go fishin' with a rod and line an' caught sight of a big fish under the bank, why I could keep so still as a mouse for half a day. Other times we might run about on the bank, an' jump about so much as we liked. But now a shadow mustn't fall 'pon the water; there mustn't be a sound; only just lettin' the bait drop in, so gentle and quiet. Ah, you go an' try to catch a soul if you want to be watchful! No hasty words then; that would scare the soul away in a minute. No bit o' quick temper or angry ways; that would spoil it all.

'Pick out your soul, an' begin to pray for it; set to work to catch it, an' we shall do it. Only set to work the right way. It isn't those who try, but those who try the right way—the wise—that shall shine as the stars. An' as for wisdom, for all it is the rarest thing in the world, bless the Lord we can get so much o' it as ever we mind to, and all for nothing. "If any of you;" never mind how dull a scholar he is, or how big a fool; "if *any* of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God,

that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." So let us all

say as Simon did, an' mean it too, by the Lord's help, "I go a-fishin'."

ON HEARING THE WORD.

I'VE heard folks say—"The child's the father o' the man,"—and there's more truth in that than there is in a good many things that folks say. Now I've been a-thinkin' that Sunday is the father o' the week—the rest o' the week 'll take after the Sunday, and if anybody wants to have a good week let 'em try to get a good Sunday.

"I don't know how 'tis with you, friends, but I'm just like the old clock that's home to my place—I'm a sort 'o machine that wants windin' up once a week, an' if I don't get wound up 'pon a Sunday I'm run down all the week. I've seen the farmers down to Redburn 'pon the market day pullin' out their watches an' settin' 'em by the old church clock, turnin' the hands a bit forwarder or a bit backwarder. But it isn't a bit o' good settin' 'em right if they forget to wind 'em up. Now I believe there's lots o' folks that 'll come to the House of God 'pon a Sunday an' they'll set their feelings right; they'll get very nice and religious for a bit, an' be all so good an' perfect just then; but they don't

get wound up at all, so they don't go on bein' right, and so soon as they come out, they're just as wrong as ever. Sunday, if 'tis what it ought to be, is a kind o' windin'-up day.

"I like to think that 'tis the first day o' the week; an' depend 'pon it, my friends, there's a deal depends 'pon the beginning o' things. Folks say sometimes, "All's well that ends well;" and they patch up all kinds of ugly old sores with that plaster. I don't believe it one bit. If a thing don't begin well and go on well 'tisn't all well whatever kind of endin' it got. I s'pose the penitent thief ended well—he went to heaven; but that didn't pay back what he had stolen, and it didn't mend all the harm he'd done. I'd rather have the "well" at the other end too; I would. There'd be some truth if folks said, "Well begun is half well done." If you've got a good Sunday, you've got half a good week, I reckon. The old Sabbath o' the Jews was 'pon the last day o' the week, like as if they couldn't anyhow keep the law, an' so they finished up the week with all their sacrifices an' prayers. But

now we Christians have got a Saviour Whose Name is called Jesus because He can "save His people from their sins." An' so we come up 'pon the first day o' the week to get help and strength to go through it all right —like as if we took hold o' that Blessed One Who is able to keep us from falling.

'Now good Sundays, like everything else that is good, don't come o' their own accord. 'Tis only weeds an' crabs an' bramble-bushes that 'll grow if you let things alone. If you want flowers an' fruits you must dig an' plant an' work for 'em: and nobody is fool enough to expect 'em without. But in religion folks are fools enough a'most for any thing, an' expect to pick up pearls o' great price without divin' for 'em, an' to get fat without eatin' anything. Good Sundays don't come anyhow; they are things that are made. An' every man has got to make his own. You can't order 'em ready-made o' the preacher.

'I reckon that's very much o' what the Lord Jesus meant when He said, "Take heed how ye hear." Whatever it means, an' whatever it don't mean, it means this plain enough—Don't hear anyhow. You see that was the way with the ground that didn't prosper—it took the seed all anyhow. There was the way-side;

it let the seed come just as it could, and o' course it all got trodden underfoot or was eaten up by the fowls, an' not a grain was left. An' then I daresay Brother Way-side went complainin' that he couldn't get any good under that preacher. There was the weedy-ground, too, let it fall in anyhow among the thorns an' thistles, an' they grew up an' choked it. An' I shouldn't wonder but Sister Weedy-ground whispered to Brother Way-side very piously, that for her part she did wish they had a preacher that would stir them up. Then there was Mister Stony-ground who liked it very much, an' nodded to everybody over the nice sermon, but when the sun was up, that is when dinner-time came, he could hardly remember the text. They all heard: but they were *anyhow* hearers. But there was dear old Father Good-ground, whenever he heard the Word it got in an' went down an' took root an' sprang up an' bare fruit an' brought forth a hundred fold — such wonderful crops o' love an' joy an' peace that set all the folks a-scratchin' their heads how ever he could manage it! Yet it was no such great secret; he got ready beforehand, —that was all. He prepared for the seed. He'd have been weedy-ground, too, only he had been down on his knees an' pulled up

the chokin' cares an' Saturday's worries; he had picked out the stones an' had ploughed up the field an' had given the seed a chance, that was all, an' so he got a harvest. You see there was the same Sower, an' the same seed, an' yet it was only the ground that was got ready beforehand that got any good.

'So, friends, if we don't take heed about it we shall be one o' these *anyhow hearers*. Ah! I'm 'fraid I shall hold up the lookin'-glass to a good many if I begin to tell what he's like. Well, he begins the Sunday an hour later than any other day, because 'tis the Lord's day. Other days are his own, an' he would be ashamed to take an hour out o' them; but the Lord's day he may do what he likes with, because it isn't his own. Then 'tis all a scramble to dress an' have breakfast an' be off to chapel. He comes along wonderin' if he's very late. If he were in time he might wonder, for everybody else would. Or perhaps he has got too hardened

to mind that, so he comes along thinkin' o' nothing in particular. Then he gets into his place ready to listen, if the preacher can get his attention, but just so ready to dream away half-an-hour—that is, if he don't sleep it away,—or else lettin' his eyes go flittin' over the House of God, pitchin' here an' there for a minute an' then off again, like a butterfly. I often meet him when I'm goin' home, an' he'll sigh as if he ought to be pitied more than scolded about it, an' complain that he was so troubled with wanderin' thoughts. Why, o' course he was — what else

could he expect? That, or something else, would be sure to spoil all the good, for he had not taken any heed about it. His mind was all full o' thorns an' thistles,—how could he expect to gather grapes an' figs?

'I really can't abide to hear folks talk about it as they do. "Ah," they say, "it's natural, you know, for me to be so anxious." Or else it is—"I really am so wearied, and you must



make allowances for dispositions an' folks' nature." Pooh! nature an' natural! Why, if it hadn't been natural to hear anyhow, the Lord would never have told us to take heed. A gentleman comes up to his gardener expectin' a pretty show o' flowers an' fruits, but he finds the place all covered over with weeds an' things. An' so soon as ever he begins to talk to the gardener about it, the man sets off sighin',—"Please, sir, 'tis quite natural for it to be so, and you must make allowances for nature." Then the master can't stand it any longer,—'twas bad enough before, but this is too bad. "Natural;" he says, "o' course 'tis natural. And just because it wouldn't go right of its own self, I put you to look after it." Friends, things won't come right without being made to; an' we must make 'em to, or else we shall find ourselves out in the darkness, with the rest o' the wicked and unprofitable servants. O' course, there'd be things the gardener couldn't help; blight an' frosts an' drought; an' old an' tired folks 'll go to sleep, specially if the preachers help 'em to. If folks sleep when I'm a-preachin', I say to myself, "Come, Dan'el, wake up;" for if the man in the pulpit is asleep, they in the pews 'll soon follow.

' But for all that, there are things we can do, an' we must.

I do believe the first thing is this here, Come in time. Do you remember what is wrote down in the Gospel o' Luke, in the eighth chapter an' the fortieth verse? There's a secret for hearin' well. "The people gladly received Him. for they were all waiting for Him." That's it: "they were all waitin' for Him." They didn't come rushin' in after He had come, makin' everybody lose a word or two while they turned round to see who it was, an' distractin' the mind o' that Blessed Preacher. That's the first "take heed," if you want to hear well: take heed an' come in time. If you come in after they're begun to sing, you'll be like John Trundle when he's late with his fiddle; he's too late to screw it an' scrape it into tune with the rest, so 'tis all flat an' dismal all through the service, and puts everybody else out o' tune too. O' course you wouldn't come in durin' prayer: that's a real sin, I do count—when all the rest is tryin' to lift their thoughts up to Heaven, for somebody to come in a-draggin' 'em all down to earth again, an', making 'em forget the King o' Glory for to open their eyes an' see who 'tis come patterin' into the place! If the devil was to come to chapel (an' I b'lieve he do come now an' then), I'm sure he'd come in while they were prayin' an' he'd

push past everybody up to his own corner, an' if he could knock over a hat or a pair o' pattens 'twould please 'en all the more.

'I don't believe in forms an' ceremonies; not a bit. A little bit o' heart is a fine passle better than a place full o' dead forms, though you sing 'em lovely. But I'm sure our Father in Heaven cares for the looks o' things. He wouldn't make a tree good for food without makin' it "pleasant to the eyes." The Book says, "Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary." And now seemin' to me like as if this comin' late and lookin' all about, an' hearin' anyhow is a sort o' chippin' off the beauty an' spoilin' it all. An' then we spoil the beauty for ourselves more than for anybody else. Why some of us, my friends, would think that it was a new preacher come if instead o' hurryin' and scurryin' up to chapel, we'd only start from home a quarter of an hour sooner, an' come along the road a-thinkin' about the Lord.

'Then when he is come into the place, let a man have a bit o' prayer for his own self, and askin' the Lord to bless the preacher. It 'll do more good than whisperin' to your neighbour or starin' all about the place. When I got a cold in my head, singin' do seem to be all out o' tune, an' flowers haven't got a

bit o' smell, an' I can't taste anything. I fancy the fault is in the things themselves till the cold is gone; then I can see that it was all in my own self. Let us only take heed about it, an' 'tis wonderful how different it 'll be! There's a fair half o' right hearin' in that they "gladly received Him; for they were all waitin' for Him."

'Another "take heed" that will help us is this: Let a man take heed that he hears for his own soul an' for his own good. 'Tisn't much to listen just to see how the preacher will manage his text. We've come to get a blessing from the Lord. I was reading over the eighth o' Luke a day or two ago, and I couldn't help thinkin' about it—how everybody wanted Jesus for His own self! And how they all wanted Him different, each for his own case. There was the little boat tossin' about 'pon the lake in the dark; the winds howlin' round 'em, an' the waves goin' hissin' past 'em, when Jesus comes, and in a minute He quiets winds an' waves an' their fears too. But then that was nothing to the man who had a legion o' devils in him. They were there when the wind blew a gale, an' when it was a dead calm. So Jesus comes to speak to him, and made him whole. Then over the other side, Jairus'

little maid lay a-dyin', an' they can't think o' storms, or anything else but their own trouble; and he besought Jesus to come and heal his little daughter. And then there was the poor woman who was full of her own need, and kept whisperin' to herself, "If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole"—and she put forth her old trembling hand to take Him as she wanted.

'Now that is 'zactly as it ought to be when we go up on a Sunday; everybody must take heed an' find in Jesus what they want. Bless His dear Name, there's love for everybody in Him now, just so much as there was then! And there's help for every want, just so much as ever. That's it, let a man come up sayin', "Now to-day I must get the Lord to strengthen my withered arm, or loose my tongue, or to make me clean." Let them that have been worried come up a thinkin', "Now to day, whoever else is blest an' whatever else anybody may get, I want to cast all my care 'pon the Lord and to get a fresh stock o' patience an' quiet trust." Why a man can't help havin' a good Sunday when he hears about Jesus, and he begins to take hold o' his Blessed Lord all for his own self. Let us come up seekin' Jesus just as we need Him. I believe one reason why the sick

people had so much faith to be healed, was because they knew exactly what they wanted, an' because they wanted it with all their heart. And if folks would set themselves askin' for a bit: "Now this mornin' what do I want Jesus to do for me?" an' if they wanted it with all their hearts, we shouldn't have a dull Sunday very often. They'd find Jesus with the loaves an' fishes even when it was a desert place, and when the poor preacher could give them nothing to eat.

'There is another "take heed" that we must all look after: Take heed an' beware o' the fowls. There's all sorts an' sizes. There's times when one kind do mischief, an' there's times when another kind come plaguin' us. You know there's some that follow the sower while he is sowin', close to his heels,—pigeons an' sparrows; an' a little further back the rooks are busy, eatin' up the seed a'most before 'tis sown. Ah, we must beware o' these! Like when Abraham was bringin' his sacrifice before God, they come down upon our service, an' we must drive them away.

'Small birds do every bit so much mischief as any. Busy little things! they spoil many a good sermon. There are lots o' folks, if they can only light upon a word or a thought of the

preacher's that they don't quite agree with or that isn't quite right, all the good is eaten in a moment. All they think of is nothing but that, an' they'll go talkin' about it more than all the good things put together. Now this is worse than the fowls, for they never do like that. They'll scrape over a bushel o' dirt to find a grain o' corn, but these people 'll fling away a bushel o' good seed if they can but find a bit o' grit; and they'll hold it up an' show to everybody an' crow over it like a young bantam that's just a-feelin' his spurs. Other folks can't get any good if the preacher's manner isn't up to the latest fashion. But 'tis a sure sign o' weakness and bad health when folks are so dainty about their meat that their appetite's upset by the pattern o' the plates an' dishes.

'Then there's other fowls that come when the sower is gone. Fowls by the wayside; fowls out in the streets and on the way home. The Egyptian baker dreamt that the fowls eat the baked meats off his head as he went along. Now, if he had gone loitering along, hangin' about for a word with everybody, folks might have called him a nice friendly fellow, but I don't wonder that his master hanged him for a bad baker. And we shan't carry much o' the baked

meats home with us unless we take heed o' the fowls. If the devil happened to be busy, we should tempt him to steal by our talkin' about everybody and everything all the way home. Put up your scarecrow to drive off these fowls. Anything will do for that; only let us try to keep them off an' they'll fly.

'Then there are the weeds: the chokin' weeds. Sunday, 'tis all going to be so nice an' beautiful, like my little bit of a garden when I've just done it up. Monday, 'tis all thick with weeds an' choked with wild stuff, like a place that hadn't been touched for a year. 'Tis like when I've been ridin' along in the train, and I could look out o' the window, an' see the trees and the fields and now and then a glimpse of the sea, and you're just a-thinkin' how pretty it all is when up comes a bank right in front and shuts all out, an' there's nothing there but the cuttin' o' rock an' earth, if 'tisn't a dark tunnel. Well, I find the best way is to come home tryin' to find something to do in the sermon; something to be prayed for, or prayed against, or to be thought about: for after all, friends, God's truth is worth to us only what we do with it. Seed is hard an' dead till you sow it. And the Truth is dead words till it is done. A man may tell me all about the

road to Penzance an' all about the things that happened there, an' about the great folks who live alongside of it. But that won't take me there. I must get up and walk.

'Now, friends, if we can do this here, seemin' to me, it'll be all well then. For we shall come up ready to hear—we shall go on to hear for our own selves; and we shall come home again to try and do what we have heard. Now let a man have a Sunday like that, and he'll be a long way on for having a good week. I can mind, when I was up to London, I was goin' along the noisy streets with crowds o' people about me, an' the roar an' rattle o' carts an' things, when all of a sudden there in the din and bustle I came to a lovely little garden. The flowers were

growin' there beautiful, and a fountain was playin' makin' rainbows in the sunshine, and the trees were fresh and green, and the birds chirped to each other, an' flew about the place. "Ah," I said to myself, "they can keep all this right here in the heart o' the busy city!" And that's just how we can carry Sunday with us, friends, all through the week. Cares an' worries and busy work will come about us, and keep a-comin'; but for all that, in the heart we can keep a little garden o' the Lord, where the good seed bears sweet fruit, and the trees o' the Lord's own plantin' grow—planted by the rivers o' waters; an' where the singin' o' birds is heard, and where very often the voice o' the Lord God Himself is heard, walkin' even in the heat o' our busy day.'

DANIEL QUORM,

AND

His Religious Notions.

SECOND SERIES.

BY

MARK GUY PEARSE,

Author of 'Mister Horn and his Friends,' etc.

Illustrated by Charles Tresidder.

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'He had picked up his tools, and now stood
for a moment trimming his candle.' —See page 71.

DANIEL QUORM,

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SECOND SERIES.

DAN'EL GOES TO SEE FRANKEY VIVIAN.

POOR old Frankey Vivian was sinking fast. Shaken by his cough and with failing breath, he now sat propped with pillows. His features were pinched, and a look of exhaustion had settled on his face, yet the old light and joy shone out more radiant than ever. The long years of climbing as a miner, the foul air of deep underground, and the quick change from the heat to the bleak winds that swept the surface, had nearly done their work. He could be with his friends on earth but a little while longer, a few days at most.

Daniel Quorm was a daily visitor, sitting by the bedside for an hour or more; the bright eye that looked over the broadrimmed spectacles often dimmed with tears. But it was Frankey who with husky and broken voice was speaking now. The wasted hand was held out toward Dan'el; and as he spoke a strange, new vigour came into his voice and manner.

'A little while, my dear leader;

only a little while, an' I shall be at home. Why, it makes me feel quite well again for to think about it. Last night I was lyin' somehow 'tween sleepin' an wakin', I s'pose 'twas a kind of a dream, but I could see the old friends a-lookin' out for me. There's old Uncle Jem Polsue—he has been up there goin' on for two year; he's keepin' a look out for me, I know. An' so is the old Mestur Trehwela. It seemed to me like as if I could a'most hear them talkin'.'

'Bless thee, dear Frankey, thou'rt near enough to hear them, I do believe,' said Dan'el very softly.

'Seemin' to me,' Frankey went on, 'that I could see old Uncle Jem comin' along the golden Street, an' up come Mest' Trehwela, an' shakes hands with him.

"How are 'e, Sir?" says Uncle Jem.

"Wonderful," says Mest' Trehwela, "wonderful; never so well in all my life. How are you, Uncle Jem?"

Says Uncle Jem: "How am I, Mest' Trehwela, how am I! why, I do hardly know myself: an' I've a-got to keep on saying,— Be you the old Jem Polsue from down there to Bray—be you? 'Cause he had got rheumatics dreadful, he had—an' you can fly right round the world for your Blessed Lord, an' never so much as feel it. Why, he hadn't scarce any breath—an' you can go praisin' the glorious Lord day an' night in His holy temple. It can't be you, sure 'nough, Uncle Jem. But 'tis, bless the Lord—'tis, an' no mistake. That's how I be, Mest' Trehwela, 'zactly."

"Well," says Mest' Trehwela, "seen anybody from down our way lately, have 'e, Uncle Jem?"

"No," says Uncle Jem, "I haven't, Mest' Trehwela. But I been thinkin' that 'tis most time for the poor old Frankey Vivian to be comin' up here, isn't it?"

"Iss, Jem, iss," says Mest' Trehwela. "He's bound to be up here before very long. How he will praise the Blessed Lord when he do get his breath again!"

And I lifted up my voice and cried out,—"I'm comin', my dear comrades—Hallelujah!" And I woke myself up with blessin' the Lord. Sing, Dan'el—sing.'

And Frankey's voice was choked as a fit of coughing came on. Presently Dan'el rang out the old favourite tune, 'Jerusalem,' whilst Frankey put in a trembling

note now and then, lifting his hand in time with the tune, and in his complete enjoyment of the words:

' And let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.'

' Surely He will not long delay:
I hear His Spirit cry,
" Arise, My love, make haste away!
Go, get thee up and die."

' O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my vanished eyes
Rivers of life Divine I see,
And trees of Paradise ;

' I see a world of spirits bright
Who reap the pleasures there];
They all are robed in purest white,
And conquering palms they bear.'

' They drink the vivifying stream,
They pluck the ambrosial fruit,
And each records the praise of Him
Who tuned his golden lute.'

' O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at Thy feet!'

' Worship at Thy feet!' gasped Frankey. 'Thy feet! my Blessed Lord;' and with his hands clasped and his face shining with joy, he looked as if the gates of the celestial city were flung open just before him and he were gazing straight in.

Then Dan'el turned to the Bible. It was opened at the twenty-third Psalm. With a strange depth of tenderness the rugged old shoemaker began to speak of it, staying to let Frankey drink in the rich meaning, and interspersing it with his own comments.

"The Lord"—so it begins, Frankey. We must get up very high before we can start. 'Tis too high for you an' me, I'm 'fraid. "The Lord!" why, the earth is His and the fulness thereof. "The Lord!" why, His name is called "Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Come, David, what great thing hast thou to say o' this glorious Lord?"

Dan'el turned again to the Bible, the short, sturdy fore-finger guiding his eye. "'The Lord is my"—"my," hear that, old friend—that this mighty Lord should know anything o' you or me, or should care for us. My what, David?—my King? my Redeemer? my Judge? my God? "The Lord is my Shepherd." Ah! that brings Him down right close to us, Frankey. "Shepherd!" why, how homely it makes Him! doesn't it? You an' I can start along with Him, and go all the way too, Frankey.'

'Bless Him,' whispered Frankey, feasting on the words. "'My' Shepherd! why, 'tis like as if He'd only got one sheep to care for, an' that one is me. *My* Shepherd.'

'So 'tis, dear Frankey. I'm fine an' glad for thy sake. An' then, you see, there's one thing He's bound to do. A shepherd may please hisself about a hundred things: he may look

after his bit o' garden, or see to his house; but he must look after his sheep—must. He can't anyhow please hisself about that.'

Again the sharp eye turned to the Bible, and there was a moment's silence.

'But stop, Frankey. I forgot that; an' I often think about it too. We must begin at the beginnin'. This is a Psalm of David; so it do say. I do like that. I've seen a lovely picture of a very fine young gentleman all dressed out in his best clothes, lyin' in the shade of a tree, among the buttercups an' daisies, playin' music to the birds an' butterflies, an' the sheep scattered about in the prettiest groups you ever saw—and they called it a shepherd. Pooh—all a pack o' moonshine. Like as if the sun never set, an' the wind never blew a gale, an' the rain never came down—like as if the sheep never went astray, an' a pretty figure that young gentleman would be a-climbin' over hedges an' ditches, an' through furze an' bramble! Or like as if there wasn't no wolves an' no robbers. No, this isn't all pipin' and pictures. 'Tis a Psalm o' David; an' he knew different from that. He knew what it was to drop the harp an' to cudgel a bear. He had come out o' his comfortable corner an' killed a lion, David had. He had gone wanderin' over the moors, clamberin' over

the rocks an' down the cliffs in search of the stray sheep, and then he'd come home in the fierce heat carryin' the runaway 'pon his shoulder. He knew the rub of it, an' the work of it, David did—knew what silly things sheep are, an' what a time of it the shepherd have got with 'em sometimes. And he says, "The Lord is my Shepherd." It means a brave deal more than most folks make out of it, I know.'

"Go on, my dear leader," whispered Frankey, as Dan'el paused; "I do dearly love to hear about it."

Dan'el went on again, this time breaking out more cheerily.

"I shall not want." Pretty boasting that for a sheep, Frankey, a silly sheep. Hold thy tongue, do, thou vain sheep—why, thou canst not do anything for thyself. Thou canst not run like a hare, or go like a horse, or burrow like a rabbit, or fly like a bird, or hide like even a worm can. Thou hast not got the horns of an ox, nor the heels of an ass. "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house. The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies." But where is thy refuge, thou poor

sheep? Why, there is only one thing in all the world that thou art clever at; that is, clamberin' over thy Master's hedges an' gettin' into trouble. Thou ought to be ashamed of thyself, boastin' like that, for a'most everything can turn into thy enemy. "I'll parch thee," says the summer; "I'll bury thee," says the snow; "I'll sweep thee away," says the flood;

"I'll pick thy eyes out," says the raven; "I'll steal thee," says the robber; "I'll eat thee," says the wolf.'

Then turning to the Book, Dan'el read on with deep tenderness:

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me." What! He leadeth thee! Then thou

art right, sheep, quite right. Boast again, an' louder still. Summer an' winter, floods an' drought, wolf an' robber—not one o' them can touch thee: He leadeth thee! then thou art safe, sure 'nough. He will take right good care o' thee, weak as thou art.'

"O! Thou art a blessed, blessed Lord," said Frankey, rapturously.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." That's worth turnin' over for a minute or two,



Frankey. I expect that it do mean the young green grass when 'tis springin' up all fresh an' new; that's what it do say in the margin —pastures of tender grass. There, Frankey, think o' that. The good Lord do give His sheep the very best.—Common trade and poor stuff won't do for His flock at all.'

'Just like Him, dear leader. Bless His name,' and old Frankey's face shone with joy.

'And then "to lie down" too. Isn't that like Him? I expect that sheep stand up so long as they're hungry, and then when they've had enough they lie down. Ah, He gives His sheep the very best; but not just a taste of it, He fills 'em with it. That's like Him, too, isn't it?'

"Zactly, my dear leader, the dear Lord.'

"Beside the still waters." There's safety, too. Peace an' plenty for thee, Frankey, and then safety. No great torrents a-comin' down all of a sudden, sweepin' the poor sheep away before it do know where 'tis.

'Then I do dearly love the next verse. This do seem all so good, just a little bit like the picture; an' when I've got so far as this I can't help sayin', "Dan'el, there's proper sheep for thee! all so good and lovely. Thou art not like that; so wayward an' wilful as thou art every now an' then." But then I do come to the next verse: "He

restoresh my soul." There, I see the silly, forgetful sheep go climbin' over the hedge, an' then it goes scrambling down in the lane 'pon the other side, and it do go on and on till 'tis out 'pon the wild moor all lonely an' forlorn, an' it do begin to bleat for the rest, and do wonder where they're a-gone to. Then the good Shepherd looks up, an' He sees directly that one is missin'. He has got plenty here, an' that old wanderer, why, he has gone away so often an' given the Shepherd so much trouble. Besides, he isn't really worth the trouble, so old and torn. But lo! the Blessed Shepherd is gone, over dusty roads an' rocky moors, on, ever so tired, but lookin' an' lookin' still, like as if He can't give it up. Then He do catch sight o' it, an' do take it up all so tender, an' do bring it home again, so glad for to have it. Blessed Lord! I do thank Thee for that!' and Dan'el's voice trembled for a moment. 'When I come to that I do always say, "Lord, Thou knowest that old sheep well. He have given Thee ever so much trouble, and he isn't anyhow worth it. An' that old sheep's name is Dan'el Quorm."

"Tis Frankey Vivian, too, dear leader. Bless Him. "He restoresh my soul!"'

'And when He brings us back He can keep us, Frankey. "He leadeth me in the paths of right-

eousness for His name's sake."

"For His name's sake,"' whispered Frankey.

"Yes, that's sure, isn't it? For His very name's sake He leads us in the paths o' righteousness. His name is Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. It would be like takin' away His crown for Him not to lead us in the paths o' righteousness. He's a tender Shepherd, an' will take care of His sheep, but He's a wonderful clever Shepherd, too: for to make us troublesome, forgetful, wanderin' sheep go on in the right path,—that's something like a Shepherd, isn't it?"

Again Frankey's face beamed with joy, and with clasped hands and with a strange vigour he burst out rapturously, 'O! blessed blessed Lord! What a Saviour thou art! Wonderful! wonderful!'

Daniel's voice sank into its tone of deepest tenderness as he read on again: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

Then he was silent for so long a time that Frankey turned toward him appealingly: 'Finish it, my dear leader. Don't 'e leave me in that dreadful place all alone!'

'I was thinkin', Frankey, what a picture it is, an' what a brave man this here is I got it all up before me the other day so plain as could be. It was getting late in the evenin', and I was down by the sea. There was a mist

rollin' in, an' it made it all strange an' ghostly. I was comin' down between the deep sides o' the valley all alone, an' on in front of me I could hear the roar o' the ground-swell. I says to myself, "Dan'el," I says, "'tis like the valley of the shadow of death, all lonely, an' strange, an' ghostly."

'An' then seemin' to me like as if I could see the man comin' down 'long through the valley. He didn't creep on, an' stop listenin', frightened, an' then go on again a step or two. He didn't come along like as if dreadful hands that you couldn't see were draggin' him down the dark valley. But he marched along all so brave an' happy, singin' so cheerful, like as if he didn't know what fear was. And I wondered if there was anything else in all the world that could make a man go down through the dark valley like that there.'

'Bless Him; bless Him,' was the only response that Frankey could make.

'Nobody else could help us much if they did go with us, could they, Frankey? They don't know any more about it than we do our own selves. But the Blessed Lord has been down through it, an' He do know the way right out into the light an' glory 'pon the other side. And now He His own self do come back for to take us by the hand. "Fear not," says He; "I will go with thee,"'

And then our hearts do cry out : "Lord, I will fear no evil, for *Thou* art with me." I do fancy, Frankey, that perhaps that night when the disciples were toilin' hard to bring the boat to the land, and they were beginnin' to be afraid because the waves were comin' into the boat, perhaps one o' them said, "Don't 'ee be 'fraid 't all, comrades." But all the time the man's own face was pale enough, and his very voice shook, an' he was so much frightened as anybody. And p'raps some o' the folks ashore saw 'em in the early mornin', an' cried out, "Don't 'ee be afraid 't all: you'll do it." Ah, it was all very fine for them to talk like that, when they were safe ashore. But presently there came a very different voice, an' it said: "Be not afraid—it is I." Then there was a great calm, and they were at land directly.'

"Thou art with me, dear Master," cried Frankey, as his face lit up with joy.

Then Dan'el rose. "Now, old friend, I've talked to thee long enough," and he closed the book; "thou must not have any

more than just a word o' prayer."

"Well, thank 'ee, dear leader," said Frankey wistfully; "but I do wish you'd go on a bit more."

"Nay, Frankey; I won't send thee to heaven faster than thou art going, for I shall find it hard work to give thee up. But there—keep the Word in thy heart an' feed 'pon it: "I will fear no evil: for *Thou* art with me." I thought o' thee the other day down to Redburn—Peter's fair-day it was. There was a lot o' bullocks goin' by with long horns an' fierce eyes, terrible lookin'. A gentleman was comin' along with his little maid, an' when the women folk began to run into the doorways out o' their road, I heard the gentleman say, "Aren't you afraid, Jeanie?" And the little maid looked up in his face and laughed and shook his hand: "Why, no, father," says she, "o' course not; why, you're here, you know." Frankey, thou hast got hold o' the right Hand, and He will keep tight hold o' thine. Thou canst look death an' hell in the face an' say, "I will fear no evil: for *Thou* art with me."

FRANKEY GETS INTO DOUBTING CASTLE.

AGAIN Dan'el sat at Frankey's side. The two or three days that had passed had brought no change, except that the joyous light had gone,

and now there was a look of weary sadness, very strange on Frankey's face. The enemy had been harassing the dying man: and to-day the talk was of gloom and doubts.

'Dan'el,' Frankey whispered hoarsely, 'the old enemy's been at me fierce an' furious. You can't think what dreadful things he do keep tellin' me all night long when I'm lyin' here in the darkness and stillness.'

'Bless thee, my dear old Frankey, bless thee,' said Dan'el in his tenderest tone, taking the wasted hand in his own; 'what a ghastly old coward he is to be sure, to come hittin' a man when he's down, like thou art! But there—'tis just like un—'zactly.'

'So 'tis, my dear leader. An' then the dreadful things he do say too! He do come 'pon me like as if from all sides to once. "Thou art such an old sinner," says he, "there's no hope for thee—not a bit. And as for thy wife an' children, they'll starve," says he. "And thy faith will fail thee in the dark valley, an' thou wilt be like a man down the shaft with his candle blowed out. An' the Lord Jesus—why, what is an old worn-out sinner like thou art to the King o' Glory?" That roused me, Dan'el, that did. And as Frankey spoke the fire flashed in his eye again, and his voice regained something of its strength. 'I lifted myself up then, and says I, "Devil, if thou art comin' for a wrestle with me I can't do much agen thee. Tell me so much as thou wilt that I am an old sinner, an' I shan't argey with thee a bit—I do give

in to that in a minute. Tell me about my wife an' children; I do know that my Heavenly Father will take care o' them. But to come a-tellin' me that my Blessed Lord Jesus don't love me!—no, I can't stand that, an' I won't neither. Weak as I be I can throw 'ee 'pon that ground.' But, my dear leader, I couldn't do it. He kept on so that he tired me out an' laid me right 'pon my back.'

Again the light died, and the voice failed him. It was with the hoarse whisper, and staying often to recover his breath, that he went on:

'He kept tellin' me that the Lord Jesus had got something much better to do than for to look after an old man like me. "You ben't nohow worth it, Frankey Vivian," says he, "you do know you ben't; an' there—'tis nothing but conceit a-puffin' 'ee up for to think that thou art. He care for thee! Why, He have got thousands o' glorious great angels flyin' about for to do His will! Care for thee! why, there's this here great world to be looked after, an' such a troublesome world as 'tis too. Why, if He cared for thee, dosen't think He would send an angel for to sit alongside o' thee now an' then, and cheer thee up a bit when Dan'el can't come?" So he kept on till I was down, an' I felt like the horror of a great darkness a-shiverin' me all over.'

Then Frankey sank back, faint and wretched.

For a minute or two Dan'el was quiet, lifting up his heart in prayer for guidance. Then he opened the Bible at the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel.

'Well, Frankey, bless thee, 'tis a dismal place to be in, sure 'nough, is this same Doubtin' Castle. But there's one thing—thou art not alone. David sat down in the same cell, and sang that forty-second Psalm—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" The old tempter got him on his back too, Frankey. "As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they

say daily unto me, Where is thy God?" And I reckon that the Blessed Lord Jesus Himself came very near it some time or other when He was in all points tempted like as we are. Anyhow, He do come alongside of us when we are there, an' do show us how to get out. Then there was Elijah—he was a prisoner there too. But while you was a-talkin' I thought about another—John the Baptist. I was readin' about him

only a day or two ago. He was shut up in the same dungeon, Frankey. Now that's what I do call brave company for 'ee, isn't it? David, an' Elijah, an' John the Baptist, an' the Blessed Jesus close by. Why, a'most all the great men o' the Bible got in here somehow. Come, Frankey, if you can tell a man by his friends, you needn't mind goin' to prison in company like that.'

Frankey smiled in reply to Dan'el's more cheery tone. Putting on his big spectacles, Dan'el turned to the Book and began to read: "'Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ.'—"In the prison." I fancy I do see him there in his dark dun-

geon, Frankey. An' these two disciples have managed to get in to visit him. They're telling about Jesus and the mighty things He is doin' all over the land, an' about the talk there is everywhere, some sayin' one thing about Him and some another. And there do sit John, who never feared man nor devil,—you'd expect to see him like a caged lion. But he sighs,—"Well, I don't know what to think 'bout it 't all," says John.



"If He really is the great King o' kings, why, I can't help thinkin' that He'd come and take me out o' this here wished old place. You see, I gave up my life to Him, and testified of Him. An' now if He can do these here wonders that Isaiah said He should, why, He could open these prison doors and set this poor captive free." Poor John, I can hear him sigh again, and he do put his face down between his hands, makin' his chains clank every time he do move.

'Then, Frankey, I expect these two disciples do begin for to try an' comfort their master. But they're wished poor hands at that work; for if John's Saviour hadn't come, nobody else could do much for him.'

Frankey shook his head sadly.

'Then if these two disciples were anything like folks are today, why, they'd think 'pon a score o' things before they come to what we read about 'em. "Master," says one, "there's a learned man up to Jerusalem called Nicodemus. He came one night and had a long talk with Jesus. Shall we go and ask him what he do think?"'

"Master," says the other, "there's our old comrades, John an' Andrew an' Simon. They've been with Him a good long time now, an' seen His wonders an' heard His words. Shall we go and ask one o' them? They

would come directly I'm sure, and they'd tell us a great many things about Him."

'But the poor prisoner didn't look up. He only shook his head. But we should have jumped at it, Frankey. We should have said in a minute: "Iss, iss—do 'ee go and ask them what they do think." Why, there's hundreds o' people go sendin' their doubts beggin' for scraps to everybody's door, tryin' to pick up an old dry crust of a proof here, and a crumb o' comfort there. I've met scores of 'em, Frankey, an' been one of 'em myself, too, before now. They'll send their doubts anywhere but the right place to be rid of 'em. They'll read great big books 'pon the "Evidences" by any mortal that cares to write about 'em, every book except one, an' that's the Book o' which our Lord says, "Search the Scriptures." That they never think of. I fancy that the old lion began to roar in his cage: "No, no. Go right away to Jesus His own self an' ask Him—John sent us from his prison to ask Thee, Master, Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?"'

'There, Frankey—that's a bit o' comfort for us, isn't it? We can send our doubts right away to Jesus, His own self. What So-and-so says, or what such-an-one thinks, what good is that? Tell us Thyself, Master. "Art thou

He that should come, or do we look for another?" When He will speak to us I wonder that we can go wanderin' about listenin' and arguin' with everybody else about it.'

Frankey's lips moved in prayer as Dan'el paused a moment.

'An' yet I am pretty sure o' one thing, Frankey. I expect John felt like as if it wasn't a nice kind o' thing to do, it was like suspectin' his Friend, and it seemed so cruel for to doubt Him.'

Frankey's tender heart caught at the objection in a moment. With a pained and anxious look he set his eyes upon Dan'el. 'It do, my dear leader, it do seem cruel to doubt Him.—An' so it is, too. Go on, my dear leader.' And Frankey waited eagerly for this difficulty to be cleared.

'I don't know if John thought o' what I did, Frankey. It came to my mind directly. If He is so lovin' an' humble as to carry my sins, I'm quite sure He won't refuse for to carry my doubts too. "Blessed Jesus," I said, "if Thou dost love me so well as to bear my curse, Thou wilt bear my doubts too."

'Bless Him,' cried Frankey as the light broke, with tears of joy. 'O' course, my dear leader, o' course: so He will, bless Him; I'm sure He will.'

Again Dan'el turned to the Bible, the trusty forefinger guidin' his eye as he read on:

"Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see." Look, Frankey, the Blessed Jesus wasn't angry with him for sendin' his disciples and askin' that question. Surely that there promise was meant for poor doubtin' folks: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." He never scolds His poor, ignorant scholars, though they come askin' troublesome an' foolish questions that they ought to have known years ago. Ah, the Blessed Jesus is the One to send our doubts to! Why, I shouldn't wonder but Nicodemus would have said that "he was quite surprised, he was, that the Baptist after preaching to other people should come to be amongst the doubters his own self." An' Simon would have spoke out quite sharp to his old master. An' John, who hadn't got the blessin' o' perfect love then, would have flushed up like he did against the Samaritans. I do know a good many folks to-day, if you were to send your doubts to them, they'd send back a message that you ought to be ashamed o' yourself goin' arguin', an' reasonin', an' doubtin'. Ah, Frankey, that isn't like the Blessed Lord Jesus. Seemin' to me as if so soon as ever he got the message He would be sure to think—"Poor, faithful John,

thou'rt in the dungeon, cast down an' tempted. I will comfort thee an' strengthen thy faith." He didn't say, "Go, tell John to believe." No; the Blessed Lord gave him something for his faith to take hold of, an' for it to hold on to.'

Dan'el turned over the pages of the Bible until he came to the seventh chapter of Luke. He read from the twenty-first verse: "'And in that same hour He cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits; and unto many that were blind He gave sight. Then Jesus answering said unto them, Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard.'" That is the Blessed One to send our doubts to, Frankey. That same hour He will work a hundred miracles for to hush our fears an' for to gladden our hearts.'

The light touched Frankey's face again. 'Bless Him,' he whispered, 'He is a gracious and pitiful Saviour—bless Him.'

'I wonder what the things were that He said to them,' Dan'el went on. 'I should dearly like to have been there that day: it must have been very gentle an' comfortin', Frankey—balm for poor John's wounds. I can't help fancyin' that a wonderful tenderness like came over the heart o' Jesus, tender-hearted as He always was. You see He do

keep on talkin' about John for a long time after, an' finishes it all up with a'most the tenderest words He ever spoke: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

'Bless Him,' whispered Frankey again.

'Ah, yes, Frankey, thou mayst well bless Him. He cares for thee every bit so much as for John the Baptist. Thou ben't no such great man as he was, Frankey, but mind what Jesus said: "He that is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he." But I was sayin' that seemin' to me like as if the thought o' poor John was in the heart of Jesus for a long time. 'Tis just the same as if He was inviting poor, timid folks to come and ask Him all about the things that do puzzle them. "Learn of Me," He says; "for I am meek and lowly in heart." "Meek"—you see, Frankey, the Blessed Jesus won't lose His temper because we don't understand the lesson quicker or learn it better. "Meek and lowly in heart." He'll take the infant class, He will, an' be so patient with the most troublesome of 'em an' make it all plain to the stupidest. "Ye shall find rest unto your souls."

'Tis true, my dear leader, every word, bless Him. I do love Him for it, sure 'nough.' And the glow of his face and the

hands clasped again in rapture told that the tempter had left him, 'for a season' at least.

Dan'el shut up the Bible and rose for prayer with the sick man. Then as if the thought flashed across him, he stayed a moment. 'There is one thing more, Frankey, that I meant to say, too. I was thinkin' of it the other day as I was hammerin' away to my work when 'twas dismal an' rainy. The promises are just the same 'pon dull days as 'pon fine shiny ones, every bit, and do hold just so good as ever. The Bank o' Heaven isn't broke because the sun is clouded up a bit. Though we do get cast down, and though the devil do hale us off to the dungeon, an' tell us that we shall never get out no more, bless 'ee, Frankey, he's a ould liar, and you can never believe a word he do say.'

'He is, my dear leader. I do know that much about 'un.'

'Bless 'ee, we shall get out again, Frankey. He do know we shall. He can't help the sunshine a-comin' through the iron gratin'; and we cry out like David: "Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, Who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Then seemin' to me like as if the Blessed Lord, Who lets the sighin' o' the prisoner come before Him, do know the voice of His child in there in a minute, and He do knock at the

prison door directly, an' do make the old gaoler bring out and deliver the soul that he dared to shut up. "The Lord looseth the prisoners."

'O Lord, thou art my Lord,' cried Frankey, 'my Lord!'

'You know, Frankey, when Jesus was born there was the glory o' the Lord streamin' down and the heavenly host singin'. 'Twas all light and music. But very soon the light died out, and the music died away; but the Blessed Jesus was there still. And Joseph an' Mary had to get up and go away out in the dark night, out in the cold winds an' the bitter rains, to Egypt. But for all it was so dark and cold, the young Child was in the mother's arms. An' I expect, Frankey, that every time there come a very cold blast Mary pressed Him in all the closer to her heart, an' when she fancied she heard the soldiers shoutin', she put her arms about Him more tenderly than ever. Iss, Frankey, the light an' music may go, but Jesus won't. An' the cold an' dark an' the old enemy, why, they only make Him nearer an' dearer than ever. 'Tis only when we do come to the prison or like that, that we know how good and how lovin' He is. When we're walkin' about in the garden o' the Lord, He doesn't speak to us then like He does when we are goin' in at the dungeon door.

Seemin' to me like as if the Blessed Jesus do come close to us then, and He do take hold o' our hand, an' all His lovin' heart comes out in what He do say: "Fear not, fear not; I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee. Dungeon, fire, floods,

death, devils, hell, come what may, I will be with thee. An' be quite sure that the more thou dost need *Me* the more thou shalt have *Me*. I will never leave thee."

"Never," cried Frankey rapturously, "never, never, never!"

FRANKEY VIVIAN GETS OUT OF DOUBTING CASTLE, AND GOES HOME.

ALMOST at dawn of the next morning Dan'el sat with Frankey again. There was a change that saddened the tone in which he spoke. The features were pinched and shrunk; the breathing was more difficult. As Dan'el stood by him Frankey opened his eyes and looked up, and in a moment the old joy and light shone brighter than ever.

"Well—how is it to-day?" asked Dan'el, shaking the wasted hand tenderly.

"Better an' better, my dear leader," gasped Frankey. "I've been longin' for 'ee to come that I might tell 'ee about it. Victory! my dear leader,—victory through the blood of the Lamb!" It was with difficulty that he spoke at first, often stopping to get breath, but his body seemed to gather strength from the joyful exulting of his soul, and he went on to tell of his triumph with a wondrous energy:

"He's gone, my dear leader—

the old Enemy is gone; clean gone. And I do believe he's gone for ever. Last night I had a terrible bout with un, sure 'nough. Seemin' to me like as if he'd a-gathered up all his strength for to lay me 'pon my back; but bless the Lord, I came off more than conqueror. To think of it, too; why, weak as I am, with my Saviour alongside o' me I'm more than a match for un with all his angels. The words do keep a-ringin' in my ears—I do wish I could sing them once more: "Now let my soul arise, And tread the Tempter down."

It was Dan'el's voice that took up the words and sang them tenderly to the old familiar 'Trumpet Metre':

Now let my soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:

March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.'

Frankey tried to go on with the next verse, but again Dan'el had to take it up and carry it

through ; but Frankey's was the rapture that the words express.

' Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and malice on,
I shall be safe ; for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.'

Then Frankey settled quietly down to tell the story of his triumph :

' Well, my dear leader, it was last night, all in the dead o' the night, that I was lyin' here in the dark when he come 'pon me again and put the dreadfulest, ghastliest old thoughts in my mind, you can't think. An' the worst of all was the way he went on against my Blessed Lord. I can't abide for to think about them. Then it came into my mind all in a minute like a flash o' light, yet it came all so tender an' comfortin' just like as if Jesus His own self spoke the words to me : " Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see." '

" What dost say, old Tempter ? " I called out aloud. " The Blessed Lord Jesus Christ doesn't love me ? I'll prove thee a liar.

The glorious Lord will leave me to perish, will He ? Bless Him, I'll show thee something better than that. Come along with me." An' I began to think what a wonderful deal more I had to look at than John the Baptist ever had. Blind eyes opened, an' lame folks walkin', an' lepers cleansed, an' dead men raised—that's proof enough o' the Blessed Jesus : but what was all that beside what there was for me to see ? '

Frankey's voice sank into a great solemnity and deep tenderness as he went on : ' So I took the ould Tempter up to Gethsemane ; up in the shadows o' the great dark trees. My own heart was a'most

a-breakin' with love to my Blessed Lord, an' with sorrow that ever He should have suffered like that. " Look there," I said ; " canst thou see that Blessed One sinkin' there in dreadful agony ? Hark ! canst thou hear His groans an' cries ? He is the Son of God, an' the King of Glory. An' He's there for me ! For me — poor old Frankey Vivian ! Canst thou see the sweat-drops falling from Him



like as if it were great drops of blood? For me, all for me! my blessed, blessed Lord! Ah, look, He falls faintin' 'pon the ground!"'

For a few moments Frankey could not speak. Then He burst out again triumphantly: "Wilt thou tell me in sight o' that that He doesn't love me?"'

"I turned round, my dear leader, and I did expect that He'd have gone. But he didn't stir for that; though I couldn't look upon it my own self without the tears a-streamin' down my cheeks."

"He's a hard-hearted old wretch," put in Dan'el. "But go on, my dear Frankey. I do want to know how you got rid of him."

"Well," I says, "comest along with me again. I will show thee something more than that. To tell me that my Blessed Lord Jesus doesn't love me!" So I took en up to the Judgment Hall.'

Again the voice quivered and was broken with emotion. Very slowly, and with his eyes fixed as if on the scene he described, he continued his story:

"There—canst thou see Him standin' bound at the bar, a poor, forsaken prisoner? There is the well-beloved Son of God! An' He's there for me! He's takin' my place. Being tried in my stead—mine, poor old Frankey Vivian! Like as if He had come

to me an' said, 'Don't you be afraid. I'll go and answer for you.' Ah, see how they scourge my Saviour's back! Look!—how they pluck the hair off His cheek! They beat Him! They spit upon Him! O, my dear, my glorious Lord, how couldst Thou ever love me like that?—me, too! How I will praise Thee for it, in a little while!"

I did think that would have moved the old Tempter, my dear leader. It seemed to me like as if he couldn't say anything in sight of it; but for all that I felt that he was standin' alongside o' me still. I knew I was gettin' the best of it,—bless my lovin' Lord!—so I spoke out braver than ever:

"I haven't done with 'ee yet," I says out loud; "come, an' I will show thee something!"

More slowly and more solemnly still, Frankey spoke now: "So I took him up the Hill of Calvary. Ah, what a sight that is, dear leader, isn't it? And all for me! Why, it do melt my heart for to think about it.

"There," I says, "thou poor old Tempter, canst thou see Him now? Pushed by the crowd; hooted at from all sides; there is my Lord, my own Blessed Jesus! Dost see that crown of thorns upon His holy head? Look! He staggers under that awful cross—for me: for poor old Frankey Vivian! And canst

thou see Him hanging on the cross—for me: naked, bleeding, torn, dyin' for my soul? There—that is how He loves me—He gave Himself for me!"'

Frankey's voice failed him for a minute or two. His eyes were fixed as if the scene stood out there visibly before him.

'My own Blessed Lord! an' to think that I could ever have doubted Thee!'

Then presently he went on again in a cheery way, turning his face to Dan'el: 'Well, my dear leader, I looked round to see what the old Tempter thought o' that—and, bless 'ee, he was gone, clean gone! I tell 'ee what I think,—I don't believe he can set foot 'pon Calvary's Hill; so I do mean to keep right up under the Cross, out of his road if I can. Bless the Lord, I am right in under there now, my dear leader; and 'tis wonderful shelter—a beautiful place, hid in the clefts o' the rock.'

Then Frankey sank back exhausted. Dan'el still held the wasted hand in his own, but his heart was too full for speech. There was not a sound except the whispered 'Bless Him,' 'Bless Him,' that escaped from Frankey's lips.

It was after a long silence that Frankey quietly finished the story:

'An' that wasn't all, my dear leader. Why, it was just like

when the Blessed Lord Himself was tempted. The devil left Him, and angels came an' ministered unto Him. Only He His own self came to me. I was so quiet an' happy in there under the shadow of my dear Saviour, that I went to sleep. I s'pose things got mixed up in my dream, and I dreamed that I was going along a dreadful dreary place. There was nothing but a dead tree or two, an' a lonely moor with a ghastly old pond in the middle of it, full o' dreadful mocking things. The grass was all yellow an' dyin', and the sky was all dull and dismal—it was a wished old place, sure enough. Well, I thought that I went on a long, long way, an' I began to think that I should never see anybody there, when all of a sudden I heard a voice callin' to me. It spoke so lovin' that I knew in a moment it was Jesus.

"Poor lonely wanderer," He said; "come over here to Me."

'I looked up, an' there was the loveliest place you ever saw. The sun was shinin'; the birds were singin' beautiful. The trees were some o' them covered with green leaves, an' some with white blossom, an' some bendin' down with all sorts o' delicious fruits. The flowers, too, were everywhere, and I could smell how sweet they were, as I stood there. Well, I ran so fast as I could to reach it, and to see Who was

callin' me, for I couldn't see anybody there, when I came to a little river. It wasn't very wide, but it was very deep, an' I couldn't get across.

'Then I heard the voice again, so tender an' lovin', "I am waitin' for thee at the bridge. Come on."

I looked where the sound came from, and there was a little crossin' place. So I hastened to it, and when I got nearer I heard sweet voices singin'. Then I saw Jesus directly, just like John saw Him,—in the white robe, girt with the golden girdle,—and He beckoned to me.

"I am comin', my gracious Lord," I said.

And then I woke up and found myself here still in the loneliness and the dark. But I've had the sweet music a-ringin' in my ears ever since. An' I'm gettin' near to the bridge, my dear leader—nearer an' nearer.'

Dan'el could but look on that face lit up with rapturous joy, and think how soon it would shine brighter still with the glory of the Lord; how soon those eyes would behold 'the King in His beauty' in the land that to him was not 'afar off.'

He turned over the pages of the Bible until he came to the last chapter of the Revelation; then he read:

'And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the

throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.'

* * * * *

That night the end came. Frankey's wife and children were gathered around his bed, while Dan'el sat at his side.

His mind was wandering; his thoughts were in the mine work of former days. His failing breath now made him gasp painfully at the end of almost every word:

'There—comrades—the day's work—is done,—an' I'm—tired out.—I do reckon—that—'tis most time—to go—home long—isn't it?—I'm goin'—up now.—I shan't light—a fresh candle.—This'll last—till I do—get up to—to grass.'

Then came silence for a few moments.

'Ah—I can mind—once—'twas

a Saturday—night.—I was timberman—an' had to—look after everything—when the men—was all gone.—And while—I was goin' along—my candle went out.—A great drop o' water—fell 'pon it.—There I was—all in the dark—and shafts all about—an' the ladder—ever so far off. An' I—hadn't a match.—An' I—kneeled down—an' prayed—an' I asked—the Cap'n—the Lord I mean—to guide me.—An' He did—bless Him!—Led me—along—by the hand—till I got hold o' the ladder.—But now—bless the Lord—the candle is burnin'.—"An' ye yourselves—like unto men—that wait for—their Lord,—when He will return from—the weddin'."

Then came a longer silence, and his breathing grew more difficult.

"Aw—it do—take away—all my breath—goin' up—the ladder. I shan't be sorry—when—I've had—my last climb—an' done—with it. But there—the last climb—of all—won't be—so hard—either. "Run up—with joy—the shinin' way—To see—an' praise—my Lord." Yes—my Lord—my own blessed,—blessed Lord.—Come—let's stop—a bit an' sing once more: "Come—let us join—our cheerful songs."

Then Frankey lay as if listening with rapture to some singing that none else heard. Now and then he lifted his hand as if in time with it, and faintly whispered, "'Tis lovely, lovely.'

Dan'el could not help thinking of that sweet music of which Frankey had spoken, that came not from earth, but from the garden of the Lord.

'My blessed, blessed Jesus,' Frankey cried with sudden energy. 'Why, 'tis—Heaven—sure 'nough—to hear—Thy dear name—praised—like that.—But now—come on—comrades—come on—We're goin' home—goin' home. They're—lookin' out—for me—I know. An' then—supper—an' rest—rest.—'Tis hard work—now—but then rest—rest—Ye shall—find—rest to your souls.'

Again silence; so sudden and complete that Dan'el leaned forward thinking Frankey was gone. But presently the voice broke out again, with more firmness and strength:

'There—I can breathe—better now.—I'm up at last.—Yes—out with the candle—blow it out.—We shan't want—that—any more.—They need—no candle—nor light—o' the sun.—Bless the Lord !

'And now—into the changin' room—for to put off—my workin' clothes.' A smile played over the face for a moment. 'This mortal—must put on—immortality—an' then—home. Home an' rest—an' supper.—Sit down with Him—to the Marriage Supper—That's right—sing, my dear comrades—beautiful!—beautiful!'

Again there was a short silence,

then Frankey turned his eyes around the room and smiled on them all, and seemed as if he were going to speak to them by name; but suddenly he looked upward fixedly, whilst a wonderful joy lit his face.

'They're comin',' he whispered, 'comin'.' Keeping his eyes gazing on the same place,

he cried aloud—'What, these for me!—for me!—white robes!—an' angels—to wait 'pon me!—My Blessed Lord—'tis like Thee—'zactly—as if Thou—canst never do—enough for me.—There—I'm ready now—waitin'—O, my blessed, blessed——'!

Then suddenly Frankey was gone.

DAN'EL'S TROUBLE, AND WHAT HE DID WITH IT.

MATTERS had not been in a very flourishing state for some time past in the little Church at Penwinnin.

To Dan'el this was the most sorrowful of all things that could happen. Business might fall off; it often did, for there were long and grievous times of depression in mining, when the men had to emigrate, and wives and children were sorely pinched; then the long bills at the shoemaker's could not be paid, and Dan'el's store of savings went in helping the needy ones about him. But at such times it was a real treat to meet him. You were sure to find scores of dismal croakers predicting, in awful tones, the ruin of the whole county, if not of England itself; what with America or Australia or some other place, they could never look up again; so they declared. And they spoke it so solemnly, and so stubbornly, that

it never occurred to you to doubt it for a moment. Then you came into the shoemaker's little shop, and Dan'el's face looked from his work as cheerily as ever. You began, naturally enough, to repeat these doleful opinions. As he listened the lips were tightened; the round head was vigorously nodded. There came a pause of a minute, as if he were trying to hold back the indignation that was gathering within him. Then suddenly it burst out, as if it could not be restrained:

'Aw, 'tis dreadful, dreadful. That folks can go talkin' such nonsense! An' all because they haven't had the makin' o' the world their own selves. How pretty they would ha' made it, wouldn't they? Why, Carn Brea would ha' been a great mountain o' pure gold, an' Beacon Hill too. An' pretty lots o' fightin' an' stealin' an' murderin' we should have had 'long with it, shouldn't we?

'Why, I don't believe that there ever was a country that went to ruin for want o' money. 'Tisn't want that ruins 'em; 'tis this here: Folks get listenin' to the devil: "I've got the kingdoms o' the world an' the glory of 'em —fall down an' worship me." An' they sell theirselves to him an' his ways. An' what else can you expect but that he should come an' carry 'em away, body an' soul? Only let folks serve God, an' put their trust in Him, an' they'll go on right enough; with a few ups an' downs, I dare say, just to remind 'em that this is not their restin'-place. An' more than that, I believe you'll find 'em a rich people, too. "The silver is Mine, an' the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." Of course, the tin is His, an' the copper too. But it doesn't say so—like as if the silver an' the gold was the Lord's in partic'lar. An', depend 'pon it, that He will give that country the most of it that'll do the best with it—that's my belief. I can't abide to hear folks go talkin' like as if our Heavenly Father had nothing to do with us except to save our souls, and to take us out o' this here dreadful world so soon as ever He can. 'Tis His world, and His Love an' Wisdom have every bit so much to do with tin an' copper as with anything else. When He hid that away in the rocks, He said "very good" o' that

too—an' so 'tis. Why, look how 'tis when we do get a bit prosperous—we do begin to swarm till there's no elbow-room for anybody. Folks are all in each other's road. If we went on like that for long we should be a'most shovin' each other over cliff! An' all the time there's that great Australia over there; so the Father in Heaven do let them find a bit o' gold or a bunch o' tin, and off goes scores an' hundreds o' young chaps, an' we home here do get a bit o' breathin' room again, an' very soon things come to be so good as ever. Why, to hear folks grumble an' growl as they do, you'd reckon that things was put together a-purpose to spite 'em, instead o' believin' with David that the earth is full o' the goodness o' the Lord.'

Then Dan'el caught up the half-made boot, and stitched away at it fiercely, tugging at the threads as if they somehow clenched the argument.

Plainly enough the time to find Dan'el cast down was not when the tall chimney stacks stood smokeless and the engines idle; when the roar of the stamps had ceased, and there was no clanking of the chains; when the piles of stones lay heaped up in desolate confusion, and the 'dressing-floors' were no longer crowded with the busy groups of boys and girls.

But let things droop in the

Church, and Dan'el was a changed man. When the Word was preached without the manifest power of the Spirit; yet more, when strife and bitterness sprang up amongst the people—that took all heart out of him. Many times a day the work would be laid down, and as the eye looked vacantly out of the window a great sigh would come from his troubled soul. Frequently the little place was left for half-an-hour whilst Dan'el went away alone with God, pouring out his heart in earnest pleading. And half the night long he lay sleepless at such times, thinking and sorrowing and praying.

The chief cause of Dan'el's grief just now was John Trundle, the village shopkeeper. John had been for years a dead weight upon the little Church at Penwinnin; now he somewhat suddenly became a living obstruction and plague. The fickle Wheal Gambler, that had worn out the patience and pockets of hundreds, had at last 'cut rich' as they said. Trundle, living on the spot and getting hints of the more kindly appearance of things, had bought up all the shares that he could, and now leapt into a fortune. It was all so sudden, and so much, that it completely turned his head, and his heart too. Nothing was good enough now for a man of so much importance. The little chapel in which he had wor-

shipped all his days, where hundreds of saints had found the wedding garment and gone 'triumphant home,' was a poor and despised place. He really couldn't ask his friends inside those mean, whitewashed walls; so he had to go off to the parish church, where he found himself sadly inconvenienced by the order of the service, and turned his brand-new Prayer-Book almost inside out—as well as he could with his tightly-buttoned gloves—in search of the Psalms and the Collect for the day.

Some of the Preachers, simple-hearted, godly men, upon whose efforts the Most High had set the broad seal of His sanction, were almost openly sneered at as men not fit to hold forth in the presence of Mr. John Trundle and his family; and even Dan'el himself was criticized as 'really very rough and unpolished.'

Now whilst nothing could have made this any other than a contemptible impertinence, there were some things that might perhaps have made it a little more reasonable. For instance, if Mr. John Trundle had been willing to pay for the indulgence of his whims; if, as he had paid for a larger house and a grander style of life, he had been willing to pay for a nobler place of worship and for daintier services, there would have been at least a consistency in his proceedings,

But this was by no means the course that Mr. John Trundle adopted; indeed, it was precisely the reverse of this. He had become at once more exacting and more miserly, more demanding and yet more niggardly. He had always given little enough; now he gave no more, but felt himself entitled to give it with a grumble; indeed, as he increased in importance, he gave it with a threat that he certainly should not continue to contribute unless, etc., etc. So this man, who had never been a very bright or shining light in the little Church at Penwinnin, let the flickering flame of his religion go quite out; but the wick still went on smouldering with an offensive 'smeach' that annoyed almost everybody, and that roused all Daniel's righteous indignation.

It might have been more endurable if the evil had been confined to Trundle himself. As a rich man, however, one upon whom Providence had smiled so brightly, there were some always ready to side with him—to echo what he said without a doubt and with a boisterous emphasis. Moreover, half-a-dozen disaffected grumblers like old Widow Pascoe, to whom complaining and gloomy murmuring were the truest signs of grace—did it not prove that the earth to them was a howling wilderness?—rejoiced with almost question-

able delight to find so influential a leader as this.

Such was the state of things as Dan'el sat one day thinking of his Class that was to meet in the evening. For a week past the sacred old Bible, in its green baize covers, had been set up before him as he worked, opened day after day at the thirteenth and fourteenth of Genesis, until Dan'el must have known the verses by heart. As the sharp little eye turned to the page, or when it was lifted from the work for a moment, as some thought flashed upon him, there was a strange fierceness in it. Then, too, Dan'el hammered at the leather with a sharp, half-angry hammering; he thrust in the bradawl with an energetic jerk; he caught at the wax-end with a tighter grip.

But at noon of this day the fierceness failed him. His grief, the thought of his own helplessness, his longing that the glory of the Lord should appear amongst them again, overcame him. The dinner lay before him untasted. His hands hung down idly by his side as he leaned back in the chair, and tears crept down his rugged cheeks. At length he roused himself: he could not go on like this. The fierceness came back in the energy with which he flung on his coat and his hat, and turned the key in the door. Then leav-

ing word with the neighbour that he should not be back until evening, Dan'el started off at a vigorous pace that soon left Penwinnin behind.

It was in the early spring, and there was a tender balminess in the air as if in pity for all the young life that was just coming into being after a long and dreary winter. His way led down the rugged, winding hill-path; then under a long row of elms, their dainty young leaves playing shyly with the gentle breeze; on through the fields, all snowy white with daisies, except in the marshy slope where the golden 'lent lilies' nodded on their slender stems. Then along by the red mill-stream that went racing eagerly, as if it heard the clatter and splash of the wheel and loved the sport of sending it creaking round; over little rivulets that came oozing out from the bank, as if their courage failed them and they were creeping timidly away from that long leap into the darkness. Past the little house, its thatched roof a very garden of moss and 'penny-pies' and house-leek, of haughty 'London Pride,'

and a spiring groundsel; then round by the mill itself, the whitened half-door shut, and the darkness above it presently relieved by the miller, as he came out with a friendly nod, glad to have the loneliness broken by a passer by. Round by the dripping wheel, the wet walls thick with clusters of ferns; across the muddy red river, going deep and silent to the solemn sea; up a steep bit of hill—and then Dan'el stops to breathe the fresh sea-breeze that greets him.

Already the kindly hand of Nature is charming the sorrow out of his face, and the grief out of his vexed heart. Away before him and on either hand stretches the



heather, and the golden furze, lading the air with its fragrance, whilst from the cloudless sky the lark pours constantly a flood of rapturous music. The old brightness comes back again when, a little distance farther, Dan'el catches sight of the far-off sea line. Then only a few steps more, and there burst upon him the view that always filled his soul with joy.

Below, for three hundred feet,

there stretched the rugged cliff; here, broken, heaped up stones; there, patches of dark green grass and purple heather; then steep crags and shady hollows; and elsewhere the smooth steep bit that some landslip had swept sheer down to the black rocks below. Out at sea, there were the long lines in which the waves were curving; sweeping on for a while unbroken, then lifting up white crested heads, and coming on arched and majestic, to be dashed into showers of spray, or breaking on the beach, where they went creeping far up the sands, white-lipped and harmless. And away beyond all this, 'rounding it off with infinity,' stretched the Atlantic, transparent green where the yellow sand lay underneath it, merging on either side into the deepest blue. Far up and down the coast projecting headlands, bold and rugged, shut in the view. The only sounds were the ringing music of the lark and the deep bass of the sea. A score of gulls that went sailing overhead with scarce a beat of their white wings, and a lonely 'shag' that flew heavily along the water, completed the scene.

Dan'el stood for some minutes wrapt in delicious enjoyment, drinking in its beauty. Suddenly his face grew clouded, as if some stray thought from Penwinnin had followed its master and found him.

'Tis a wonder,' he muttered, 'a wonder, sure 'nough!' And he confirmed the opinion by sighing deeply and slowly nodding his head. 'Tis a wonder—that with such a lovely world for Himself, the Blessed Lord should put up with us troublesome men and women! 'Tis a wonder!' And again Dan'el looked forth upon it all: the sky, the cliff, the sea. Then his voice was softened as he said: 'My kind, my loving Lord! It do hurt me for to think of it—that Thou should have made all this for us, and that we should give Thee back nothin' but grief an' grumblin'!'

It really seemed that fair Nature had failed as a comforter after all, as Dan'el stood there repeating the words—'nothin' but grief an' grumblin'! But the beauty of the scene got the best of it again presently. Dan'el shook himself as if flinging off all his load: 'But come, Dan'el; thou art here alone with thy Heavenly Father, an' thou must find a sweeter offering for Him than sighs an' groans. I will too, my Blessed Lord—for I do love Thee for makin' things so beautiful.' And he hurried down the steep little path singing cheerily as he went:

'Eternal Wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee the Creation sings;
With Thy loved name, rocks, hills, and
seas,
And Heaven's high Palace rings.'

So down the long descent until he reached the sandy beach.

Then across the little bay—where the deep solitude was very seldom broken by any intruder; and there amongst the rocks was Daniel's Temple; a place to which he had come many times before to plead with God, when he wanted, as he said, 'to get right away alone with the Lord for something particular!' It was a cave, not deep, but high and rounded. The floor was of the whitest sand, decked here and there with a spray of seaweed. The walls shining with the moisture, looked like polished pillars. The roof was fretted into curious pendants and projections, and strangely dyed, for a copper vein ran in the rock, and this acted upon by the salt water had stained the roof with brilliant blues and greens of exquisite beauty.

Dan'el stood for a moment, in the low arched entrance, looking out upon the scene—the towering cliffs and tossing sea. 'Tis just like Elijah,' he murmured to himself, 'when he turned aside and lodged in a cave. An' there—dear old Frankey is gone, and I'm a'most ready to say, "I, even I only, am left. . . . Take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers." Like Elijah he had been certainly in the earlier part of that memorable day—fierce, indignant, jealous for the Lord of Hosts, yet depressed and wearied at heart. But now, hid

here in the clefts of the rock, it was like Moses that Dan'el pleaded with God on behalf of the Church at Penwinnin. He took upon his heart their sins and carried them with his own as a great burden before the Lord. He took hold of the precious promises and pleaded them. He entreated the Most High for His own Name's sake. Nor did he ask in vain—such earnest pleading cannot fail. To him, as to Moses in the old time, the Lord came near and proclaimed Himself, and made His goodness to pass before His servant. And like Moses, too, Dan'el gathered up the souls of whom he had the care, and cried concerning them: 'O Lord, let my Lord, I pray Thee, go among us; for it is a stiff-necked people; and pardon our iniquity and our sin, and take us for Thine inheritance.'

* * * *

It was with quite another look that Dan'el turned as he reached the top of the cliff again some two hours afterward, to rest a bit after his steep climb and to get a last sight of the sea. The sunshine fell full upon his face and seemed to light it up with hope and joy. There was no fierceness now; no fretting trouble. All was peace: a restful and assured confidence that all should yet be well. And turning towards home he stepped out with a buoyancy and firmness, as of

one who had waited on the Lord, and "renewed his strength," and so could "run, and not be weary," could walk all the days of life and not faint.

"There," said Dan'el, as he reached home and set the stout walking-stick behind the door of

the little cottage. "There; that's what I do a'most call a cure-all—a six mile walk, a view like that, and a good time with my Blessed Master is real good physic sure 'nough, for body, soul, an' spirit. And 'tis a brave deal nicer than doctor's trade, too."

DAN'EL'S TROUBLE, AND WHAT HE SAID ABOUT IT.

BROTHER DAN'EL was ready for the meeting now. As he took his place that evening in the sanded front kitchen at Thomas Toms', there was all the vigour, the joy, the sprightliness that had drooped for some weeks. He gave out the hymn with a ringing triumph, as if his soul were making its boast in the Lord:

'God is the Refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid!'

Dan'el might have been lying still in the pleasant and hallowed shelter of the cave, listening to the dash of the waves outside, he so 'entered into' the words of the third verse:

'Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.'

And the next verse came with such tenderness, and such manifest relish on the leader's part, that even Widow Pascoe was stirred into looking at the words to see what it was that she

had never noticed in them before:

'There is a Stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God:
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.'

Then in the fulness and power of the afternoon's blessing, Dan'el drew near to the Throne of Grace, leading the little company into the very presence of God, and inspiring them with his own boldness.

Dan'el had but one rule in the order of his Class-meeting. Whatever the Class-meeting is or is not, it surely was never meant to be a round of vague little sermons; still less was it meant to be for preaching the very same little sermons, week after week, until everybody knows them 'by heart.' Heart-talk—real, fresh, living heart-talk—this Dan'el must have, and would. Almost anything that kept away a dead sameness, in form or phrase, commended itself to him at once. So Dan'el had no difficulty in bringing in the result of the week's meditation. He began at once:

'Friends, I've been thinkin'

that I can't do better to-night than talk a bit from the Word. My mind has been runnin' a good deal lately 'pon this story here, in the thirteenth chapter of Genesis. An' I may so well give 'ee some o' my thoughts about it while they are warm.'

Just then a late comer lifted the latch of the door with much clatter, and was bustling at the mat outside. Dan'el waited, for all eyes were turned from him.

'I've heard 'em say that when poverty knock to the door, love do fly out through the window. Well, that may be true, or it mayn't. But this here is always true: when late comers do open the door, listenin' do fly out o' the window, or up the chimney, or somewhere. 'Tis all gone.'

Just as the sentence was finished, John Trundle appeared at the open door. He was always late—in the old time because the village shop demanded his presence. 'Business must be attended to,' was a great saying, which he quoted as solemnly as if it were in the Bible; and on the strength of its warrant the Prayer-meeting, the Class-meeting, and every other week-night service must stand aside. Now that he was not so dependent on the village shop, he was always late still; perhaps because he did not care enough about the meeting to come in time; possibly, too, because it added to the sense

of his own importance. A man of such influence was not going to be told when he should come.

Dan'el waited a little longer, until the disturbance had ceased and Trundle had found a chair; then he went on again very good-humouredly:

'Glad to see 'ee, John; though, there, I would rather have had 'ee here in time to begin, too. 'Twas a lovely hymn that we had. But just as you came in I was sayin' that we would have a talk from the Word to-night. 'Tis in the thirteenth chapter o' Genesis—about Lot. Now I'm fine an' sorry that 'tis a subject we do want so much up here to Pen-winnin. But seein' that 'tis, well—I've picked it out on purpose, for I'm bound to try an' find the physic that will do most good. 'Tisn't kind, nor right neither, to go givin' folks sweetmeats and gingerbreads when they'm bad for want o' bitters; to be a-poulticin' of 'em with figs when they be dyin' for want of a blister. So here is a subject for us to think about, an' the Lord help every one of us to take out of it what'll do us good.'

Dan'el spoke with a yearning tenderness that went to every heart. The thoughts that had been caught at so fiercely during the week; that had been stitched and hammered at so vigorously, came out now, not softened or edgeless, but with an intense

desire for the good of his little flock that all felt and most of them at once responded to.

'We'll begin here to the fifth verse,' Dan'el went on; the stout forefinger guiding his sharp eye to the words: "And Lot which went with Abram."—There, I don't want for to say anything unkind about the man, but I can't help thinkin' somehow as if that there was the secret of it all. Depend 'pon it, that's how it was that Lot could ever come to settle in that dreadful city—he only "went with Abram." He hadn't heard the Voice of God callin' him to the Land o' Promise; if he had, he never would have gone to Sodom; or when he got there, he would have come out again a brave deal faster than he went in. That's it. He just went 'long with Abram, an' so when he sees a place where he thought he could make his fortune a bit quicker, away he goes, never mind about anything else. 'Tis just the same now-a-days. Lots o' folks think that they are quite religious enough just because they do go along with religious people and call themselves by the same name. That'll do for a time perhaps. But there, even while it do last, they go along so dull an' heavy that you can see in a minute their hearts aren't in it. 'Tisn't a morsel o' good—not a morsel. I've heard these kind o' people singin': "Nail my affections to the Cross."

Nail 'em! Why, bless 'ee, they aren't sticked with so much as a wafer. The first bit o' pleasure that beckons to 'em, an' they're off; jingle a few pieces o' silver in their ears an' you can draw 'em anywhere. Friends, let us look right into our hearts an' make sure that 'tis all right with us. We shall never reach the Celestial City by just goin' along with good folks that are 'pon the road. A man must have the Voice of God comin' right home to his own heart an' callin' him into the land that He will show us. Why, once when Jesus was goin' across the sea, it do say that there was a lot o' little ships that "went with Him." But when the storm came they wanted something more than that: they wanted the Blessed Master aboard with 'em then. 'Twas only them that were in the ship with Him that could come an' say, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" Goin' along with the Lord Jesus Himself wasn't enough. So soon as ever it began to blow a bit the little ships ran for the harbour; an' before that I expect some of 'em drifted away with the current; an' some saw a big fish an' got the lines overboard; and by the time the Lord was to the other side you don't hear anything more about them. We must have the Lord Jesus aboard with us, friends. It must be Christ in the heart;

or we shall part company with Him, like Lot did with Abraham.

'But there is another thing that we mustn't forget. "And Lot also, which went with Abram, had flocks, and herds, and tents."—There, friends, let us mind that. 'Tisn't salvation to go 'long with good people, but mind you 'tis a good thing for all that. So long as Lot went with Abram he had flocks, an' herds, an' tents. But when he left Abram he lost all he had, and lost it all twice over. Goin' with good folks is a good thing. You're a'most sure to pick up some o' the heavenly manna that the Blessed Father do send down for His children; for when He opens the windows o' heaven He always sends more than there's room enough to receive, an' then there's a chance for empty souls. Why, I very often see folks so poor an' lean an' empty in their souls that they can't do nothin' but grumble. Ah! if they'd only get in with some old saint, and have a talk, an' a bit o' prayer, why, they'd pick up so fast that you'd hardly know 'em. There's folks that do call theirselves religious, an' yet they scarce get so much as a crumb o' comfort or a crust o' grace week in or week out.'

Dan'el turned significantly to the page of his Class-book, and traced the names of one or two who were frequently absent. He sighed and shook his head.

'Ah, if they'd only fall in with God's people and go 'long with 'em a bit, there'd be a blessin' for 'em very often. 'Tisn't savin', but a man does stand a better chance o' hearin' the Voice of the Lord callin' him if he do keep company with them that are hearin' it all day long. If the little ships hadn't got Jesus aboard, still they shared in the calm when they went with them that could wake Jesus up. 'Twasn't enough to go along with Jesus when He went into the wilderness, but for all that 'twas a good thing—"they did all eat, and were filled."

Dan'el stayed a few moments, as if he wanted that to sink in and get settled before he went on again. Then he turned to the open Bible once more.

"And the land was not able to bear them, . . . for their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together." Ah! people do think that riches is always good—the best of all good. But here it is doin' what Solomon says o' the talebearer, 'tis separatin' very friends. That was more than famine could do, and all their wanderin's too. 'Tis just the same with a good many folks now-a-days. Let 'em get rich, and there—'tis very soon off with the old love then! 'Twas when money knocked to the door that Lot's love flew out o' the window, and 'tis very often like that. And a good thing if their money don't

come in between them an' their Best Friend, the lovin' Lord Jesus Himself. But mind, 'tisn't always so. Here's Abraham—he's very rich too, but for all that he isn't altered a bit; just so generous an' friendly as ever. But in a general way, it'll take a man with so much religion an' so big a soul as Abraham had, for to manage it right. I wonder if there's anybody that do ever pray to the Lord like Agur did, that they mayn't get rich.'

John Trundle started at the thought and looked up amazed. Could there be any such madness anywhere? And who was Agur? It must be in the Apocrypha: there were all sorts of strange things there; so John had heard.

' Yet many men might do worse things than that. I've heard say that everybody thinks he could drive a gig or manage a small farm. That may be, but I do know that everybody thinks he could do a lot o' good if he only had a lot o' money. I do, my own self—fine an' often. Yet I expect that five out of six of us would go hurtin' ourselves with it, body, soul, an' spirit—an' hurtin' other people too.

"And there was a strife."—Iss—there 'tis, you see. I've seen it just the same up here to Penwin-nin half-a-dozen times. A sort o' religious man do get rich—then he begins for to think great things of his own self, an' very little things o' everybody else. He begins to go up an' down, scoldin' an' fault-findin'; an' stingy too. An' they that are 'bout en do catch his tone, an' do imitate his ways—an' so there's sure to be strife in the Church and in the world.'

John Trundle coughed timidly as



a kind of anxious protest that the cap did not fit him in any degree, and that he did not trace any possible resemblance to himself.

'I saw a picture once of a young woman, or angel, or something o' that sort, and she had a great horn in her hand filled with all kinds o' flowers an' fruits that she was flingin' out as she went along. The road behind her was all crowded with hungry folks bein'

fed, an' ragged folks clothed, an' children bein' learned, and missionaries preachin'. And on before her all sorts o' horrible things was hurryin' out of her way so fast as ever they could. Underneath the picture there was the young woman's name, an' it was called "Prosperity." Well, she may be like that sometimes, an' I don't see why she shouldn't be like that always. But she isn't—she isn't. I've a-seen her like an old hag of a witch; with a dreadful evil eye, ill-wishin' everybody; goin' about a-mumblin' an' a-mutterin' all sorts o' things; her hooked fingers tryin' to claw hold o' everything they come across. That's more like "Miss Prosperity" very often. Goin' about partin' friends, an' sowin' strife an' misery, an' a-grippin' an' a-grindin' everything for to bake a bigger cake for her own self. Makin' folks so grand that you don't hardly know 'em, an' makin' them so high an' mighty that they don't know you either.'

And Dan'el turned to the chapter.

'Then, friends, I been thinkin' a good deal about what it do say here: "The Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land."—Seemin' to me that this is put in for to show the danger o' the quarrel. While they were squablin' with each other, these here heathens might come and carry away their flocks an' herds, an' perhaps theirselves too. I know

that 'tis so along with the Church: only let them begin to quarrel, and the Devil can steal a'most all they've got. Why, when I was only a little lad I was old enough for to know that it was no good goin' fishin' in the still clear water—they could see 'e in a minute; 'twas in the stickles an' the broken water that we pulled 'em out. The Devil can't catch much where 'tis all calm an' peaceful. But there—it do fret me for to think o' what the old Enemy have stole from up here lately. 'Tis dreadful to think about—dreadful! Not to say nothing about the times he've drove me from my work, an' the nights that he've stole sleep from my eyes;—if that was all, why, I could thank en for it, for he have overshot the mark very often, an' many an' many a blessin' I've had lately when he've sent me up to the Throne o' Grace. But there—only to think what charity the old thief have took away from us; and what peace o' mind; an' what zeal for the Lord's work. Why, the very singin' isn't what it used to be; an' as to power in prayer, there's scarce any left. An' then, the old thief—'tisn't only what he do steal. I s'pose he've heard folks say, "Exchange is no robbery"—or perhaps he taught 'em to say so, very likely. So he've left a lot o' his ghastly old jealousy an' bitterness behind en instead.'

As Daniel caught sight of the

next verse there came a longer pause. He sighed deeply, and his voice sank into its saddest tone.

'That's bad enough; isn't it, friends? But that isn't all. Listen to this here: "And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee."—Ah! that's the most dreadful thing about it: "Me and thee." The words do keep ringin' in my ears day and night—"Me and thee."'

His voice grew husky, and the tears crept down his cheeks.

'Think of it, friends. Quarrelin' among the servants do come to be fightin' against our Blessed Master. Lot comes up expectin' to meet the angry blusterin' herdmen, an' he's thinkin' o' the mighty things he'll say and do. But instead o' that, here was Abraham comin' to meet him. Why, Abraham had given Lot everything that he had. He had taken him up when he was a poor orphan an' been a father to him. Why, Abraham loved him so well that he was ready to go out an' risk his life for him, an' he did too only a little bit later. An' now he comes up all so grieved-lookin', an' he holds out his hands an' says: "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee." Ah! friends, isn't it just like the Blessed Lord Jesus do come to you an' me? He has given us all that we've got: life an' salvation. 'Tis all o' His

mercy that we are out of hell. He took us into His family and made us His own children. Ah! bless His holy Name, He has redeemed our lives from destruction with His precious blood, an' laid down His life for us. An' now, friends, seemin' to me as if this Blessed Jesus do come to you an' me to-night, holdin' out His hands—His pierced hands—an' sayin' all so grieved, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between Me and thee"—"Me and thee".'

For a moment Dan'el's deep feeling overcame him. Then, as if that Sacred Presence stood there visibly before him, he bowed his head. 'O! my Blessed Master, I kiss Thy outstretched hand. Let me die before ever I should come to be at strife with Thee, my blessed, crucified Redeemer!' Presently he looked up, his voice softened and subdued: 'Friends, I will take my share to myself, the Lord helpin' me. I do know that I'm impatient very often, an' I do speak out sharp an' quick very often. But these here words have come right home to my heart and a'most broke it: to think that ever I could be at strife with my loving Saviour! I've been away alone with Him to-day, and I've prayed to Him with all my heart that He would pluck out this tongue o' mine, and that He'd cut off this here hand, before ever they should come to quarrel with Him.'

Dan'el covered his face with his hands for a minute or two, and many another head was bent in earnest silent prayer. When he looked up, his face was bright again and his voice had recovered its cheery firmness. 'There,' said he, wiping his eyes, 'the Lord send that right into our hearts, friends, and make it stick there for to keep 'em tender. Amen.'

'Amen,' responded a score of fervent hearts.

'Well, I don't want to have all the talk to myself; so now, friends, 'tis your turn.' But as Dan'el spoke he eyed the chapter, and held the cover of the Book in his hand as if very reluctant to shut it. 'Though there—one might say a brave deal more about it, too—and—' he hesitated and looked round the little room —'if you do think that 'tis so well for me to go on while 'tis all fresh 'pon my mind, I will.'

It was young Captain Joe that spoke out: 'I believe the Lord gave you the message a-purpose for us, my dear leader; and if He have, then you're bound to deliver it all.'

Almost every head nodded its approbation. Only John Trundle looked as if he wished to break the thread of the discourse; but he checked himself, and tried to cough a little cough of utter indifference, as if it were a matter that really did not concern him in any way. Widow Pascoe, for her

part, maintained an air of severe neutrality.

In a moment the cover of the sacred old Bible dropped back again on the table, and Dan'el's finger lighted at once on the ninth verse.

"Is not the whole land before thee?" that's what Abraham said —"separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."—If it be possible, as much as lieth in us, we are to live peaceably with all men. But if you can't, then better part in peace than live in strife. Well, Lot jumps at the chance directly. He was the youngest, and owed everything to Abraham. Never mind that—he was too rich to be generous. I can hear him mutterin' to himself: "A man with so many flocks and herds dependin' upon him must look sharp and take care—'tis a very responsible position." And I can hear him sayin', too, just like these worldly kind o' religious people go excusin' theirselves to-day: "You see, uncle is so open-hearted and unspectin', that if I didn't take advantage of his kindness, somebody else would —so I s'pose that I must take my choice." It was bad enough that Lot should choose at all, friends, but 'twas a hundred times worse that he should choose what he did. But let us read about it:

"He lifted up his eyes,"—There—he walked by sight. An' what he saw was all lovely; a valley well watered everywhere, so beautiful as the garden o' the Lord. Ah! but what he didn't see was a good deal more than what he did. It always is. He should have had a bit o' prayer about it; then the Lord would have opened his eyes to see the fires o' hell creepin' up ready to burst upon the place an' to burn 'em all—flocks an' tents an' herds an' everything. Lot saw that the place was well watered everywhere—that was enough, what more could anybody wish for? So away he went, to live there.

'I've got an old book home, and it do say that there was a heavy mortgage on that estate. There was, friends, sure 'nough. Listen to this here in the thirteenth verse: "But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly."—Ah! Lot, if you could get that there estate in a gift, you'd never make anything out of it. So sure as ever you do set foot in the place you'll lose all you've got—an' a nice miss if you don't perish your own self, too.

'I do often see it, friends, fine an' often. And I've watched it for years. Here's a young fellow doin' good in the Sunday-school and other ways, promisin' to be a useful man when we old folks are

gone home. You'll hear en singin' so lusty:

"Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

But somebody sends down word that he can make half-a-crown a week more wages up to London. That's enough. No prayer about it; no askin' the Lord what He do see. No thinkin' about the Lord's work. He do lift up his eyes and see that 'tis "well watered," and he's off. "I must get on," says he; and he says it so pious as if it was one o' the ten commandments—but 'tisn't, friends, 'tisn't, though you do hear it so often. An' I don't believe that there's any must about it either. If a man is the Lord's man then I know another must that ought to swallow up all the rest, like Aaron's rod swallowed the others: "I must get up," that's the Christian's must, "an' if I can get on, too, I will. But I must get up."

'There's lots o' these here Lots about still. Aw iss—iss. 'Tis a nice farm, well watered, an' all that, an' so fine a wheat-growin' parish as there is in the kingdom. But mind the mortgage. 'Tis miles away from any Gospel preachin'; an' you must go where your landlord do; an' you must vote accordin' to his orders. Why, it do put a bit o' temper into me for to see a man o' the world that

God have made in His own image an' likeness, go a-sellin' hisself like that. But when 'tis a man that do talk pious about the Lord bein' his Master, an' yet he will go an' sell hisself, body, soul 'an spirit, for a bit o' gain, or a bit more business, or a bit o' some fine body's favour, 'tis dreadful sure 'nough! I don't wonder that the Heavenly Father do make 'em smart for it, like He did Lot. An' serve 'em right, too.'

'But we must make the best of both worlds, you know, Daniel ;' said John Trundle, finishing with a sort of little cough that meant—
'It doesn't concern or scarcely interest me ; only, others may be helped by the remark.'

'Humph,' said Dan'el, scratching his head for a few seconds, and turning it over. 'That isn't Scripture, John.'

John started. He had a faint idea that it was somewhere in the Book of Proverbs. 'No, John, no. I don't know it; an' I don't believe it either. But there—if it was, I fancy it would be well thumbed, an' these kind o' worldly religious folks would call that their favourite passage. An' what would they mean by it? Why, that you're bound for to get so much o' this here world as ever you can; an' just so much o' the next world as is wanted for to make it all right if death was to take 'ee unawares. No. There isn't two worlds—only one. An'

the only world that you and I have got to live in is where we can do the will o' the Father as it is done in heaven.'

'Well, but it says "be diligent in business,"' said John, nodding his head with a sort of triumphant certainty this time.

'It do, John, an' it do mean it too—"not slothful in business." Folks who don't put their heart into their work, don't serve the Lord. Idlers an' drones and them that can't buckle to and do a downright good day's work, is poor Christians—hardly worth the name.'

'But the difficulty that I find is this,' said young Captain Joe: 'diligence in business is apt to take such a hold o' your thoughts that somehow or other it pushes everything else out o' mind; and you are carried away until there is scarcely any thought or any heart left for anything else. I've found it so, I'm sorry to say.'

'Iss—and so have I, Cap'n Joe. But 'tis only because we put asunder what God have joined together. Seemin' to me, friends, that this here "Not-slothful-in-business" is like Adam in the garden of Eden. He's put there for "to dress it and to keep it." But God says: "It is not good that the man should be alone ; I will make him an help meet for him." And so the lovin' Father sends the fair "Fervent-in-Spirit" to be joined in matrimony long with this

"Not-slothful-in-business." Then when they do take each other, an' do love an' honour an' cherish each other, they'll go on well, "serving the Lord." "Not-slothful-in-business" is a poor bachelor. He is like some sheep that are very good kind o' sheep, only they will break the fence, and so they must be coupled. Couple en up with "Fervent-in-spirit" an' they'll go well together.'

Then Dan'el turned again to the Bible. 'But, friends, I wanted to say a word or two more about this story o' Lot. Sodom must have had a bad name even then. And Lot had religion enough to make him feel a bit uncomfortable, I expect, before he could go right down amongst 'em and live there. I do believe, friends, that we lose ever so much o' the meaning o' the Bible because we go forgettin' that folks in them there old times was made o' just the same flesh an' blood, as we are now-a-days. An' Lot talked the matter over with his wife just the same as them that are like him do talk to-day: I can a'most hear 'em: "Well," says Lot, "I can't help thinkin', dear, that 'tis really quite providential that this matter should have happened right here in sight o' this beautiful place." For Providence with these folks is what pays. I knew one of 'em once; he bought a share in a mine down here. Well, so long as ever the mine was a-paying dividends, 'twas

such a merciful providence that he was led to buy that share. But when tin went down, an' there was no dividend,—then he feared that he had gone out of his providential path! Their providence haven't got anything to do with tribulations and trials.'

Widow Pascoe sighed and shook her head.

'And so it haven't got anything to do with triumphs an' glorious victories either. No, 'tis nothing but makin' money an' getting on.

'And if Lot's wife were like the women be now-a-days—some o' 'em, I mean—I do know what she would say. She'd say, "Yes, dear—it does seem so. An' it will be such a pleasant place for the girls, too. Their Uncle Abraham is very good, and all that, you know; but it really is very dull for 'em, poor dears, dreadfully dull. They'll get to know some nice pleasant families, I hope, an' mix a little in society. O' course we must be careful! the place has not got a very good name."

"Iss, we must," says Lot, feelin' uncomfortable; "it have got a very bad name indeed."

"But it is so well watered," says his wife. "And we must not be uncharitable enough to believe all that people say, you know. Besides, think o' what a sphere of usefulness we shall have down there!"

'Ah! Lot, you shall only escape by the skin o' your teeth. But

as for your wife, she shall perish there—turned into a pillar of salt ; neither in Sodom nor out of it, but between the two, like a monument put up for to show what do come o' tryin' to make the best o' both worlds.'

Widow Pascoe sighed again deeply. The women always did get the worst of it according to Dan'el.

Then Dan'el closed the Bible and spoke very gravely :

' There ; I've tried to say what was 'pon my mind. Now the Lord send it home to our hearts. Seemin' to me, that 'tis wanted a'most everywhere, and up here to Penwinnin just so much as anywhere else. Let us take it to ourselves. This Lot was religious, a just man an' a godly man ; but for all that, you see, he was too much o' a worldly man, an' it was nearly the death of him. I believe 't would have been, but for Abraham. On here in the nineteenth chapter it do say that when God destroyed the cities o' the plain, He "remembered Abraham," and sent Lot out o' the place. The fact is, that 'tisn't enough for a man to get a bit o' the fear o' God in his heart, or a bit o' His love, an' then to think that he can go on lovin' the world an' huggin' it up so much as he mind to. "Seek ye first the kingdom o' God" don't mean that we must first go and settle that matter

once for all, and then 'tis all right for ever and we can please ourselves about how much o' the world we'll have. We must put it first, an' keep it there ; or depend 'pon it that we shan't keep it at all. " Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you."

John Trundle nodded his head and repeated the words, as his hand played with his gold chain, 'all these things.'

" "All these things,"" Dan'el went on, as if he had not heard John's voice—' but see what the promise is.' And the Bible was opened at the sixth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. ' Not ever so much money an' land an' a fine house an' costly clothes an' dainty meats an' drinks. No, no. The Heavenly Father do love His children too much for to promise us things like that. Enough to eat, enough to drink, and enough to put on : that's the "all these things." An' I'm certain that there never was a man yet that put the kingdom o' God an' His righteousness in their proper place, but he had them three. An' there never was a wise man yet that havin' them three went frettin' for more.

' But 'tis that *first* that I do want us to mind. " Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness." While I been readin' the story o' Lot an' Abra-

ham I've thought 'pon it again an' again. Here's a man that put the gain first, an' he lost all that he had twice over. Here is a man who wanted nothin' but an altar for the Lord an' a tent for his own self, and God made him one o' the greatest men that ever lived—the father o' kings and o' peoples. Do mind it, friends. Put the kingdom o' God, an' His righteousness *first*. Not the well-watered field, nor the good wages, nor anybody's favour—but *first* the kingdom o' God. If 'tisn't there it will soon be nowhere.

'I don't know much about the ways o' queens an' knights an' such like. But I was thinkin' of it like this: Here comes Her Majesty 'pon the horse, and here's the knight: he've got the bridle, an' he's walkin' along by her side, carryin' his jewelled cap in his hand; an' he's all eyes for his gracious Queen, an' is so quick and graceful. There, that's a pretty pictur' of a good knight.

'But what do 'ee think o' this? Here's the knight up on the horse his own self. "Where's the Queen, Sir Knight?" "O,

she's comin' on behind somewhere!"

'An' there she is, pickin' her way through the mud an' pushin' her way through the crowd! Why, friends, I never did try my hand at that sort o' thing, but I think I'd have that traitor off that horse in a minute, an' I'd go down an' be the Queen's knight myself, clumsy old fellow as I am, afore I'd see her treated like that. Well, so long as our Religion is up on the horse an' we're waitin' 'pon her, we shall go the way Abraham went. But when this here self of ours is stuck up ridin' about, carin' for nothin' but gain or comfort or pleasure, an' only lookin' back over the shoulder to see if our Religion is comin' on behind all right through the mud an' the crowd—don't wonder if she's gone. She won't put up with that. And don't wonder either if thou art clapt into the dungeon 'pon bread an' water as thou dost deserve. 'Tisn't enough to be religious. We must put religion first, an' keep it there; or depend 'pon it, friends, we shan't keep it at all.'

DAN'EL'S NOTIONS ABOUT PREACHING.

SUNDAY at Penwinnin was a fair specimen of 'the Lord's Day' in the mining districts of Cornwall. A sacred stillness rested upon everything, strangely

impressive after hearing through day and night the roar of the stamps, and the clank and clatter of the other mine machinery. In place of the miners in red-stained dress, with the candle

stuck in front of the hard round hat, with pick and borer and powder-tin on the shoulder, there came to-day groups of serious-looking men, in sober black. The merry mine-maidens who had gone to and fro with their large, loose sun bonnets, appeared now in colours bright and gay as their own ruddy cheeks, and with ribbons too

yellow to the furze, such colour even to the rocks, hoary with lichens of daintiest hues, the patches of deep orange relieved by velvet borders of dark moss?

But already the earliest comers gather about the door of the little whitewashed chapel—the women going in and taking their places on the free seats on ‘the women’s side;’ the men standing about the door, as if somewhat shy of entering by themselves.

Rapidly the worshippers arrive now, for Dan’el is to preach this morning, and he is a great favourite: the place will be filled, aisles and all. Curious hearers of the well-to-do class come up from Redburn. Homelier groups come down from the little cottages perched in queer, out-of-the-way places, by nar-



profuse and brilliant, perhaps, to please a severe taste.

The stillness seemed to give a new charm to those grand old granite hills, standing out in the calm, clear air, so sharply cut and so richly coloured, against a sky of the deepest blue. Is it the nearness of the sea, or is it the frequent rain that gives such a depth of colour, such greens to the grassy slopes, such a vivid

narrow roads between the thick, high hedges that shut them in—hedges whose banks of moss are now quite hidden by primroses and luxuriant clusters of fern, whilst the sweet breath of violets scents all the air. Others come through the fields, over the awkward stiles and past the refuse heaps of old mine workings and perilous shafts, half-hidden by thick growth of bramble.

As we go on together, good reader, it will be worth while to hear Dan'el's notions about preaching; notions that had often been turned over, well hammered out and very firmly held. It was as he cobbled away one Monday morning that a talk of the previous day's sermon with young Cap'n Joe, gave an opportunity of expressing his opinions on this matter.

'Well, Cap'n Joe, my advice to everybody is this: "Don't you preach if you can help it." 'Tisn't enough for a man to want to preach. Nor yet for a man to fancy that he could preach. If that was all, good Preachers would be so common as blackberries. An' 'tisn't enough for other folks to think that a man's got a call to preach either; though there is something in that. No; afore ever a man have got any business in the pulpit, he must feel like it was 'long with Jeremiah the prophet. You know, he thought he'd give up preachin', an' take his name off the plan. "I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name:" that is what he said. An' if a man can hold his tongue an' be comfortable about it, 'tis the best thing he can do: there's gabble an' tackle enough in the world a'ready, what with geese and other folks. But, bless 'ee! Jeremiah could no more hold his tongue than he could fly:

"His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." There: when a man do feel like that, he'll preach somehow: he must. An' if a man have never felt like that, well, the Heavenly Father may have meant him for a decent shoemaker, Cap'n Joe, or a carpenter or somethin' o' that sort; but he was never meant for a Preacher 't all, an' nobody could ever make a Preacher out of him either.

'Why, you can tell 'em in a minute—a'most before they do open their mouths; for there's nothing in this world that's further off from each other than them two: the Preacher that men do make and the Preacher that is sent by God. I've noticed that the old prophets always had "a burden" afore they spoke. Like as if the message o' the Lord laid heavy upon 'em, an' pressed them day an' night. That's the difference, Cap'n Joe, between men that can preach an' men that can't. The prophet that is come from the Lord do feel the truth all over him. It do take up all his thoughts, an' do press 'pon his heart, givin' him a thrill o' joy in it his own self, or else makin' him tremble at it with very fear. It'll be ringin' in his ears day an' night, a-followin' him wherever he goes, an' whatever he's a-doin' of. Why, when

the Word o' the Lord comes 'pon me like that, I can't help hammerin' my shoes to the text that I got runnin' in my mind, an' stitchin' 'em with it, like as if it was the application. The very clock will keep tickin' it in my ears, an' a'most everything that I see do come to be mixed up with it. There 'tis, seemin' to me: the Word must be a burnin' fire shut up in the man's bones; an' then he'll preach, then he'll preach.' And Dan'el tapped away at the sole as if that settled the matter. Cap'n Joe was turning the notion quietly over in his mind, without saying a word. Presently Dan'el looked up again, the little eye twinkling merrily:

'An' talking o' bones do put me in mind of another thing. I've heard tell about "Skeleton Sermons." Now, seemin' to me, Cap'n Joe, that there's only one way for a sermon not to be a skeleton. It must come out of a man's own heart, wrapt up in his own flesh an' blood, an' breathin' with the man's own life. If it don't, then there'll be bones; dead bones; nothing but bones. Put together all in order, I dare say, but bones only, Cap'n Joe, for all that. No naturalness about 'em—I do mean no life an' no realness, but a sort of a ghostly thing that you can see through. All varnished an' shinin', may be, but dead bone's still. Why, I should every bit so soon

expect for to see a passle o' skeletons a-walkin' about, as to meet them there kind o' good people that you hear about sometimes from the pulpit, or them there dreadful sinners. I should so soon expect for to see a skeleton standin' up to young Polsue's smithy a-pullin' the bellows, or to see a couple of 'em sittin' down here alongside o' me, mendin' shoes, as to see them there kind o' sermons anywhere out o' the pulpit. They'm skeletons, Cap'n Joe; an' all they're good for is to be kept locked up in a box, and brought out every two or three years, so dead as dust an' so proper as nothin'. There's no life in 'em; no kind o' brotherliness for to shake hands with 'e an' for to wish anybody brave speed. I've very often thought when I've been listenin' to 'em that these here kind o' skeleton sermons would do very well perhaps for a lot o' skeletons to listen to if you could only get 'em together: very good for them that aren't troubled with any flesh an' blood, an' so haven't got to work for their bread an' cheese, an' never need a new suit o' clothes, much less a button put on or a pair of stockin's for to be mended. You see, Cap'n Joe, if you happen for to step 'pon their corns, why, they can't feel it, an' that makes a deal of difference; so 'tis no wonder that they

do stand all the day long smilin' with such a lovely smile, like as if nothing couldn't put 'em out.

'Though, there—it won't do for me to set myself up for knowing how to do it better than other folks; but I have learnt this here lesson: A man may think about his text so much as ever he mind to, an' get ever so much light 'pon it; but when he've made his cake he must take an' bake it down by the fire o' his own heart: and that do mean that he've got some fire down there. Skeletons haven't; they'm all heads an' ribs. There 'tis, Cap'n Joe, depend 'pon it. A man must take the text down to his own heart an' find out what 'tis to his own self: then he can talk about it. He must get the Blessed Lord to be to his own soul what he is tellin' about to other people; then it'll come for to have some real flesh an' blood an' life about en. Never mind what a man do think or what he do see; my belief is that he can't preach any more o' the Gospel than he have got in his own heart.'

Dan'el set down the worn out boot that he was patching, and took up the Bible that always lay near at hand.

'Here, Cap'n Joe, if you do want to find how the Lord do make Preachers, an' where they are to get their sermons from, 'tis in the fifth o' Mark, an' somewhere about the nineteenth verse.'

'About the man that had the devils cast out of him,' said Cap'n Joe, as he found the place.

'Iss, that's it. You see he wanted to be with Jesus, but I expect he was too old for to go to College, an' Jesus said to him: "Go an' tell the people what great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion upon thee." That's the only kind o' Preacher: he that can tell about the Lord Jesus because He has done great things for the man his own self. He can tell how kind an' loving an' gentle Jesus is, because He had compassion upon him. Then it will come up like the water in a spring, fresh and clear an' delicious. An' like I've heard tell o' water too, it do always find its level. If a sermon do come from the lips an' no deeper, it'll get to the ear an' no further. An' if it do come from the head, it'll get into the head an' soon be out again most likely. But if it do come from the heart, Cap'n Joe, depend 'pon it it will get to the heart and be there a well of water springing up into life. Iss, that's it, I'm sure, Cap'n: as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he": and according to what a man's got in his heart so will he preach. If there's nothing in there but old blessin's that come years ago, then there'll be nothing but old sermons. That's how 'tis that there do come to be dry Preachers: they haven't been

drawin' any water lately for their own selves out o' the wells o' salvation. 'Tis a pity that the Lord's ambassadors should ever come to be like them wily fellows o' Gibeon, that took old sacks 'pon their asses, an' wine bottles, old an' rent, an' old shoes an' clouted 'pon their feet, an' all the bread o' their provision was dry and mouldy. However good it was once, though it was took hot out o' the oven, the bread will get dry an' mouldy if you do keep it long enough: an' so will sermons too. A Preacher is a man who do want anointin' with fresh oil once a week to keep en from dryin' up. Seemin' to me that it ought to be now like it was 'long with the people o' Israel: they was fed with manna that come down from Heaven fresh an' new every mornin'. David wanted new joys before he could preach, an' so do we too.'

And Dan'el hammered away again, nodding his head as if that matter was settled beyond all doubt, and he wasn't going to hear a word more about it.

'You're right, Dan'el, I can see it plain enough,' said young Cap'n Joe. "'Tis true, every word of it.'

'Iss, an' there's another thing about gettin' the truth into other people's hearts. I've heard folks talk about "preachin' at people," like as if it was the dreadfulest thing in all the world. Why, 'tis

the only kind o' preachin' that is worth the name. Pick 'em out an' aim at 'em so straight as ever you can. What! go shootin' an' not shoot at the bird. Fire under en or above en or all round en; anywhere except at en, for fear o' hittin' en an' bringin' en down! That's playin' the fool when 'tis for sparrows an' blackbirds; but when you are only trying to bring down men an' women 'tis quite fitty an' proper! Pack o' stuff an' nonsense! Why, I can't preach a morsel if I don't preach straight at people. When I'm a-turnin' over the text I do try an' pick out what'll suit us over here to Penwinnin, an' preach accordin'. I do go over the congregation, an' ask the Blessed Lord to give me a word for them, one by one; you among the rest. An' I do think what there is in it for one an' another; what comfort there is in it for old Widow Polsue; an' what bit o' help for one or two that have had plenty to make 'em feel a bit down. There's one seekin' the Lord, an' he do want a bit of encouragin'; an' there's another do want a word o' warnin', for the world is swallowin' en all up. And then I got to look about an' find a morsel for the children. An' poor Bob Byles' wife tryin' to keep up as she is with all her little ones. I must get a word o' comfort out o' it for her. An' you must hold it out straight

to 'em, Cap'n Joe, if you do mean 'em to take it. If you don't, they are sure to think that 'tis for somebody else. Iss, good powder an' shot is often lost for want of a good aim—an' so is a good many sermons. Preach at the folks, Cap'n Joe—straight at 'em.

'An' mind not to forget the windows. Be sure o' that. Every sermon ought to be builded like the Lord told Noah to build the ark—a "window shalt thou make in the ark."

'Windows, Dan'el!' said Cap'n Joe, looking up perplexed. 'What are they?'

Dan'el turned from his work and pointed to the little window, crowded as it was with tools and scraps of leather and odds and ends. 'Why, for to let the light in through, to be sure, Cap'n. An' not only for to let light in—a skylight would do that well enough. See how nice it is to look out through, an' to see my little bit o' garden, an' Farmer Gribble's fields, with the daisies an' the buttercups, an' the lambs a-friskin' about. That's what windows are for, in houses an' sermons too, Cap'n Joe.'

'You mean illustrations, Dan'el?'

'O' course I do! An' a sermon without them is like a house without windows. Everybody must ha' noticed how the Blessed Jesus kept tellin' the people about the

lost sheep, or the prodigal son, or the faithless steward, or the ten virgins. An' how He kept saying, "The kingdom o' heaven is like" this an' like that. Folks will always prick up their ears so soon as ever the preacher do begin with his "likes." Why, I can't help thinkin' that half the purpose o' the grand old stories in the Bible, about Goliath, and Samson, an' Joseph, an' David, about Moses and Elijah an' Dan'el is for that very thing: for to make windows with 'em. Poor old Clyma, down to Redburn, built a house an' forgot any window in one o' the rooms, an' he never heard the last of it.'

'Yes, I've often heard of that as a joke against old Simon,' said Cap'n Joe.

'Well, for my part, I do believe a man do make every bit so big a blunder for to build a sermon without any illustrations. Why, nine folks out o' ten aren't accustomed for to think over things at all; an' the machinery that they've got for to think with is all rusty for want o' use. 'Tis no good sayin' that they ought to be made to think: you must make the best o' what you got. An' there's women and children, why, if the Preacher do go argeyin' it out, they're sure to get nothin' out o' that. But they are used to seein' things: every one of them can look 'pon a picture. Put in a story, or one o' the Blessed

Master's "likes," and it'll be a window or to let the light in through; an' if you mind to make it so, 'twill be a window for to let 'em look out through too 'pon a pretty little bit of a view. I do know that there's high an' mighty folks that pretend for to think that preachin' like that isn't learned, an' all that. They do like something that nobody can't understand. But I'm sure that 'tis a brave deal better for to try an' be like the Blessed Master. Seemin' to me as if He Who taught us how to pray have showed us how to preach. An' depend 'pon it we can't do better than sit down at His feet in this as in everything else, an' learn of Him Who is "meek and lowly in heart."

Then Dan'el turned to his work. 'But there, Cap'n Joe, this here is only my opinion after all. Let other folks have their notions and stick to 'em. There's heaps o' people that I can't do no good to, an' so I s'pose that we do want different sorts o' Preachers for different kind o' hearers. There is some that can't eat nothing but gingerbread trade 'long with gilt stuck all over it. An' there's some that will spend all their money 'pon nuts that there's no crackin'. An' there's other folks again that would sooner have a hot pasty with good beef an' 'tatoes in en; an' I'm one o' them there.'

'Well, Dan'el, there's no ac-

counting for tastes,' said young Cap'n Joe, laughing.

'No; 'specially when people haven't got no appetite an' no relish either, Cap'n Joe,' Dan'el added, joining in the laugh. For a minute or two he bent over his work again; then looking up, he finished the talk in a tone much more serious than that in which he had spoken before.

'But there—I'm sure that I'm not clever enough nor anyhow fit for to give my advice. I could never preach my own self like I wanted to, much less like I ought to; an' what I've done in that way is fine an' wished, sure 'nough, full o' faults an' failin's. But I have tried for to make the Word plain and simple, so that folks could understand it. 'Tis a terrible thing, Cap'n Joe, an' it do often make me tremble when I do hear Preachers preachin' in this here grand an' highflown style. When the Lord have set a watchman for to give warnin', if his Master have given en a silver trumpet, by all means let en use it—maybe some folks that are very particular about the looks and sound o' things will take more notice of it than they would of an old ram's horn like mine is. But whether 'tis 'pon ram's horns or 'pon silver trumpets, do let a man take care that he sounds it out plain, so that folks can be sure o' what he means. I've heard folks, an'

generally with nothin' but ram's horns either, try to sound the warnin' with so many twists and twirls an' shakes an' flourishes, an' grand kind o' runnin' up an' down, that you couldn't make anything out of it; only like as if he was tryin' for to make folks

think how lovely he was playin', an' thinkin' about the collection afterward. When I do hear them kind o' Preachers, I do feel a'most ready for to think o' what the Bible do say o' Judas: " His bishoprick let another take."'

WE WORSHIP AT PENWINNIN, AND HEAR DAN'EL PREACH.

IT is time for us to enter the chapel, if we hope to secure a seat, for the little place is already nearly filled.

Looking around at the uneven whitewashed walls, one's first thought is that whatever else may have attracted the people it certainly cannot be the beauty of the building. A plainer place could scarcely be imagined. At one end of it is the pulpit—an absurdly high box that reaches almost to the ceiling; the Bible, well worn and with many loose leaves projecting beyond the gilt edges, resting with the Hymn-Book on a cushion of faded velvet. Round the chapel there is a row of hat pegs now more than filled—piled up with hats and caps and a motley collection of head-gear. The pews are tall and high, ugly and uncomfortable, as if designed to render sleep impossible for the drowsy hearer. They stand with a stiff and Pharisaic contempt for the bare and backless forms in front and

on either side of them, which are set apart as the free seats. A little gallery opposite the pulpit completes the heavy and ungainly appearance of the place.

But, good reader, do not despise these little whitewashed chapels which dot the bleak hill-sides of Cornwall, or cluster in the villages. Ugly and old-fashioned though they be, yet they are hallowed places, and many in heaven look down and hold them dear and sacred, second only to that Celestial City itself, paved with gold, and with gates of pearl. By all means let us have strength and beauty in the sanctuary—strength first and always; then beauty, too, if we can. He Who made the trees of Paradise not only 'good for food,' but also 'pleasant to the sight,' would have things fair and beautiful. Let us, however, be careful to imitate the wisdom and tenderness of our gracious Master: 'I have yet many

things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.'

Do not let us carry our forms of worship any more than our religious teaching greatly in advance of the people, or we shall drive them from us. Better a hundred times that little place at Penwinnin, if people feel at home in it, than the most perfect Gothic structure, if they should sit uncomfortably subdued by a style of things to which they are all unused. Let rich Mr. Trundle and his fastidious daughters go to 'church,' as they threaten to do: that is a very little matter compared with the evil of having that plain, hearty, happy service at Penwinnin 'churched' into stiffness and coldness and formality. It is very foolish to suppose that Gothic architecture, and stained glass windows, and syllabic tunes sung in 'strict time,' must of necessity do all this; but our wisdom lies assuredly, in not allowing either architect or choirmaster to set the standard of taste; nor the advanced worshipper, even though he be willing to pay for it. Let us study those for whom the place is built. They will go, and rightly too, where they can find homeliness and heart.

But Dan'el enters the pulpit, and the service begins. The opening hymn is a familiar one, and is sung to a familiar 'trumpet metre' that always goes well.

It told what Dan'el thought of the little chapel:

'Lord of the worlds above!
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode My heart aspires
With warm desires To see my God.'

Everybody sings; heartily too, and in tune, the roll of the bass from 'the men's side,' and the clear treble of 'the women's side,' gaining each a richer fulness by the old-fashioned division. The tune is one in which the treble and bass part company for half a line, like a stream cleft by a rock, each holding on its way to meet again rapturously at the end of the verse. Well, it is bad taste to admire those old tunes with 'their twists and their twirls an' their shakes an' their flourishes all up an' down,' as Dan'el would say. Many of them certainly did run to absurd lengths; yet whether we have tunes ancient or modern, would that we always had such music in our worship and such heartiness as that with which the words ring out this morning!

'The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From holy, humble souls:
Thrice happy he, O Lord of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts Alone in Thee.'

And now Dan'el kneels in prayer. As he pleads, simply and earnestly with the Heavenly Father, an irregular volley of 'Amen.' rises from all parts of the chapel; once or twice giving

place to a rapturous ‘Praise the Lord !’

To you, good reader, this is perhaps more than unpleasant. You like something at least devout and orderly. This distracts your thoughts ; it offends your sense of reverence. ‘The Lord is in His Holy Temple.’ Well, they are an excitable and sometimes noisy people, these West Cornish Methodists ; and there are times when the fervour and noise rise to a much higher pitch than on this Sunday morning. There is too, perhaps, a tendency to rest in such excitement : to let the religious life expend itself in such rapture. Yet it is only fair to ask ourselves, Where again can we find such a host of devout, praying, godly men as amongst these Cornish miners, born and bred amidst these noisy services ?

And it may be well to ask further, whether intense religious feeling must, or can indeed, flow always in the channels that are dug for it ? David danced with all his might before the Lord, much to the annoyance and vexation of his more æsthetic wife. And Abraham, that right reverend

father, ‘fell upon his face, and laughed’ when God gave him the promise of a son. And as to the primitive Christians, there must have been no little noise in the streets of Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost when Peter had to make this defence of the disciples : ‘These are not drunken, as ye suppose.’

At any rate, good reader, these Western folk have some real religion to make a noise over — and that certainly is better than that most dumb propriety without any religion, with which most of us are much more familiar.

Dan’el’s text that morning was from Malachi iii. 10 : ‘Prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.’

Taking off the big spectacles, Dan’el laid them slowly beside him, and after a long pause burst out suddenly, in a tone that almost startled one, and in his sharp, jerky manner : ‘Friends, things long with Israel in Malachi’s time was just the same as they be up



to Penwinnin now—wisht; dreadful wisht. An' for the same reason too. They forgot for to pay the Lord's dues.'

Again Dan'el paused, and, in place of the sharpness, he spoke with tenderness and grief: 'But there's one thing here that do come right to my heart. I can hardly think about anything else, friends. 'Tis this: How the Lord longed for to bless them. An', bless His name, He is just the same to us as He was to them. Ah! friends, I believe 'tis a real grief to Him, and it do hurt His love when we shut the windows o' heaven. No wonder that we should pray to the Lord, poor an' needy as we are, an' dependin' 'pon His bounty for everything. But here is a wonder, sure 'nough—for here is the King o' Glory a-beggin' an' prayin' of *us*; an' what for? Why, to let Him bless us like He wants to!

'Yet these were people that had done enough to provoke Him past all patience. They had robbed Him, an' He their lovin' and pitiful Father! They had gone tellin' lies about Him an' His blessed service. They had cheated Him o' His tithes an' dues. They had insulted Him with anything that was poor an' bad an' torn an' worn out. And after all that the Lord do speak all full o' pain an' grief. He's longin' to have His son come back to His heart again. "Return

unto Me," says He. And the way He says it is all so grieved an' sorrowful that it might break anybody's heart to hear Him;—the Lord open our ears to hear it. "Return unto Me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord."

'And now, friends, I do want you to look well at the text; long enough for to see this here very plain. Folks can read a bill an' know all about it to a ha'penny the first time o' goin' over it. I do wish that they'd read their Bibles like they do their bills. Then they would come to see something in the text that most people don't think about. This is what the Lord wanted the tithes for, because then He could "open the windows o' heaven and send down a great blessin'."

'There's scores o' people do hear them words: "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse"—an' then they're off. They never think what 'tis for. Poor things! the crack o' the Master's whip is in their ears; an' they must dig an' sow an' reap an' bring in the uttermost farthin'—like as if the Blessed Father only wanted for to get out of us so much as ever He could. If they waited long enough for to look at the text they'd see very different from that. Bless His name, what He wants is for to give us so much as we can carry away. So He do ask for the tithes like as if He

wanted us to get rid o' some o' our common stuff to make a bit o' room for His great blessin'.

'Why, down here, 'long with us, spite o' our wants an' our greediness, 'tis more blessed for to give than to receive. What must it be, then, with the lovin' Lord Who gave Himself for us! how He must long for to fill up all our wants! An' so He do ask for the tithes, just like Elijah asked for the first cake, but it was only that he might fill the widow's barrel o' meal an' increase her oil. 'Tis like the Blessed Jesus, sittin' there 'pon the well, all thirsty an' tired. He says to the woman, "Give Me to drink." But He was thinkin' about her all the time, an' wantin' her to ask for a cup o' the water o' life that she might never thirst any more. Why, the Bible is full of it. 'Tis like the sons o' Jacob when they went down to Egypt, and they took a little present o' balm an' honey an' nuts, and they brought it down to the palace o' this here great prince. They were all so frightened, an' trembled all over an' bowed their heads. But the prince fetched 'em in to dinner with him, an' he filled their sacks with corn. An' that wasn't half enough. He fell 'pon their necks an' said, "I am Joseph your brother"; an' he couldn't rest till he had brought them all down into the land o' Goshen to live

right there along with him. 'Tis just like that, dear friends, with our lovin' Lord. "Bring in the tithes," says He, "that there may be meat in Mine house,"—but He can't stop there, an' we mustn't either,—"and prove Me now herewith, if I will not open you the windows o' heaven, an' pour you out a blessin', that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

'Now the Lord send the word home to our hearts while we think o' these here three things. First, The windows o' heaven are shut over us. Second, We have been an shut 'em our own selves. An' third, The blessin' that'll come when once the windows are opened again.

'Well, friends, I'm 'fraid that there's no doubt about the first thing—not a morsel. The windows o' heaven be shut over us up here to Penwinnin. The signs nowadays is just the same as they were in the old time. There was the destroyer in the fields. They might dig an' sow an' plant an' prune so much as ever they mind to. But it all came to nothin'. The frost killed half of it; and the worm was at the root, an' that killed a'most the other half. An' o' what managed to escape them, all the fruit fell off afore it was ripe. 'Tis 'zactly like that whenever the windows o' heaven are shut. We do preach an' pray an' work an' sow an'

plant; but it do all come to nothin'. There's the frost in the air, friends: we'm all so cold an' stiff. There's a nippin', blightin' chill in folks. You can see it in their looks, and you can feel it in all their ways. They've a-got the east wind in 'em, and the good seed haven't got so much as a chance. And there's the worm at the root of it: ghastly old pride eatin' up everythin'—except the weeds; an' wretched old jealousy goin' about ill-wishin' it all. An' the east wind o' worldliness a-witherin' all the grace and spoilin' the King's garden.

'And what can we do for to keep these here dreadful things away? We can't turn the wind, an' fetch the breezes out o' the south. Patent ploughs an' clever farmin' won't keep off frost or stop the blight. The Lord must open the windows o' heaven. He must unlock His storehouse before ever we can get sunshine an' showers, an' good crops. An' that's true in the Church. We have got the old Gospel—thank God for it! But where's the old power gone to? We have got the same means o' grace; but they'm like Carwinnin stream in a hot summer—there's the old watercourse, but 'tis all dried up to nothin'. Iss, we got our Preachin' an' our Prayer-meetin' an' our Class-meetin' just the same, but they're so dead! Why, we can mind times up here—can't

us, friends?—when the Word o' the Lord have burned like a fire; when it have gone right through big sinners, like an arrow straight out o' God's bow, an' they've been struck down there an' then cryin' for mercy.'

'Bless the Lord!' responded some old saint, fervently.

'Iss, times when nobody could get any rest, for them that had found the Lord was busy all day long a-teachin' them that was seekin' Him. Night an' day, home an' 'pon the road, sometimes in bed an' sometimes down the mine, the Spirit o' God was convincin' them o' sin, till a'most everybody you met could talk o' nothin' else but the way o' salvation.'

Again came the response, but from half-a-dozen glowing hearts now.

'Why, I can mind when we've come together in this dear old place an' the glory o' the Lord have filled the house. Sing! you could hardly sing for tears o' joy an' gladness. Ah! some o' you can mind the times, friends—the King's banquetin' days—when it was like as if the Blessed Lord made a great feast, an' descended so low as to ask us poor folks up here to Penwinnin to come in 'long with His lords and chief captains. An' He couldn't do enough for us. 'Twas ask an' have what we mind to, unto the half of His kingdom! Ah! an'a

long way more than that, bless Him! to sit in heavenly places with Him, right up beside Him 'pon His throne!'

'Glory be to God!' rang from different parts of the chapel, as many began to find something of the old blessing in the memory of those better days.

'But there, 'tis wisht poor speed long with us now, friends. An' this here is the reason of it: the windows are shut—the windows o' heaven. People do go puttin' it down to scores o' things that haven't got no more to do with it than the man in the moon. I'm a'most ashamed for to hear 'em go talkin' about it as they do. "Aw," says one, "the times is altered. The old Gospel was all very well for the old times, but we do want somethin' more." An' nowadays you mustn't expect to do no good without you do go argeyin' agen all the other learned folks an' provin' they're all wrong. Friends, don't you believe such a pack o' nonsense. Our Master's orders is just so plain now, an' just so bindin' too, as when He was down here 'pon the earth: "*Preach the Gospel.*" We got to stick to that. If that do fail, well, that won't be our fault; but we haven't got no business to go a-tryin' to tinker an' mend it with our foolish ways an' doin's. Why, the very bread a man eats might choke these lies in his throat. Thousands o' years ago

God made the corn, and He put into it life enough for to last so long as ever folks should want bread to eat. An' let 'em get so rich and so learned or so anything else as they mind to, bread they do want, an' bread is life to 'em all the same. An' is the glorious Gospel o' this same Blessed God so badly made that 'tis worn out a'ready? Is it so badly put together that it'll break down an' all go to pieces so soon as ever people do begin to think a bit. 'Tis nonsense. 'Tis a'most blasphemy, for to go a-talkin' like that.'

An' Dan'el stayed a moment as if he had to hold back the indignation that stirred within him. He tightened his lips and nodded his head as he went on again:

'No, friends. There's only one reason. An' the sooner we do see it, the sooner it'll be mended. There!' (and Dan'el pointed upward.) 'There—the windows o' heaven are shut. That's why 'tis. An' so there's no dew o' His blessin' 'pon the Lord's field. There's no sunshine. There's no showers for to water the earth. An' that's why 'tis all so parched an' barren.

'Now the next thing about the windows o' heaven is this here: We have shut them over our own selves.

'Tis all our doin's, friends, an' nobody else's. We must see that plain, or we shall never mend

matters 't all. An' 'tis a fine an' hard thing to see too; but 'tis true. I don't believe that the windows o' heaven have got any bolts or bars either 'pon the Lord's side. We shut them, an' we do put over the bolts. Why, there's such a weight o' blessin' heaped up 'pon them that the minute the bolts are pulled back, they are bound to fly open directly —they can't help theirselves about it.

' But if folks in those days were like they be hereabouts an' nowadays, I do know that they'd put the fault down to everything an' everybody sooner than to their own selves. I can hear 'em talkin' about it.

" "Aw," says one, " windows o' heaven opened! Why, 'tisn't a morsel o' good to expect that there; not a morsel; 'long with the preachers we got. If we only had a man like old So-and-so, or a Minister like Mr. Somebody, of Somewhere, there'd be a bit o' chance. But now!"—an' they'd fling up their head like as if you might so well expect the sky to fall as for the windows o' heaven to open. But see, friends, the Lord didn't send a Jonah to preach to them. The mischief wasn't to be mended that way 't all.

" " Well," says another, " I dare say that there may be something in what Uncle John do say, but my 'pinion is this here: you can't expect for to get along, an' to do

any great things, without you do get a new harmonium. Fiddles an' flutes is so old-fashioned."

' But see, friends, the Lord didn't send another David among 'em for to drive the devil out with the sound o' music.

" " Aw," says another, " 'tis no use talkin' like that. You do want a new chapel. 'Tisn't likely that you are a-goin' to have any great blessin' in a barn of a place—thatched and whitewashed—like our chapel is."

' Well, friends, see again. The Lord didn't say a word about that; an' I'm glad that He didn't. Bless Him! Just as if He was not the same meek and lowly Jesus now as when He was born in a stable an' laid in a manger.

' An' some o' the old folks would talk about it very serious, an' a'most make anybody think that the openin' o' the windows o' heaven depended 'pon the shape o' the bonnet or the cut o' the hair.'

Widow Pascoe groaned a faint groan, and shook her head very solemnly.

' But the text haven't got a word about that. This is all that the Lord told the people to do: to look after the duties that they'd forgotten. That was all: to mend their evil manners; then the windows would be open right enough. He didn't tell them to come up to chapel an' have a week o' special services. 'Tis a capital

thing, an' I'm not goin' to say a word agen them; but there's one thing better: 'tis better to go home an' serve the Lord with all your heart all the week through. Then come up with your special services to receive what the Lord is sendin' down. 'Tis a good thing to preach a rousin' sermon 'pon a Sunday evenin'; but mind, 'tis a good thing, too, for to go out 'pon the Monday mornin' tryin' to please God an' to glorify Him. 'Tis a good thing to pray in a Prayer-meetin', "Lord, revive Thy work": but if we do want to have the windows o' heaven open, we must do more than that, friends. We must keep our tempers. We must pay our debts. We must be kind an' patient an' lovin'. 'Tis the want o' these things that do shut up the windows o' heaven. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . an' prove me now herewith, saith the Lord o' Hosts": "herewith."

'But we must get up a bit closer to the windows, friends, an' see what bolts these are, and who they do belong to. Don't let us be too proud for to own to it if they're yours an' mine. The Lord open our eyes an' stir up our hearts.'

Then Dan'el put on his spectacles solemnly and looked up for a few seconds; his head turned a little aside and his eye fixed as if trying to read something.

'I'll read the names o' the bolts. Ah! there's one there; why, there's two o' the same sort — there's half-a-dozen o' them, an' more than that, an' they're all the same—"Hurried Prayer."

He took off his spectacles and looked around the chapel. 'Now, who owns to that? Ah, friend, you can mind the time when it was well with the garden o' the Lord in your heart. 'Twas fenced off for the Blessed Master's own. Ah, an' what beautiful fruit there was: love, joy, peace! An' there was scarce an hour o' the day but you would hear His Blessed Voice as He walked in the garden. But now! now!—'tis all winter, isn't it? Trees stripped! flowers all dead an' gone! Now the place is all covered with dead leaves, and the winds do go a-howlin' an' moanin' about the place. Why, the very walls have tumbled down in a good many places, an' the world do come trampin' all over the place like as if it hadn't got any Master for to take care of it. An' there's the reason of it all: you've got the great bolt up agen the windows o' heaven. You used to have a good time along with the Lord in the mornin'; now 'tis nothin' but a string o' words without a bit o' heart in 'em. Why, the Blessed Lord used to be so nigh at hand, an' the door was so easy for to

open, that you could turn in a score o' times a day for a word with Him. But now—day after day, week after week, an' you don't hear His Voice or find His Presence; like Absalom when he dwelt in Jerusalem, but "saw not the face o' the king." Come, friend, thou must have at this bolt. Fetch en back. Begin again, in the old ways, an' there'll be the old blessin's for thee. My Master sends thee a challenge; wilt put Him to the proof? "Prove me herewith," says He, "and see if I will not open you the windows o' heaven."

Again the spectacles were put on, and the face was turned upward. He was silent for a few seconds: then nodding his head three or four times, he took off his spectacles and laid them by his side. 'Ah, friends, I thought it was that! I've said to myself half-a-dozen times lately, "Depend 'pon it, Dan'el, that somebody been puttin' that there bolt agen the windows o' heaven." And so they have; there 'tis—"Want o' brotherly love." With one 'tis want o' patience; you've got all sharp-tempered an' angry spoken, an' that's your bolt. Another is all vexed with the neighbour next door, an' can't abide for to think about en or to see en. With another 'tis a ghastly bit o' pride; an' they're too high an' mighty for to notice anybody, much less for to shake

hands with 'em. Another have put up a bit o' unkindness. You had a chance o' doin' somebody a good turn, an' you wouldn't go half-a-dozen steps out o' your way to do it—perhaps you went two or three steps the other way to find an excuse for not doin' it.

'Now, perhaps you think that these are little matters that don't make any difference. Why, you know well enough that it don't take much for to bar the door with. And brotherly love is a thing that our Lord is so particular about that He won't let a man knock to the door o' heaven till he is in love an' charity with his neighbour; much less will He open the windows o' heaven for him. You may go on prayin' and thinkin' yourself wonderful religious, but 'tisn't a bit o' good so long as that bolt is up; not a bit. You go talkin' about your lovin' the Lord Jesus. Well, I shouldn't like for to say that you was a story-teller 'zactly; but this is what is wrote down in the Scripture: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen?"

'Friends, that bolt have got to come back. An' he may so well come first as last. 'Tis an awkward bolt to handle, too. But if you do only make up your mind about it, why, a word or a look

will sometimes send en flyin' back in a minute. Come now, brother, wilt accept the Lord's challenge? "Prove Me now herewith, and see if I will not open you the windows o' heaven."

"But, friends, there is just one more bolt I want for to say a word about! 'Tis the same as these people put up in the old times. An old rusty bolt 'tis. An' he's in so tight that there's hardly any movin' of en. He must be oiled well before he'll start. I'll read out the name of it, an' then you that it do belong to can claim it for your own selves."

Looking upward, with the spectacles drawn out to the tip of his nose as if to see more distinctly, Dan'el spelt out the name: 'N-I-G—'tis a long word, friends, an' I was never very much o' a hand at long words: N-I-G-G-A-R-D-L-I-N-E-S-S. Ah! that's it—"niggardliness." Well, you'll have to grease that bolt well with oil o' liberality, an' have at en with the sledge hammer o' the Word before ever he'll start. But till he's back, friend, the windows o' heaven will never be open. You do think o' what you are savin'. Well, 'tis worth while to think too o' what you are losin'. "Prove Me now herewith, and see if I will not open you the windows o' heaven, an' pour you out a blessing such that there

shall not be room enough to receive it." There! you're makin' a bad bargain; that is what you're losin', friend—"more than there's room to receive."

"But now I want to stir up our minds, dear friends, by thinkin' o' what "the Lord will pour down 'pon us if only the windows be opened again." "Windows o' heaven"—well, here's a story for you boys an' girls, so well as for us old folks. Once 'pon a time there was a great city, an' a great army came up against it for to take it. They couldn't do that, so they said "Let's starve 'em to death then." So they put a guard all round the place, an' watched day an' night so that nobody shouldn't go in or out, an' waited. Well, very soon all the food in the city was eaten up, an' the people began to be in dreadful want, sure 'nough, an' was mad with hunger. The houses was all stripped an' bare; an' the faces was all pale an' hollow; the poor little children was all cryin' an' dyin' o' very want. Now when the king o' the city saw the dreadful state o' things he got into a rage, an' said that he'd kill the prophet o' the Lord for sendin' all these troubles 'pon the people. An' away he went with one o' his knights for to cut off the prophet's head. But as he was comin' the prophet saw him, an' cried out: "By tomorrow this time there shall be

plenty of bread, your majesty,—enough an' to spare."

"Why, where could it come from? All the bread in the place was eaten up long ago; an' nobody could send them any help from outside. There was only one way that it could come, an' the king's servant turned up his lip an' sneered. "Pooh," says he, "if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be."

"Ah, friends, that's just what God was goin' to do! Well, that night there was four poor lepers sittin' in the gate o' the city, so miserable as ever they could be. "I wish I was dead," says one. "So do I," says another. "So I do too," says both the others. "Well, things can't be no worse 'long with us, come what will; so I tell 'ee what 'tis, comrades. I'm goin' over to the camp o' the enemy. If they do kill us, why, we shall only die a bit sooner, an' if they save us alive, why there, we shall live." So away they go.

"Tis just in the twilight. An' now they do begin to get near to the camp an' feel a brave bit frightened, I expect, for the sentinel will be walkin' up an' down, an' he may send a spear a-whizzin' right through 'em afore they know it. But as they do come creepin' along, one tumbles over something lyin' 'pon the ground. He picks it up an' 'tis a lovely robe. Another kicks some-

thin' that goes ringin' an' shinin'. 'Tis a lovely gold cup. Then another do find somethin' better still; an' that's a loaf o' bread. But there was not a man in the place; only horses tied an' asses tied an' tents all standin', an' all sorts o' things lyin' about 'pon the ground. So there they was with plenty o' bread an' meat an' a good appetite, too, an' nothing to pay; so if they didn't make a good meal 'twas their own fault.

"But, stop," says one o' them, "there's our poor starvin' neighbours home. Let us be gone back an' tell them the good news. They'll hardly believe their ears, will they?" So back they come, an' knock to the gate o' the city. The old watchman wakes up all tremblin', an' thinkin' 'tis the dreadful soldiers come. "Who's there?" he says, tryin' to speak quite bold. Then in a minute he hears the voice of these here lepers:

"Open the gate, do'ee; for the enemy is clean gone. An' they've left all their things behind 'em, tents an' clothes an' bread an' meat an' all sorts. An' there isn't a man left in the camp."

"Well, the news spread like fire, an' out come the folks an' found 'twas all true. The enemy was gone. So every one o' them helped hisself to what he mind to; an' by daylight there was flour so cheap as ever. Ah! the Lord had made windows in heaven, an'

there come a dreadful noise that frightened the enemy all out o' their wits. Every man o' them took to his heels so fast as ever he could run, an' never dared so much as to look behind en. Flingin' away cloak and cup, sword an' spear, away they went, helter-skelter for their very lives. There, that's havin' the windows o' heaven opened; an' that's what the Blessed Lord is waitin' an' wantin' to do for us. No more folks goin' about among us, groanin' "My leanness, my leanness," but bread enough an' to spare. No more folks grumblin' agen each other because things is come to such a pitch; but every man happy an' blessin' the Lord. No more the old enemy

gettin' the upper hand o' us an' threatenin' every day for to be the death o' us; but, instead o' that, the enemy bruised under our feet. Bless the Lord, 'tis comin', 'tis comin'! My Lord, we will take up the challenge, an' put Thee to the proof. An' before the day is over Thou wilt send the glory. Back with the bolts, comrades; every man back with his bolt. Down 'pon our knees before the Lord, an' get the windows opened; an' before the week is over the power will come. The Lord send the Word home. Amen!

And Dan'el closed the book amidst the fervent response of 'Amen!' as it rose from almost every heart in the place.

DAN'EL HAS A VISITOR.

THE morning after the sermon Dan'el was seated at his work humming to himself a favourite old tune. Suddenly the upper half of the door leading into the shoemaker's shop was opened, and Farmer Gribble appeared in the doorway.

A man by himself in the village was Jeremiah Gribble; as distinct from the people of Penwinnin as if he had come from the other side of the earth. Yet his birthplace was only some forty miles away in the eastern part of the county—an unknown

region which the neighbours spoke of rather contemptuously as 'up the country,' or occasionally as 'up in England'; whilst with the old folks Farmer Gribble was described as coming from 'them foreign parts,' which was exactly synonymous with the phrase 'haythen lands.'

For five and forty years 'ould Mest' Gribble,' as he was called, had lived amongst these people, yet his brogue, his dress, his very 'looks,' were as distinct from those about him as on the day of his coming amongst them. Short, stout, red-faced—you saw

at a glance that he did not belong to the same race as these miners: tall and slender, square-shouldered and pale-faced as they were. Then he was almost alone in the parish as a real farmer, where others added the care of a couple of fields and a cow or two to the work of mining. A strict Churchman in a land of Methodists, he was, except the clerk, the only regular attendant at the parish church, for the sexton himself went off to the chapel as soon as he had finished tolling the bell.

Then, again, his East-Cornish dialect was almost as perplexing to these West-countrymen as a bit of Yorkshire; and there was a mutual and undisguised ridicule at what each spoke of as the 'redicklus pernounshiation' of the other.

But it was in the strictness of his Church notions that Farmer Gribble differed most widely from his neighbours. To his mind the parish Clergyman was the embodiment of all authority, and religion in the main was to abide by what he said and did. In addition to this there was thrown

in as a makeweight the due attendance at 'Prayers' on Sunday, and the penance of listening to a twenty minutes' sermon. Whatever religious observances ventured beyond this limit were not only needless, but amounted to a heresy of which the farmer drawled out an angry condemnation. His red face grew redder, and his short hair seemed to bristle all over his cheeks and on his round head as he protested against it:

'Voaks ought tew mind what Paul zaith - zaith he, "Yew muzzzen be righchus ovver much."'
(All Scripture with Farmer Gribble was conveniently indicated by reference to Paul.) 'Theare

es waun gude theng onder the zon,
and thickey's a bit ov religion—I
dew manæ Church, ov course.
And then there es tew bad thengs
—haven' noan and a-haven' tew
much. Anoff es so gude as a
vaiste, and tew much es a'moast
so bad as noan.'

The good Clergyman preached on the Sunday morning in an adjoining parish, and then gave the afternoon to the half-dozen souls that made up the congrega-



tion at Penwinnin, where he lived. But it would not be right to let the reader imagine for a moment that the dear old Vicar was to blame for such a flourishing of dissent. The state of things had come about before his time; and after three generations of these people had grown up in the life and glow of their hearty services, it was no easy matter to win them back to the beautiful but more cold and stately form of the Church service. A man of blameless life, he moved in and out amongst them beloved and honoured, welcomed always in his visits at their houses; and whilst there were many things that were not to his taste, yet a Christian first and then a Churchman, he rejoiced that Christ was preached, and that the Gospel was 'the power of God unto salvation' to hundreds about him.

For Farmer Gribble to go out of the parish even to hear his own Minister was a bit of zeal that would smack of that overmuch religion which he denounced as heresy. So it came about that, for want of something better to do, he sometimes dropped in at the little chapel on the Sunday morning, carefully abstaining, however, from sharing a hymn-book, as a protest against being regarded as a regular member of the congregation. He had been one of Dan'el's hearers on the previous morning.

This morning the farmer had brought with him a leather strap that needed a few stitches from the shoemaker.

'Good mornin',' said Dan'el, looking up from his work for a moment. 'Good mornin', Mest' Gribble; come in, Sir.'

For a minute the farmer stood at the open doorway, quite still and without a word. Dan'el had turned to his work again before the answer came. First there was a deep sigh; then he spoke with a slower, heavier drawl than usual, scratching his head as if to stir up his wits. 'I 'moast avvorgot what I comed for. Tez the strap; et wan'th a stitch or tew, zo Bill zaith.'

Then the farmer came slowly inside the door, and handing the strap to Dan'el, he sat down on a little stool opposite to the shoemaker.

'That's soon done,' said Dan'el, picking up the tools for the work. A few holes thrust through with his shining awl, a vigorous tugging of the stout thread, and it was finished.

'There, Mest' Gribble; if broken hearts were mended so easy as that, 'twould be a different world from what 'tis.'

The farmer had risen to leave, but he suddenly sat down again, as if Dan'el's words had not only struck, but hurt him too.

Dan'el lifted his face, wondering what ailed the farmer. Then

as if he had no more time to think about it, he bent over his work again with new vigour. It was after a long silence that the farmer spoke this time, and in a tone that made Dan'el look up with a new interest in his visitor.

'Dan'el, yew nevir zaid a truer word.'

Dan'el had almost forgotten what he had said. Fixing his eye upon the farmer as if reading his soul, he asked with surprise, 'Why, Mest' Gribble, what do you know then about broken hearts? I thought you didn't hold with them 't all.'

Farmer Gribble's eyes were fixed on the floor, and he was vigorously pushing his foot with the end of his walking-stick. His old roughness of manner returned for a moment.

'No more I dew.' But the sentence ended in another sigh, and after a long pause he went on again, in quite a different tone. 'But yew dew, Dan'el—yew dew. An' yew'm so likely to be right as I be—every bit.'

Dan'el stitched away quietly, as the most effectual way of drawing the farmer out; hopefully and thankfully guessing what it was that he had come to talk about. But the silence that followed was so long that Dan'el was just going to venture on another question, whe~~l~~ his visitor sighed again, and worked away at the toes of his boot.

'Dan'el, tes uncommon hard for tew thenk anybody be wrang when he'th sticked to hes'pinions for yeears, like a lempot.'

'Tis, Mest' Gribble, sure 'nough,' said Dan'el kindly. 'I've found it so, fine an' often.'

'Iss—tes, Dan'el, tes'; and the farmer thrust and twisted his stick so violently that he might have been trying to make another job for repair. Then he put both hands on the top of the stick, and rested his chin on them. 'Well—if yew'm right, then I dew reckon that I be wrang, Dan'el—that I dew': and he nodded his head slowly by way of confirming it.

The old clock ticked solemnly in the corner, but there wasn't another sound, for Dan'el moved his hands noiselessly, eager to catch every word.

'I be a man that doan't hold weth tew much religion. No more I doan't hold weth goin' wethout any. But yesterday you made me veel I hadn't got noan my own zelf, an' never had noan neyther. And vexed enough I was with 'e; an' zo I be still.'

Dan'el looked up with a smile, but the farmer's face was serious, and even sad.

'Never had noan,' the farmer went on very slowly, shaking his head. 'An' a-prided myself as I have a-done, tew!'

Again he lifted himself, as if trying to throw off this weakness

of his; but he leaned forward a moment after, and worked his stick into his foot once more. ‘It go’th agen the grain uncommon. But theare, if wrang I be, better tew zee it now than fur to zee it when et’s tew late.’

Dan’el did not look up from his work.

‘Why, yew gived out the hymn like as if yew vealed it all over. An’ yew prayed like as if yew’d com to know the Lord fur to speak tew. An’—an’—an’ I doan’t, Dan’el. I doan’t.’

Then the old man’s voice grew husky, and tears came into his eyes, as he whispered, ‘And I dew wish I did, Dan’el—that I dew.’

Dan’el bent over his work fairly bewildered. He had prayed earnestly about the service of the previous morning, and was looking for fruit from it; but somehow the thought of his old neighbour being laid hold of thus had not occurred to him. They had often talked together; but one might as well have tried to move a granite rock by argument as to move Farmer Gribble. And now that he was come in this way, whilst Dan’el rejoiced greatly in it as a token for good, yet he was at his wit’s ends as to the best way of dealing with him. At last, half angry with himself, he laid down his work, and looked up quite ready to talk the matter over in good earnest.

‘Well, Mest’ Gribble, ’t won’t do for you to go by what I do say ’t all. I’m so likely to be wrong as you, every bit. We must get right on to the Word to once.’

—‘An’ regalar to the Church as I’ve a-been, tew!’ said the old man, shaking his head. ‘To be wrang arter all! eh, dear! eh, dear!’

‘Yes, it must be more than that—church or chapel either, or both together, for that matter,’ Dan’el replied.

But the Farmer went on as if talking to himself, paying no heed to Dan’el.

—‘An’ a-been so careful tew as I’ve a-been: a-payin’ everybody their due, an’ all that! An’ to be wrang arter all—nort in it, nort! And again his voice grew husky, and he shook his head and sighed.

‘Well, there is something in that, Mest’ Gribble, an’ a good deal too; an’ I wish folks would think that there’s more in it. A-payin’ twenty shillin’s in the pound, an’ a kind heart, an’ a civil tongue in your head, an’ a clean pair o’ hands that won’t take no more than their due, an’ won’t give no less—’t is no good folks settin’ theirselves up for religious if they haven’t got so far as that there. But all that won’t do instead o’ love to God, Mest’ Gribble. That’s the first an’ great commandment: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy

heart.' An' love is a kind o' thing inside o' a man, a burnin' an' a-glowin' all over en.'

Farmer Gribble looked up, and reached out his head intently. Crusty old bachelor as they reckoned him, he too had gone through all the fiery discipline of love; had flung up for it the estate that had been in the family for generations; had left his father's house and his kindred away up in that bleak parish in the east of the county, and never set foot in it since.

'Zay that theare agen, Dan'el, will 'e, plaise?'

'Nothin' can take the place o' love, Mest' Gribble. God do love you an' me; an' love is a thing that can't rest nohow till it do get a bit o' real love back again. Love must have love. 'Tis like I've heard tell o' royalty, love won't wed with any but its own rank.'

The old man nodded his head. 'Love must have love,' he muttered to himself two or three times. Then he struck the floor with his stick. 'Theare yew be right, Dan'el. Yew've a-hit the nail upon the head this time. To thenk that I never zeed it avore now! Arter all that I hev a-gone through, tew!' His voice sank to a whisper, and he shook his head sadly. 'An' to thenk that the Lord in heaven hath been a-frettin' and a-grieven for my love. An'—an'—to thenk that I doan't love Him!' Again came a

long pause and a deep sigh. 'But I want tew, Dan'el; I dew want tew. Wull 'ee help me?' And the tears crept slowly down the old man's face.

Dan'el's heart was fairly roused to his work now. 'Bless thee, dear old friend, I'll do something better than that! I'll go with thee to One Who can help thee indeed.' And Dan'el quietly lifted up his heart for the light and guidance of Him Who is come to shed the love of God abroad in our hearts. As he spoke now the words came all aglow, and with a vigour and authority that Farmer Gribble at once yielded to and rested in with a childlike simplicity.

'Love must have love,' the old man muttered to himself, nodding his head over the truth that had taken such hold of him.

'And there's another thing, Mest' Gribble, that's just so true as that there. I do often think about it, sittin' here to my work. Only love can "make love," as folks do say: anyhow, nothin' but love can wake up love. You may shout to it, an' you may storm 'pon it, an' you may cudgel it, but that there'll never wake love up—may kill poor sleepin' love, perhaps, but won't do nothin' else. You may jingle gold in the ears o' it if you mind to, an' you may offer it ever so good wages—but, bless 'ee, love'll keep on sleepin' for all that.'

Dan'el little thought how readily the farmer's heart opened to all his words, and how much there was there that confirmed their truth. It was fifty years since that bit of history had left its scar on the farmer's heart; but the memory of it all rose up before him fresh and vivid as if it were but yesterday. The old man sat with outstretched head, and eyes that were looking far away beyond the wall that was opposite to him, nodding his head only as Dan'el waited for a reply.

'Iss,' said the shoemaker, 'they can't wake love up, 't all. But only let Truelove come along, and take it by the hand, and then sleepin' love do spring up in a minute.'

'Umph!' said the farmer doubtfully, 'deth it always, Dan'el?'

Dan'el was rather taken aback at the question. The earnest simplicity and sadness with which it was asked brought a deeper tone of tenderness into Dan'el's words. 'No, Mest' Gribble, not always—not always. He have come to you an' me, an' took us by the hand, an' called to us, an' hung over us, an' called us by our name—ah! the Blessed Jesus, Who is Love, to think that our love should have gone on sleepin' when He had come for to wake it! Not always, Mest' Gribble.'

Once more the old man's thoughts were back again, intense and eager, fixed only on that of

which Dan'el spoke, and again the tears gathered in his eyes as he whispered, 'Not always, Dan'el—not always! Tew thenk of it!'

'But this here is true, Mest' Gribble, that if love can't wake up love, then nothin' else can.' As he spoke he turned over the pages of the old well-worn Bible. 'I was thinkin' about it the other day when I was reading the story back here—how Absalom wanted for to be king. He didn't tell 'em just for to blow a trumpet an' hire a score o' chaps to shout "Long live King Absalom!" He knew well enough that folks must have more than a bit o' music an' a passle o' shoutin' before ever they'd make a king of him. So he used to get up early in the morning and wait in the gateway o' the city, an' when anybody came in from the country, he would come up to 'em an' shake hands with 'em all so friendly, an' say, "I'm fine an' glad to see 'ee—how are 'ee then?" an' all like that. "Where do 'ee come from, then?—an' what do 'ee want?" And when he'd heard all about it, he'd sigh and look all so sad. "Ah, if there was only somebody that cared for 'ee a bit, you'd be righted directly! If I were only king—well, there!" "I wish you was, Sir, with all my heart," says the man, thinkin' that he'd never seen so nice a spoken gentleman.'

'Well, he went on like that, day after day, an' month after month, till he'd "stole the hearts o' the men o' Israel." Then when the day came for to sound the trumpet and for to shout "Absalom is king"—all the folks went 'long with en directly, an' word came up to David—"The hearts o' the men o' Israel are after Absalom."

"An' that's like 'tis with the Blessed Lord Jesus—only that He do mean it all, instead o' only pretendin' to. He don't send Moses 'long with a table o' stone, an' them words cut out all sharp an' clear in letters o' granite—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." That isn't enough. We can't love only just because we are told to : it 'll take more than that.'

Farmer Gribble looked up. His thoughts were back again, busied with memories of those old times. Faces flitted past him that had been long since in the dust. He slowly nodded his head, and said, as if he were speaking to himself, 'Yew'm right there, tew, Dan'el. It dew take more than telling tew —love dew.'

Dan'el went on, never thinking for a moment of what had so quickened the farmer's perceptions in this matter. 'So the blessed Jesus His own self do come for to get our hearts—the altogether lovely, full o' grace an' truth. An' if love do wake up

love, why, I wonder that the very rocks an' hills don't cry out an' bless Him, like the hymn do say. He, the King o' glory, a-comin' down from Heaven a-purpose to look for you an' me, an' a-wantin' to be our Friend, an' our Brother, an' our Saviour, an' everything.'

Dan'el stayed a moment or two as if his own heart were feasting on it. Then he burst out again—'O, Mest' Gribble, 'tis wonderful, wonderful—the love o' Jesus! I do think about it till I'm a'most lost in wonder, love, an' praise. There, seemin' to me that 'tis just like Him—for fear that us poor folks should think that such a glorious Lord was ever so far above us, He is born in a stable, an' laid in a manger; an' sometimes He is faint with hunger; and haven't got so much as a place for to lay His head 'pon. An' then, for fear that the fine folks might think that He wasn't great enough for them, He'll invite five thousand to dine 'long with Him to once. An' another day He'll have angels for to wait 'pon Him. O my blessed, blessed Lord! one heart isn't half enough for to love Thee with.

'An' then what lovin' words do keep a-droppin' from His lips. Why, the little children couldn't help comin' up to Him for a blessin'; an' poor frightened folks that was afraid o' everybody else, came near to Him, they were so

sure o' His love: an' everybody that wanted anything felt that they could ask Him for it in a minute. That's how He's come for to wake up our hearts.

'Ah, an' that isn't all. All? No, the half isn't told yet. Seemin' to me, Mest' Gribble, like as if the Blessed Lord do come in here this morning, an' He do say to you an' me, "Thou art dearer to Me than life itself —what can I do for to bless thee?" An' my heart cries out, "Ah! my Lord, there's my sins."

'Mine tew, Dan'el,—mine tew,' whispered the farmer, very sorrowfully.

'The breakin' o' the law, an' the forgettin' God, an' all the evil thoughts an' wishes an' the anger an' pride—they're dreadfully ugly to our eyes; but He do see everything, an' do see it just as 't is, too. Yet He do stoop over us in His love, and He do take up our dreadful load an' suffer the curse o' the law in our stead. If nothin' else can wake up our sleepin' love that will do it—the dreadful cry o' "Crucify Him!" an' the dreadful hammerin' o' nails. Love do wake up an' see Him there, crowned with thorns, bleeding, torn, dyin' for me. Ah, then we can't do nothing else but love Him back again. "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Farmer Gribble sat quite still;

his chin resting on the handle of the stick, and his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, whilst the tears trickled slowly down his cheeks. He spoke very slowly —'I dew wish that I could say that, Dan'el. I dew almost believe it, tew.'

'Say it,' cried Dan'el, 'o' course you can, Mest' Gribble. Why, you can't say anything else. Don't 'ee think that the Lord loved me an' that He passed you by. Here 't is for you an' me an' everybody.'

And as he spoke he opened the Bible and pointed to the text. The old farmer took the book and laid it on his knees, whilst he rubbed his eyes and then put on his spectacles. For a few minutes he looked at the passage muttering to himself only, 'Me—He loved me.'

Then suddenly he looked up. 'I dew believe it, Dan'el—to be sure I dew. He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' A new light shone for a moment in the old man's face, then suddenly it was quenched again. 'O, Dan'el, it be dreadful—there, to think He have a-loved me like this all the days o' my life, and never got so much as a bit o' love back agen!' He shook his head in his helpless grief—'It be dreadful, dreadful!' Presently he looked up and reached out his hand to Dan'el—'I shall have hard work for to make up for lost time.

Yew wull help me, won't yew?
He dew love me; and I be a-
beginnin' fur to love Him tew—
an' I dew thank Him fur it.'

Then kneeling down in the little place, Dan'el poured out the gladness of two hearts before the Lord.

FARMER GRIBBLE IS PUZZLED.

BEFORE the week was over there was many another sign of the coming shower that gladdened Dan'el's heart. The meeting on the Tuesday evening found many old faces back again, whose presence there was a good sign of their 'starting afresh'; whilst others came for the first time, and declared their decision to be the Lord's. And when the first meeting was over a little group of earnest inquirers remained for further direction and prayer. There—the greatest wonder to himself and to everybody else—sat Farmer Gribble. Not that he had left the parish church; that never crossed his mind for a moment. Used to its forms, and with a lurking conviction still that there was some mystical superiority in its services and ministry, he could scarcely feel at home elsewhere. The only thing that marked the change was the heartiness with which he entered into the responses, almost frightening the proper old clerk, who generally had it all to himself.

But at the close of the week there came another event that

made men forget all about Farmer Gribble; they could talk of nobody else but 'Diggin's.'

'Diggin's,' as everybody called him, was a big, brawny fellow, standing over six feet in his stockings, who had come of a family of wrestlers, and sustained the reputation of his ancestry by his physical strength and fierce combativeness. His natural wildness had found not only plenty of room for itself, but a luxuriant soil too and plenty of encouragement, as a gold digger in California. A small fortune made almost in a day had enabled him to come back to astonish his countrymen as he moved amongst them adorned with glistening rings and chain, and 'loudly' attired. For a while he 'lived like a lord'; which meant that he lounged all day in the public-house, and was never so happy as when he could get up a brawl in the neighbouring market-town, and find some half-drunken fellow whom he could provoke to a fight. The small fortune was soon squandered, and 'Diggin's' had again to take to the work of a miner, except when in jail as a disturber of the peace. Looked

upon as a sort of hero by the young fellows of the place, Dan'el had often grieved over his influence, and had once or twice spoken plain words of warning to him, but only to evoke a terrible volley of oaths.

One evening as Dan'el talked with Cap'n Joe, the conversation turned on the subject of 'Diggin's' and his latest mischief. 'Well, Dan'el, there is one cure for him, and only one. We must try that, I think,' said the Cap'n. 'The Lord can bring him down, an' make him so much of a blessing as he has been a curse.'

Dan'el looked up from his work and pursed his mouth for a few seconds, then nodded his head slowly. 'So He can, Cap'n Joe; so He can. O' course He can.' And Dan'el nodded his head more vigorously: 'Knock him down in a minute. Why, come for to think of it now, I do expect that David was fine an' glad for to get hold o' that great Goliath o' Gath, for when he was killed the rest o' them would see that there wasn't a bit o' chance for any o' them little ones, an' they'd give in directly.' The notion quite delighted Dan'el; and after thinking of it again for a minute or two, he nodded his head as if it were a settled thing. 'We must agree together about it, Cap'n, and then stick to it. Why, bless His name, 't would be all the more to His glory to bring down

a great sinner like that, an' nobody could despair o' His mercy then. That's it, Cap'n Joe: we must shake hands over that.'

They shook hands accordingly, Dan'el shaking his head at the same time; and from that day forward for many months each of them pleaded with God on this man's behalf. But 'Diggin's' for his part, might have known of their agreement. He became wilder and more reckless than ever, and seemed to take a special delight in shouting his oaths when Dan'el or Cap'n Joe was in hearing. But still they pleaded on, confident in the power and promise of the Lord.

This week the answer came; in a way that stirred all Penwinnin. It was on the Saturday, just as the men were leaving their work underground. All indeed had gone but 'Diggin's,' and he had picked up his tools, and now stood for a moment trimming his candle, moving the soft clay with which it was stuck in his hard round hat, so that it might have room to burn.

A weird sight was it down there in the deep darkness, as the small circle of candle-light fell on the figure of the miner in his flannel dress, stained a dull ochreish red by the mine water. It lit up the face, not ill-looking by any means, and it touched the jet-black hair. It showed the broad shoulders and the upper

part of the stalwart frame. Then the thick darkness gathered on every side, except on the glistening roof close overhead; there the light flung a huge shadow, hanging over the miner like some horrible spirit that belonged to those lonely depths of gloom.

The others had already reached the shaft, and were now some distance up the ladders that led to the surface. Placing the candle again in front of his hat, ‘Diggin’s’ hastily shouldered his tools and was just going to hurry after his companions when suddenly a voice called him. It was not the voice of any one who worked there; it called him, too, by a name that he had not heard since he was a happy little lad at his mother’s side.

‘Mat! Mat!’ cried the voice very earnestly, and with such tenderness as he had not heard for years, ‘Come back, Mat! come back!’

The strangeness of the call, the voice, the name, all startled him. Taking the candle from his hat again, he turned round and held it before him with one hand, whilst with the other he shaded his eyes, and looked away into the gloom from whence the sound had come.

Again the voice called, louder and nearer this time, and with greater entreaty: ‘Come back, Mat—quick! quick!’

It seemed so close that at once

he hastened on a few paces, expecting to see some one.

‘Who is it?’ he cried. But his voice only went echoing in the dismal windings, waking up the far-off hollow caverns. Again he called, ‘Who is it? Where are you?’ and leaning forward he strained his ear to catch some answer in the rumbling echo. Then suddenly, with awful crash of thunder, a huge mass of rock fell on the spot where he had been standing but a minute before.

Crouching against the wall of the passage, he expected at first that the loosened stones overhead would fall in and bury him. Then assured of safety, he came to see what hope the fallen rock had left of his getting out. The way was completely blocked, and it was plain at once that he could not escape until help should come from the other side. As he stood there he caught sight of the pick that he had dropped when the voice startled him. He stooped to take it up, but lifted only the splintered handle; the rest of it was buried under the rock. Then it suddenly flashed upon him: the peril he had been in, the meaning of the voice and all the strange deliverance.

He leaned against the rock with a deep groan. ‘A minute later and I should have been in hell!’ he muttered to himself—‘in hell!’

He sat down quite overcome

and almost faint, and buried his face in his hands. 'In hell!' he whispered again, as if slowly realizing its terribleness. Then he looked up suddenly. 'Why didn't I go there?' he asked aloud, awed and staring into the darkness as if someone stood there listening. A dozen echoes flung back the words; then they died in the hollow distance.

'Nobody ever did more to deserve it—nobody!' he went on in the same tone. 'Nobody!' rang back the echoes. Then his voice sank to a whisper. 'And yet He spared me!'

The candle threw the shadow of the hat over his face and hid it; but the light fell on the hands as they hung down helplessly before him. And the tears that came trickling out of the darkness shone and sparkled in the light before they reached the ground.

'He spared me!' he whispered to himself again and again: 'me. And after all that I done against Him, too! Me!' And the tears fell more quickly. 'I do wish that I could kneel and thank Him for it. But there, I shall never be fit for that my own self: leastways not for years. No, 't isn't for me to speak to Him at all, after blasphemin' and grievin' Him like I have done.' And again he leaned forward and buried his face in his hands.

That he should get out again

was a matter of which he had not a moment's doubt. It was nothing to him that he might perhaps remain for many hours before anyone would know of what had happened; or that perhaps, so much of the ground had fallen that it would take some two or three days before they could rescue him. The deliverance was so strange, so wonderful, and for such an one as he! it could not be that he should just die there after all. That did not once occur to him.

'If I could only thank Him for it! only tell Him how sorry I am that I've been so wicked! To spare me like that!' Then his thoughts turned to the voice that had called him and its tenderness. It seemed to ring again in his ears, 'Mat! Mat!' It certainly was his mother's voice: nobody else ever called him by that name; if they did, nobody else could speak it like that! There rose before the miner many memories of her, no one of which he could ever recall in his wildest moments without a softening restraint. Many a strange, almost mad freak of generosity had lit up the darkness of his life in a way which nothing but that memory could ever explain. How often she had taken him by the hand, and kneeling down together had prayed for him, and taught him to pray. As he thought of it now he looked up suddenly. 'Per-

haps He will let me thank Him for mother's sake,' he whispered to himself timidly. And he was about to kneel and speak to his mother's God. But he checked himself directly. That holy mother was so far away and so different from himself. Again the evil of his life rushed on his mind and smote him dumb. Then with the bitter sense of his badness almost breaking his heart, he sat down again, his hands hanging in dreary helplessness, and the tears creeping heavily down his cheeks.

So he sat without moving and without a word; the burden of his wasted and wicked life growing in its weight of misery. The candle flickered, and after struggling bravely to shine on, it went out, leaving him in that dreadful darkness. But he sat on almost unconscious of the change, able to think of nothing else but those evil memories that pressed upon him.

Meanwhile the other miners had heard the noise of the falling rock, and knowing that their companion was behind, had hastened down again, only to find the way completely blocked. It was just possible that he had noticed the loosening rock and had escaped on the other side, but not one of them had any hope of it. At once they set to work to dig through the fallen mass, working silently, and dreading

lest each stone they turned should reveal the dead body. Meanwhile Michael Treleaven, the oldest amongst them, had climbed up with the tidings of the accident, having arranged to get round to the other side through some disused workings that he remembered in another part of the mine.

'He isn't killed,' said young Cap'n Joe, as he heard of it, and got ready at once to go down in search of him. 'He isn't killed.'

But the grave old Michael shook his head. '"Diggin's" have been often reproved, Cap'n Joe; an' he have a-hardened his neck. 'Pend 'pon it, comrades, his time is come, an' a terrible judgment 'tis too; "suddenly destroyed, an' that wethout remedy," as the Book do say.'

For an hour or more 'Diggin's' had been sitting in the lonely darkness, when suddenly he heard a faint splash away in the hollow workings. He listened for a moment wondering. 'Only another bit o' rock fallin' away,' he whispered to himself, and turned again to his sorrowful thoughts. Presently there came again the sound of the splashing as if some one were moving through the water, and a rumbling noise as of voices away there. Cool and almost ignorant of fear as he was generally, the strange deliverance, the mysterious voice that had called him, the long lone-

liness in the dark, and now these unaccountable noises, all unnerved him. Horrid fancies began to shape themselves in his mind; dreadful stories crowded in upon him, chilling his blood with icy terror. Then came a moment's flash of light, and again the voices rumbling frightfully about the place, ending in a shout that rolled along the hollow passages like thunder. A minute later, and out of the darkness appeared the familiar presence of young Cap'n Joe, and his cheery voice rang: 'Diggin's! Diggin's! Are you safe?'

But surely that was not 'Diggin's' voice that replied so mournfully: 'Aw, Cap'n Joe; come here, come here!'

'There, I knew it,' said old Michael solemnly. 'Cut off without remedy.'

For a moment Cap'n Joe's confidence failed him. Thinking that the others had dug through, from that side, and had found the mangled body, he hastened forward, ready for anything except that which met him. There sat 'Diggin's,' not so much as lifting his face to the light.

'Cap'n Joe,' he whispered hoarsely, 'I'm fine and glad that you're come. He have spared me —me! An' after all that I've a-been, too! A minute more an' I should have been in hell! I can't stir till you do kneel down an' thank Him. An' you, too, Michael, —do'ee. I been wantin' to, but I can't speak His name with my lips.' Then the voice was choked in grief.

The three kneeled together there, and gave thanks to God. Young Cap'n Joe triumphantly, and with a ringing confidence that his deliverance was not to end here. But old Michael Treleaven was solemn, almost severe: 'Diggin's have deserved

Thy judgments, Lord; let Thy sparing goodness lead him to repentance. Thou hast plucked him from the jaws o' hell. May it be a warnin' to him. Snatch him as a brand from the burnin'! Take him up out o' the horrible pit!'

An eager crowd waited about the mouth of the shaft. Those who stood at the edge of it looking down into the gloom saw the glimmer of a light. 'They are comin',' went amongst the crowd,



and a great silence settled on all. Then far below they could faintly discern the candle, moving upwards, and at once there came a shout from old Michael, 'He's safe, comrades!'

'Thank God!' said every one, devoutly. Then old Michael stepped off the ladder, and told the story of 'Diggin's' escape. And almost before the old man had done, 'Diggin's' himself came up, only looking about him sorrowfully as the people fell back to make room for him. And close behind came young Cap'n Joe.

The impressions of his deliverance did not leave Mat when he got into the daylight again; they deepened. Such goodness to such an one as he was overwhelmed him. And by the side of it rose up the memory of his sins, so burdening him that he could scarcely touch his food, or even work or sleep. At times he roared in the disquietude of his soul. What David sang of and Bunyan pictured, he passed through. In vain he heard the Gospel promises: they were for everybody but himself. Neither Dan'el nor young Cap'n Joe could help him. There was no light, no peace, no hope for him.

So three weeks had gone by, and Mat, as everybody called him now, was sitting on the Sunday morning in the little chapel at Penwinnin. The Preacher

was quietly going on in a somewhat drowsy way, when suddenly the congregation were startled: without a sign of what was coming, Mat leapt from his seat high into the air, and clasping his hands, gave a shout that seemed to shake the place. 'Hallelujah!' he cried again and again.

Deliverance had come. The prison doors were opened and his chains were loosed, and now he literally danced for joy. The Father had welcomed him with the kiss of forgiveness, with the best robe, and the ring for the finger, and shoes for the feet; now what else could he do but begin to be merry?

'I can praise Thee now, my Lord, and I will,' he cried, as the place rang again. The Preacher, a quiet, argumentative brother, stopped and looked over the high pulpit. Then he coughed, bewildered. The joy spread through the congregation until a score of voices rang with loud thanksgiving. The power of the Lord was present to heal, and others who had gone sorrowing for many days found joy and peace in believing. The service was turned into an inquiry meeting, and anxious seekers stayed on hour after hour, so that the chapel could not be closed until late at night. Each evening of the week meetings were held, and scores came under the influence of the Power, that trans-

formed them as completely as it did the Californian Mat.

To poor Farmer Gribble all this was not only perplexing, it was outrageous. Some of his prejudices had begun to soften, but on that Sunday morning they all shot up again, as he found himself suddenly in the midst of a Cornish revival. The short hair bristled over his head; the colour flew to his cheeks. At last he rose up and hurried from the place, hurt and angry, determined that he would have nothing more to do with a people who could tolerate such proceedings.

It was with an almost triumphant air of relief that he turned into the hallowed stillness of the old parish church, that afternoon. Its holy quiet was sweet and refreshing, as when one steps from the fierce glare of noon into cold depths of leafy shade. But as the farmer kneeled in prayer before the service began, he had forgotten all about church, or chapel either. He only wanted to love that gracious Lord Whom he had grieved so long, and with this one thought filling heart and mind, he stood up at the beginning of the Liturgy. The words were no more a dead letter to him, but the utterance of his innermost heart; and tears filled his eyes and his voice was choked more than once as he thought of that loving Lord, and joined in confessing: 'We have erred, and

strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep.' Farmer Gribble could not sing; but to-day he almost put the old clerk out in trying to, for he wanted to find some outlet for the blessedness that he felt in the words: 'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father. . . . When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.' He would have been startled if he had heard the old clerk's growl when the service was done: 'That there Mest' Gribble es wuss than the Methodis' their awn selves, a-goin' on so an' a-puttin' anybody out like that. He ought to be 'shamed of hisself; iss, he ought. Why don't he go to chapel an' keep there?'

Next day the farmer came, full of complaint, to his old friend Dan'el. 'Lewk yere, Dan'el,' he began, the indignation flashing up again for a moment—'lewk yere! I can't make mun out for the life o' me. What be all thes yere noise about? Ef these yere chaps be right, then I be all wrang still, but I can't go on like that theare, an' I doan't mane tew, nayther.'

'Well, Mest' Gribble, don't then; nobody wants 'ee to,' said Dan'el, playfully.

'But I can't abide it, Dan'el. And they haven't a-got no bezness for tew be goin' on like it, an'—'

'Stop, stop, friend,' cried

Dan'el, gently, seeing that the farmer was getting warm. 'Don't let you an' me go a-talkin' so. The Lord have got different ways o' comin' to different people. He do come to some with a star for a token; an' never a sound in the still night, but that there gentle shinin' a-leadin' 'em on an' on to the Blessed Jesus. Then they fall down an' worship Him, and open their treasures o' gold, an' myrrh, an' frankincense. But they are the wise men, Mest' Gribble; and because they are wise they won't go quarrellin' with the shepherds if the Lord do choose to come to them with a great light that do frighten 'em a'most out o' their wits, an' because they do go glorifyin' God.'

'But, Dan'el, yew don't mean fur tew zay that they went shoutin' an' jumpin' about like a passle o' mazed volks, dew 'ee?' said the farmer, gently, for all the indignation had died out of his words now.

'Well, I expect some o' them did. You see it do all depend 'pon the sort o' men, Mest' Gribble. People would never be so foolish as to go talkin' like this about anything else. They'd leave room for different sorts o' folks to show their feelin's in different sorts o' ways. S'pose now some old uncle died an' left you a thousand pounds. You do get the letter to-morrow mornin' tellin' 'ee of it. An' Mat, he do

get a letter sayin' the same thing —there's a thousand pounds left fo' him too. Why, he'd only stop to read the letter half through, then he would jump up an' run off to tell one an' another; he'd shout an' clap his hands an' go on so! I s'pose that you would put the letter in the fire, wouldn't 'ee? "Aw," you'd say, "it can't be true 't all, for I can't jump about like that, an' I don't mean to, neither."

Dan'el paused for a moment, and looked up for the farmer's reply. 'Yew'm right, Dan'el—quite right,' said Mest' Gribble, slowly nodding his head over the handle of his walking-stick.

'No. You'd read that letter over half a dozen times, Mest' Gribble, for to make sure of it; and then you'd put it in your pocket without sayin' a word to anybody, an' you'd go right off for to see the will, an' think o' the best thing to do with it. That's what you'd do, isn't it?'

Mest' Gribble nodded his head.

'But you'd have the money so much as Mat would. An' Mat would have it so much as you, every bit.'

Slowly the farmer rose. 'I will go home an' look to the Will, Dan'el.' Then he held out his hand with a sigh. 'Yew must teach me, please. I be so ignorant as a child, an' obstinate tew —dreadful obstinate. Good-bye, an' thank 'ee, Dan'el, thank 'ee.'

DAN'EL'S NOTIONS ABOUT GRUMBLING.

IT was a dull November evening, damp and close. A dense mist had hung about the hills all day and crept heavily along the valleys; now it had come filling the room. The fire sulked half asleep in the little grate, waking up sometimes only to blink uncomfortably, and sink to sleep again. Altogether, so far as the weather was concerned, it seemed a good deal easier to grumble at other people for grumbling than to talk about it in any bright and happy fashion. But plainly Dan'el had made up his mind not to be beaten by that. There was almost a defiant cheeriness about the way in which he gave out the hymn:

'Come, friends, the Lord tune our hearts. Tens an' 'levens.

"O Heavenly King, Look down from above!

Assist us to sing Thy mercy and love:
So sweetly o'erflowing, So plenteous
the store,
Thou still art bestowing, And giving us
more."

By the time they had got to the end of the first verse the dullness had begun to lift from some hearts, and before the hymn was done all was glowing and joyful. Dan'el's prayer completed the gladness; so real, so hearty, with such a triumph in the Lord Jesus, that it was irresistible. All rose ready to enter thoroughly into the subject that had been

previously announced for the evening. Yet there was, perhaps, one exception; but only one. Widow Pascoe sat and sighed with a kind of obstinate dolefulness, as if she had set herself to be the witness of her creed, according to which grumbling was one of the truest signs of grace.

Dan'el opened the Bible at the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the tenth chapter. The sturdy forefinger guided his eye to the tenth verse. But the misty light was too dim for his failing sight. In vain the spectacles were drawn to the tip of the nose, whilst the head was thrust back for a more distant view. But it was all of no avail.

'Here, Cap'n Joe, you must take an' read it for me, please; 't is to the tenth verse.'

"Neither murmur ye," Cap'n Joe began, in his ringing bass voice.

'But stop a minute,' Dan'el interrupted, 'seemin' to me that we ought to begin further up than that. What's that about "neither be ye idolaters" ?'

'In the seventh verse?' And Cap'n Joe read on: "Neither be ye idolaters, as were some of them; as it is written, The people sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play."

'There,' cried Dan'el, looking

up suddenly, 'that's what I wanted. You see the Lord doesn't only give us a commandment not to grumble, but He puts it alongside o' all the dreadfulest things in the world. An' I want for all of us to look at that, for grumbler be like to us old folks—they can only see plain when things are a goodish way off. Their own faults an' failin's are too close for 'em to notice; but they have got a wonderful quick eye, sure 'nough, for the faults o' their neighbours, an' a quick tongue for to tell about 'em too. So now, friend grumbler, as you can't see yourself, look 'pon your company, for they say that a man is known by his friends. Here is a shockin' set for a man to be in, 'specially if he do count hisself a Christian. Why, this here murmurin' have joined 'ee to idolaters. You're a-keepin' company with shameless people. You're goin' along hand in hand with them that do tempt Christ. There's pretty company for anybody, isn't it?'

Dan'el stayed a moment, as if this needed time to sink in. It was evident that to Widow Pascoe it was new light, and gave her 'quite a turn'; for there were two things that she prided herself upon: one was the expansive whiteness of her widow's cap, the other was the very select set that she admitted to her friendship.

Before she had time to recover,

Dan'el went on again: 'An' it isn't just a bit o' chance like either, findin' the grumblers here. A good man may sometimes be jostled by an ill crowd; but this is where the grumbler do belong; 't is his proper place. There's a dreadful picture in this Book where the King o' glory is comin' for to punish His enemies—comin' with ten thousand of His saints for to take vengeance 'pon the rebels. Ah, folks will stare then. Here the angels are takin' hold o' one an' another. Why, they have made a mistake, surely! The King o' glory is come "to execute judgement" 'pon drunkards an' thieves an' liars; but that man is a sort o' religious gentleman; an' that woman is very religious sometimes! But the angels bind 'em hand an' foot accordin' to orders. Read out the proclamation, Cap'n Joe, will 'ee, please? 'T is in Jude—the fourteenth verse, I reckon.'

Slowly and solemnly the words fell from Cap'n Joe's lips: '"Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints, to execute judgement upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him. These are murmurers, complainers."''

'Ah, there 't is, friends; there

't is!' cried Dan'el. "'These are murmurers, complainers.' First and foremost among the rebels stand their names: Murmurers! Complainers!"

Widow Pascoe started slightly.

'But finish it, Cap'n Joe, will 'ee, please?'

"Murmurers, complainers, walking after their own lusts; and their mouth speaketh great swelling words, having men's persons in admiration because of advantage."

Then Dan'el broke in again: 'Not 'zackly the worst kind o' grumblers either; for you see they could speak a word o' praise sometimes, when there was something to be got by it. But 't is busy-all for to get anything else but grumblin' out o' the grumblers that be goin' now-a-days.'

Again Daniel stayed a few moments, as if that needed time 'for to get well home,' as he called it. Then he went on more cheerily:

'But mind, friends, there's some things that anybody may grumble against without much harm. He may grumble at his own sin an' folly, an' be none the worse for it, 'specially if he'll set to work for to mend so well as murmur. There's things that a man can't help grumblin' about if there's any soul in him at all. The man who can see a great evil, an' hold his tongue about it,

is every bit so bad as he that do hinder good by grumblin' at it. They two can set up business with the same stock in trade.

'An' there's another thing, too, that I don't want for to forget. There's a little bit more excuse for some folks grumblin' than there is for others. When anybody have got all that he ought to wish for an' yet do go grumblin', I'd give him this here physic so strong and so bitter as ever I could. But poor folks that have got to grind day an' night for to keep the wolf from the door, and poor women that are weak to begin with, an' got to go carryin' a great pack o' worries 'pon their backs—well, I'm sure my Master would like me for to sweeten the physic a bit for them, an' flavour it up like they do for the children. Yet, you poor worried folks, don't 'ee go a-thinkin' that cares and worries will excuse your grumblin'; they won't do that 't all. 'T is put down for you so much as for anybody: "Neither murmur ye."

Dan'el's words and tones grew full of an exquisite pathos and tenderness as he went on:

'You do want more help than some folks do, an' you shall have it too. I was thinkin' about it down by the sea the other day. When the tide come in, it filled up the great caves so easy every bit as it did the little holes in the rocks. Great wants is only like

plenty o' room for the help o' the Blessed Jesus. Why, if there hadn't been any lame folks an' sick folks an' blind folks when He was down here 'pon earth He could never have let people see how merciful He was. An' so 't is you that have got most for to bear, and most for to carry, that do come to know how kind an' lovin' He is. Bless His dear name, He do keep such lovely little bits o' tenderness for us when we're cast down an' tired; an' He do take up the great heaps o' care an' carry 'em for us. No, you poor dears that are tempted an' tried mustn't go a-grumblin', because you've got such a glorious Lord waitin' for to help 'ee, you have. An' don't go thinkin' that they that have got everything haven't got any worries 'long with it. There was one of our Preachers once, he lent me an old book called "The Christian Jewel of Contentment." There was a lot o' capital things in it, and this was amongst 'em: "The devil is called, in the Bible, Beelzebub; that do mean 'The god o' flies'; an' you're sure to find 'em a-buzzin' about the honey pots o' prosperity."

'But come, friends, we must go a bit deeper into this matter, an' track this old varmint right up to his den. I don't wonder that the Lord punished it like He did. 'T is just what the Book do say, such a provokin' kind of thing:

so aggravatin' an' so insultin'. Here is the lovin' Father carin' for us, an' arrangin' for our good an' blessin' us, all so kind an' so wise. An' all the time here's a silly blind man who can't see any o' the evil that the Lord is a-keepin' him out of, nor half o' the good that He is a-leadin' him into; an' yet he's a-mutterin' an' a-murmurin' just like as if things was put together a-purpose for to spite him. 'T is dreadful, sure 'nough!—dreadful.

'I'm quite sure o' one thing, that this here grumblin' is the devil's oldest son; an' the image of his father, too. He do always claim his place, an' go first, an' after en do come all the rest o' his rabble an' crew. Some say that Adam and Eve fell through pride, an' some do put it down to other things; but 't was old Discontent—he was to the bottom o' all the mischief. "Nonsense," he grumbled, "Nonsense, Eve, don't you think that you are blest 't all. You never will be till you've tasted that there apple." So 't was 'long with Cain: if he hadn't murmured first, he wouldn't have murdered afterwards. 'T is a ghastly old thing is this Grumblin', friends; don't let us have anything to do with it. Why, back here in the history of Israel there's thousands an' thousands o' graves, an' for every one o' them there's the same thing put up on the tombstone:

"Here lies a man that died for grumblin'." Ah! that was mightier than Pharaoh and all his chariots, for they escaped him. That was worse than slavery, for God could fetch them out o' that. It was worse than all their enemies put together—grumblin' killed them!

'An' yet there's scores o' good people who count that grumblin' is no sin at all. They'll confess their sins, and they'll own to unbelief an' scores o' things. But they never thought o' kneeling down an' sayin': "O Lord, forgive my grumblin', and help me never to do it again, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Yet we do need to, friends. I'm sure we do need to. Grumblin' have been the death o' thousands; and if we don't take care it will be the death of us too.

'But there, it won't do for me to have all the talkin'. Come, Cap'n Joe, what have you got to say about it? You aren't no friend to it, I do know.'

'Well,' said Cap'n Joe, 'I've been turning over in my mind what you said about this grumbling being so aggravating and insulting. So it is. I was thinking, Suppose that we were lost among a savage people, our very lives in danger and a great price demanded for our freedom; then there comes One, and out of pure love and pity He gives Himself up to be plundered and stripped

for our deliverance. Now He comes to us with all His bleeding wounds and marks of ill-treatment, and He says, "Follow Me. I will bring you safely to the Father's House. I will guide you. I have arranged for the supply of all your wants. I am able to protect you from all enemies. Follow Me." Our hearts are full of love to Him; and thankful and trustful we set out. But soon there comes a bit of a hill and He hears us grumbling because 't isn't level ground. He leads us through the forest, and we grumble at the, brambles. Ah! I think I see Him look round upon us so hurt and so grieved. No enemy could ever hurt Him like that. After all His love and promises, all that He has done for us and all that He is going to do, to go fretting and grumbling; it is a ghastly sin, as you do say, dear leader.'

'And to treat Him like that, friends—the Blessed Lord Jesus!' and as Dan'el spoke the tears trickled down his face. 'But go on, Cap'n Joe; an' I'm glad to hear 'ee, too.'

'Well, there was only one thing more that I thought of: 't is such a shameful forgetting of the past. These grumbling Israelites forgot all about the brick kiln and the burning sun, and the task-master's whip and the drowned children. And they forgot all about the great deliverance: how

they had come over the Red Seā, and how God had fed them with the manna.'

'Zackly,' cried Dan'el, his eye twinkling merrily, and his face lit up, 'zackly, Cap'n Joe. 'T is always like that with this here Grumblin'. I thought about it the other day when I met the Coastguardman 'pon the cliffs. "Well, friend," I said, "you are like Thankfulness." "How so, Dan'el?" says he. "Well," I said, "that walks along 'pon top o' the cliffs with a telescope under his 'arm; an' he spies out the Goodness of God all around. He has his eye 'pon the blessin' that is ever so far off, keepin' it in mind; an' he

sees the mercy that is only just turnin' the corner. That's Thankfulness, lookin' far an' near, findin' mercies everywhere." "Ah! Dan'el, I wish I was more like that!" says he. "Iss," I said, "an' I wish I was too, for 't is a brave deal better than bein' like poor old Grumblin'. He haven't got a spy-glass at all, nor nothin' o' the sort. All he has got is a sort o' magnifyin'-glass, and every little worry he

do find he do put under that, an' make it look so big that he do come to think that there isn't anything else in all the world.'

Farmer Gribble looked around in the silence that followed, and then began in his slow and almost drawling way; yet in his tone and manner, and in everything about him, there was a childlike simplicity that was very beautiful. 'Well, Dan'el, I be feared that I can't say nowt fur tew dew anybody any gude. I dew wish I could. And I ought tew, tew; for I've gone grumblin' for these years an' years; and I've a-heerd mun say, "Set a thief tew catch a thief." But I dew think the



Lord, I haven't so much as feeled fur tew want tew grumble fur thes long while now. And I dew count that a taste of the love of Jesus be a sure and certain cure fur grumblin'. He 'th made it all so different; why theare, 'tes no gude tryin' fur tew help it. I be forced to go praisin' Him all the day drough, an' I heven't so much as a breath left fur tew grumble weth ef I wanted tew. And I dew thank

Him fur it weth all my heart;
that I dew.'

Dan'el listened with delight, nodding his head as each sentence came slowly unfolding itself. To see the discontented and grumpy Mest' Gribble turned into this, was really something to rejoice over; and such joy came welling up in his soul that Dan'el took the Hymn-Book as a relief. 'Come, friends, we must sing a verse or two:

'Long as I live beneath,
To Thee O let me live!
To Thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

'My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to Thee:
Me to Thine image now restore,
And I shall praise Thee evermore.'

'Now, friends,' Dan'el began as they settled down again, 'I've got one or two things more that I do want to say, an' I'll try an' be quick over it, too.' Putting on his spectacles he drew from his pocket a bulky pocket-book, and found a page that was carefully turned down. 'Here is a bit that I got from that old book; 't is uncommon good.'

Stumbling a little over the large, straggling hand-writing, Dan'el read: "'It tokeneth a man of very ill-nature when the prick of a pin maketh the flesh to rankle and fester. So it is the sign of a corrupt soul when every little

trouble and affliction maketh a man break out into frettings and grumbles. The wound would be nothing but for the murmuring spirit.'" * Then Dan'el tightened his lips and nodded his head.

'There's a text for a sermon there, friends; only I mustn't stay to preach it now. I wish folks would believe it: 't isn't their worries that set 'em grumbling; 't is their own teasy an' fretful souls.

'An' then this grumblin' is such a catchin' kind o' thing. The old lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour. But there's one thing that's worse than the roaring lion—that's the bad sheep that goes spreadin' mischief all among the flock. Ah! that's the grumbler! He goes about poisonin' everybody. No wonder that he was "destroyed of the destroyer," as the Book do say. I can mind hearin' years ago about an old sea-captain back in the old fightin' times: the brave old fellow, he used to say that, by God's help, he wasn't afraid o' Frenchmen or o' storms, but for a grumbler there was no cure except the yard-arm.

'Well, dear friends, as Mest' Gribble do say, a taste o' the love o' Jesus is a sure cure for grumblin'. For that, as for everything

* 'The Rare Jewel of Christian Contentment.' By Jeremiah Burroughs. London, 1652. Dan'el quoted the substance of the sentence, but not the exact words.

else, we must get away to the Cross o' the Blessed Saviour. Ah! when we do get a sight o' His sufferin' for us, that makes our sufferin' too light for to grumble about it. Only let us see Him stripped o' everything, mocked an' beaten an' crucified for our sakes—and yet "He opened not His mouth"! Ah, bless His holy name, that takes all the grumblin' out of us: turns it right round into love an' praise. Only get away to Calvary and live in sight o' the Cross, friends, an' we shan't any of us have a breath left for to grumble with. But come, there's five minutes more if anybody else has got a word for to say.'

"Mat," as he was called now—the Californian 'Diggin's' of old days,—sat, scarcely able to restrain himself. His heart glowed still with its 'first love': the joy of God's salvation had rather deepened since that memorable Sunday morning than grown less.

'Come, Mat, you want to speak a bit, I see,' said Dan'el.

In a moment Mat sprang up, his eyes streaming with tears, and his whole frame heaving with excitement. 'I been tryin' to be quiet, but I can't. Grumblin'! Aw, I been thinkin' about it while I been sittin' here. We've been an' got ourselves into trouble, an' now we're sent off to jail for it. We grumble agen the treadmill; 't is such hard work. An' we grumble because we can't get more to eat. And the jailer do say: "Iss, you should ha' thought o' that before, an' should ha' kept out o' the place; 't is all along o' your own doin's." But to think of it, friends! to have the King o' Glory comin' down to take my place, an' to bear my punishment, an' then comin' to me with a free pardon! To have the Father's arms about my neck, an' His love ringin' in my soul, all the day long! Hallelujah!' And the little room rang with the shout.

DAN'EL'S ADVICE TO THE BEGINNERS.

BEIDES Farmer Gribble and Mat, many another new comer had found his way to the little company, until the room at Thomas Toms' was scarcely large enough for those who crowded into it. It was for these that Dan'el had chosen the subject of this evening.

'I want for to say a few plain things to you that are young in the way. It won't do us old ones any harm either, for we have all o' us got an uncommon love for stickin' just inside o' the wicket-gate, like as if religion was nothin' but standin' still when once you're through that. An' I should be glad if you young ones

would please to write down the rules that I'm goin' to give 'e, an' keep them where you can see them three or four times a day. That would do us old folks good, too ; but old folks 'll listen to good advice, only they've got out o' the way o' takin' it, somehow.

'Well, now, the first Rule is this—"Be sure that you're in the right road." Put that down. You'll never get along at all if you do keep stoppin' and wonderin' whether 'tis the right road. I was preachin' over to Stithians the other day, an' comin' home I lost myself—or thought I did. Ah, 'twas poor speed with me then. I was afraid that I should have to go back again, an' so I went on at a snail's pace. Well, I came to a directin' post, but 'twas all weather-beaten an' worn, and it didn't help me a bit. "Poor preacher you be, then," I says. Very soon I saw a man comin'. "This the way to Pen-winnin ?" I called out. "Iss, straight on." Ah, I was off then, so fast as I could get over the ground. You'll never get on till you're quite sure that you are in the right road.

'Why, there was John Wesley his own self—he was hurryin' about all the days o' his life, but he never got any forwarder with it all; 'twas nothin' but forth an' back, forth an' back, like the door 'pon the hinges, till he got right

hold o' them words: "The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me." Then away he went, an' never so much as looked back again. Now, you beginners, do 'e get into a way o' restin' 'pon Jesus without any doubt. Don't ever go tryin' to be content with good feelin's an' good desires an' good resolutions. They are all very well, an' thank God for them; but good feelin's is turned into bad failin's when we put our trust in them. Do get into a way o' lookin' straight up to the Cross for salvation—mornin', noon, an' night. Bright or dull, glad or sad, there it is for us always—"In Him we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Ah, the Devil do keep thousands o' people in prison all their days. "Come," he do say, "come—you aren't so happy as you used to be; or you aren't so happy as you ought to be. You must come to jail." An' there he keeps 'em, lettin' 'em out o' the cage once in a while for a bit o' fresh air when 'tis oncommon fine weather. And all the time the Blessed Lord Jesus has finished the work for every one o' us. Why, there's times when I've got to buckle them words about me like a life-belt—"He loved me and gave Himself for me." When my good feelin's an' my good everything else is clean swept away, an' I must hang on to the promise.

Bless the Lord, I can always get safe to land again with that.'

Farmer Gribble's face was quite a picture as he sat listening. Like Naaman when he was healed, and his flesh was as the flesh of 'a little child,' so it seemed with him. The hard lines of his face were softened wonderfully, and the blustering man had changed to a child-like simplicity and humbleness. There with his chin resting on his stick, his face beaming with joy, he muttered the word to himself, that he claimed now as his very own—' He loved me and gave Himself for me.'

' So that is rule one,' Dan'l went on again. ' And now for rule two.

" Don't go thinkin' that the Road to Heaven is all up-hill."

' There's a good many things—it do take all the patience I've got for to stand 'em. But there's one thing that I can't abide, an' don't want to, either. I can't abide to hear people go talkin' brave an' cheerful about everything in the world except religion; that's always doleful an' dismal an' wisht. They can put a bit o' cheerfulness into their work, an' stick to that. But begin with religion—they'll groan directly. The man can do his ten hours, an' more than that to a pinch; an' the woman can manage the washin', an' look after the baby, an' cook the dinner too, and not

think that 'tis anything very dreadful. But when 'tis in the Lord's service—listen to 'em then. They are such poor, weak creatures; an' they have got so many troubles, an' so many trials, an' so many temptations; an' they are so full o' their doubts an' their fears; an' the devil he is so busy. That's it; that's it. Smart enough, an' strong enough, an' clever enough for everything else in the world—except the one thing that they was made for, "servin' the Lord"! I can't abide it. Don't any o' you young folks get into such ghastly ways, for pity's sake. You are poor, weak creatures—o' course you are; an' sayin' so a hundred times a day won't make 'e any stronger. You've got temptations an' trials—o' course you have, an' groanin' over them 'll only make 'em look more an' bigger. But what else have we got? Ah, folks stop there, an' that's how they fail.'

Then the hasty, impatient voice passed into such tenderness that it touched every heart.

' Don't get into a way o' lookin' always upon that side, like as if that's all. Ah, bless His name—what about *Him*! The glorious Lord Who can make lame folks run, an' blind folks see, an' dead folks live! Talk about your temptations an' trials if you like; but do 'e talk about Him too, Who is able to keep us from fallin', holdin' us all the way with

His right hand. Hills an' mountains! Iss, but what o' them when a man can wait 'pon the Lord, an' go mountin' up with wings like a great eagle, so that it don't make no difference whether 'tis up-hill or down-hill or 'pon level ground! Hindrances an' difficulties! Iss; but what about Him that maketh us more than conquerors! Do let us count that we are 'pon the winnin' side, get into the way o' thinkin' about the Mighty Jesus an' keep there. Bless Him, He has brought ten thousand thousand safe home, an' He can get you an' me there, too—with white robes, an' crowns, an' palms o' victory. If a man can go along brave an' cheerful anywhere, let him go along brave an' cheerful in the road to Heaven. Ah, what company! "All power is given unto Me, in Heaven and in Earth." Listen to that, you young ones! What do 'ee think of it? An' then think how it do finish—"And lo: I am with *you* alway, even unto the end of the world."

"My glorious Lord!" cried Mat adoringly, unable to restrain himself any longer.

"Then the third rule that I do want you to mind is this—"One day to a time." Seemin' to me that our Heavenly Father have given us our life in days, because He sees that we can't manage no more than that to once. Lots o' people might get on very well if

they'd be content to take life like 'tis given; but they go wonderin' whatever they shall do next week, or whatever will happen to them next year, an' so they get frightened, an' think that 'tis no good their tryin', not a bit. I can mind once when I was a little boy, helpin' mother to store away the apples. I put my arms round ever so many o' them an' tried to bring them all. I managed for a step or two. Then out fell one an' another, an' two or three more, till they was all rollin' over the floor. Mother laughed. "Now, Dan'el," says she, "I'm goin' to teach you a lesson." So she put my little hands quite tight round one. "There," said she, "bring that, an' then fetch another." I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doin' ever so much good, if they didn't try to do too much all to once. Don't go tryin' to put your arms round a year; an' don't go troublin' about next week. Wake up in the mornin' an' think like this: "Here's another day come. Whatever I do an' whatever I don't do, Lord, help me to do this—help me to live it to Thee!"

"Well, mind that—an' mind this too. Be sure an' put this down." "Get a good start. They that do set up for to be weather-wise do telf what the day will be by the sunrise. Like Jesus said to the Pharisees—"Ye say, It

will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red an' lowring." A good start goes further than anything else for to make a good day.

"Let the Sun o' Righteousness rise all fair an' clear in the soul, an' 'tis easy to walk in the light all day then. Here, young folks—I've seen bits o' rhyme about the weather so as to help people to remember it better; an' here's a bit for you to think of every mornin':

"Between six an' eight
You have sealed its fate."

Tell me how a man do get ready for the day, an' I'll tell you how he do get through it. Ah, there's poor Brother Mean-well—he'll read a chapter in the mornin', but he do never think about it. He'll kneel down to pray, and 'tis the same old set o' words 'zactly, day after day, an' year after year—all so pat an' so smooth, that there's no bite nor grip about 'em. "Catch'd cold an' laid up!" why, is it any wonder when folks do let their souls go out in all the rain an' wind only half drest? "Makin' very poor speed?" I should think so, when you can scarce stay for to fit a bit o' breakfast for the soul, an' then go starvin' it, poor thing, till supper time—an' then you're so tired that it might so well go without. "The old enemy too much for 'ee!" O' course he is; goin' out where he is a-lyin' wait for 'ee,

an' you don't take the trouble for to put up so much as a helmet or a breastplate! You don't carry so much as a shield or a spear! O' course you're knocked down afore the day is over. Serve 'ee right, too. Put that down, you young ones; put that down. "Get a good start."

"Set out with a good courage"—that's the next thing. I've heard them say that have been in the militia, that they wake 'em up every mornin' with the bugle call. That's the way, seemin' to me, that a Christian ought to wake up—with music ringin' in his soul an' puttin' some courage in his veins. Poor Little-faith do wake up with a sigh an' a shiver. "I am so different from most people," says poor Little-faith—"an' here's another day come, an' there's so many cares an' so many hindrances!" Bless the Lord, I want you young folks to get into a way o' settin' out feelin' quite sure that His religion is made for you. An' not just for going to chapel in your Sunday clothes either; but for work an' for worries; for wants an' cares like yours an' mine. Little-faith doesn't give religion a chance. He's like them there folks that do go out in the water ankle-deep, and then wonder how 't is that they can't float an' swim like other people do. Plunge right into the sea o' His grace, young folks. Start the day thinkin' like

this—"There'll be nothin' to-day, but He will help me. There'll be nowhere to-day, but He will be with me. No temptation, but He can deliver me. No burden, but I can cast it 'pon Him. Bless His name." Let the music o' His precious promises ring in our souls and stir us up like the sound o' a trumpet.

'An' grace to help isn't all that I want us for to think about. Go out into the day, thinkin' how the lovin' Father looks all along it, an' knows what we want. I very often think about it—how when I was a little lad startin' off for school, mother used to go to the door an' look out. When 'twas all bright sunshine, with the lark a-singin' up in the blue sky an' the bees hummin' all about the garden, she would just put on my cap an' give me a kiss an' send me skippin' over the fields. But 'pon the stormy days, when the wind came howlin', an' you could hear the ground-swell roarin', an' there was nothin' but great heavy clouds all over the sky, then she would tie the cap down round my ears, and button up my coat all so

careful. Ah, I can see her now—how she used to stand watchin' me over the hills. Come, thou dear child o' God—that's just like 't is with our lovin' Father in Heaven. Bless Him, He do look out over the day. Whenever I think about it the words come to my heart: "Shall *He* not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Why, poor Little-faith, 't is put there on purpose for you. There's a worry waitin'. He do see it, an' here's the patience. There's a temptation on there. Yes, He do know that, an' here's wisdom and strength. There's a bit of a trial: an' here He is waitin' to give thee a bit o' courage and faith.

An' don't let that be all. 'T is goin' to be a day o' sunshine an' gladness. Ah, He will make thee glad with His favour, an' send thee forth all cheerful to thy work. Bless Him.'

Mest' Gribble was really quite as bad as Mat, for he turned and nodded to him over that. And though it was Mat who said 'Praise the Lord!' it really was the farmer's beaming face and moistened eyes that set Mat off.



'Then mind this, young folks—“when you're gettin' ready for the day, get alone.” There aren't many forms an' ceremonies laid down in the Bible—leastways in the New Testament; we may please ourselves about most o' them. But seemin' to me that there is one that the Lord Jesus have laid down so clear that we daren't do any other. 'T is in the sixth chapter o' Matthew. “When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father in secret.” Get away with the Lord alone. We do want to shut our ears so well as our eyes. I can't pray when folks are all comin' patterin' down the aisle, disturbin' everybody. 'T is best to stop, an' wait till they've got settled—then begin again. An' o' course you can't pray when there's talkin' an' bustlin' all around 'ee. A man can lift up his heart to the Lord anywhere; but if he do want to have a downright good bit o' prayer, he must get away alone with the Lord. Abraham rose up early in the mornin', when there was nobody else stirrin', I expect, an' he'd got it all quiet. Moses was to come up into the mount all by himself, nobody else was to be seen in all the mountain, an' the very flocks an' herds weren't to come near with their bleatin' an' bellowin'. Then the Lord came down and made His goodness pass before

him. An' the blessed Jesus Himself sent the disciples away across the sea while He went into a mountain apart to pray. Do 'ee get alone somewhere with the Lord. Out in the barn, like dear old Mr. Carvooso used to; or in a sand-pit, like I've read about Bramwell; or in a hole in the ground, like I've heard tell o' dear old Dick Hampton.'

Then Dan'el's thoughts flew off at once to the cave by the sea, where he had so often gained the victory.

'Ah, bless the Lord, why, the place do come to be so precious, an' there is so many glorious memories hangin' about it, that the very thought o' it is enough to set anybody a-prayin' straight off. You do come to think o' so many blessin's and deliverances that you've had 'pon that very spot, you feel like as if you must prevail there. I can understand that thereabout Daniel the prophet gettin' right away to the old place over by the window so soon as ever he knew that the writin' was signed,—he felt in a minute that it was all right in spite o' the presidents an' princes, an' all the rest o' them. Young folks, mind you do get away alone with the Lord.

'Then the next rule is a very partic'lar one indeed. Be sure you do mind this—“Put the Word in the right place.” 'Tis all a failure without that. You might so well try for to keep a

sprat alive upon the top o' Carn Brea, or to carry a lighted candle down to the bottom o' the sea, as to keep the grace o' God alive in your heart without feedin' 'pon the Word. Keep trimmin' the wick—that's needful; an' so 'tis to keep the light burnin', an' to keep the lamp clean; but the Word is the oil,—without that you'll very soon be in the dark. Get a bit o' the Word in your heart every day.

'I do often turn to the first Psalm. 'Tis like John Wesley's likeness in the beginnin' o' the Hymn-Book,—there in the beginnin' o' the Book o' Psalms, there's the likeness o' the Blessed man.'

As Dan'el spoke, he turned over the pages of the Bible, and put on the big spectacles. 'Look at it, you beginners, when you do get home to-night. If you do want to know how to keep out o' bad company you'll find it there. Away in the back part o' the picture, like in the distance, there's the ungodly talkin', and there's the sinners walkin', and there's the scorner,—he can't agree with anybody else, so do live single,—he is sittin'. But the "blessed man" have got his back 'pon them. Meditation 'pon the Word is the best cure for bad company. An' then on the other side o' the picture there's a river, an' a tree planted. 'Tis planted so firm an' so strong that it may blow "great

guns" as they say, but that tree won't stir. Ah, if you want to be a steady-goin' Christian, one o' the abidin' sort, there 'tis again; it must come right out o' meditation 'pon the Word. Put the Word in the right place an' you won't shift. An' then you must look at the leaves o' that tree too. No matter though the snow be on the ground, or the east wind come nippin'—"His leaf shall not wither." There, if we do want to get our religion right into all the little outermost things o' our life, there's only one thing that'll do it—meditate 'pon the Word. An' that isn't all, though 'tis a brave deal, sure 'nough. Come winter so well as summer; come spring so well as autumn, there's fruit. An' "fruit in his season"—the right sort o' fruit. I do know folks who do bear crops o' good advice for hungry poor folks that want a loaf o' bread; an' heaps o' golden plenty an' good dinners for them that got enough o' their own. They'll put their hands behind their back, an' lecture them that are down; but they're hand-in-glove with the rich, though they mayn't be so very religious. Fruit, an' "fruit in his season"—that's what is wanted. A crop o' blankets an' soup kitchens for winter. A crop o' Patience for March winds; a bit o' Pity for them that need it; an' Help an' Brotherliness an' Love all the

year round. That's the sort o' man we do want. An' you'll find that sort o' man in one place an' no other. 'Tis no good tryin', you can't get him any other way. He do grow right up out o' meditation 'pon the Word o' the Lord. Stick to the Word, you young folks,—everything else a'most will grow out o' that.

'Then the next thing is about Prayin'.—Mind that too. There's a lot o' things goin' by the name o' gold, but 'tis only in the looks. So there's a good deal o' what people call prayer, but it will only do for them that don't know the real thing. I can only stay for a word or two about that now.

'For years I used to fancy that 'twas proper to begin to pray an' go right on without stoppin' till I had done altogether. But one day I was down to Redburn Market, an' so soon as I'd got one thing that I wanted, I asked myself—"What next then?" an' "what besides?" Then it come across me in a minute. "There, Dan'el," I says to myself, "that's the way to pray." An' so 'tis; for since I've done that, my prayers do seem to stick more, and are more real; and it have brought me into a way o' talkin' with the Lord about the day's work an' things, that is uncommon helpful.

'I do like to begin with a bit o' praise, "delightin' myself in the Lord," as the Book do say. 'Tis always easy to pray if we do get right away to Calvary; leastways that will always wake up my

dull heart. To think o' what a glorious Lord He is, an' o' what He have done. To think o' His Power an' His Love an' His Patience, an' to think how He do long for to help me. Well, then, I do love to talk to the Blessed Lord, an' to tell Him what I have got to do, an' where I'm goin' to, an' to ask His advice. Bless His name, we can take Him into partnership 'long with us. He will bring all the capital, an' the best o' credit, too. I do believe, friends, that the lovin' Lord Jesus do dearly like for us to unlock all the doors o' the heart to Him. He is such a Brotherly Saviour if we do only let Him come like He wants to. I do find it so good for to have Him sittin' down alongside o' me all the day. Why, I wouldn't touch my awl again' so long as I live, if I couldn't feel that the Lord do care how I do make a pair o' shoes, an' will help me to make 'em so strong an' so good as ever I can. O, do open all your hearts to Him, young folks; iss, an' old folks too. Don't let there be any secrets from Him. When you are kneelin' down ask yourselves, "What more do I want?" an' "what besides is there?"

'An' do 'e be real; don't be afraid for to call things by their right names. People do talk, an' do pray, like as if religion was something up in the sky, ever so far. No, if 'tisn't down here, close alongside o' us, an' if it

don't go out with a man to his work—down the mine to the bottom level, or out to the fields, or into the workshop,—'tis wisht poor trade, an' not worth the trouble o' keepin'. Religion have got to do with everything—with makin' butter an' mindin' the babies so much as it have with singin' hymns an' hearin' sermons. Do 'e be real when you pray.

'Well, that's about gettin' ready. Now, I want to give you young folks two rules for the day itself, an' then one for to finish it with. This here is from an old book that I'm very fond of, and a capital rule it is too*: "Think of God when you hear the clock strike." Here is a bit o' rhyme that may help you to mind it:

"Another hour doth begin,
Let it, O Lord, be free from sin."

You see, our work an' the busy world is apt for to get such a hold of us, as Cap'n Joe was sayin' the other week, that 'tis hard to loose them. Well, let the strikin' o' the clock help us a bit. Look up when you do hear that. Take your bearin's a bit, an' see if you're goin' all right. Take a fresh hold o' the Lord's help, then at it again so hard as you can. "An' put this down too. "Get a dinner-time for the soul." Depend 'pon it, friends—you can no more go with nothin' but breakfast an' supper for your soul, than for your body. You'll get all faint an' lose your appetite an' be all upset without that.

There's lots o' these here poor, weak creatures that can hardly manage for to crawl through the week from Sunday to Sunday—why, they'd hold up their heads an' be good-lookin', well-to-do people if they would only try this. Get away with the Lord for a quarter of an hour, get the dust o' the world washed off, an' a bit o' waitin' 'pon the Lord, an' you'll start again so fresh an' so strong. I came 'pon the story the other day there in the fourth chapter o' St. John; an' it seemed to set it all before me 'zackly. "At the sixth hour"—that's twelve o'clock, we do get all parched with the heat. Then we must bring our pitcher to the Well. Ah, we're sure to find Jesus there, waitin' for us to ask of Him, an' He will give us the livin' Water.

'Then the last rule is this, young folks—"End the day with the judgement." You do begin it by lookin' forward. End it by lookin' back. Kneel down an' ask the Lord all about it. What have been right an' what have been wrong, an' what might have been better. Tell the Lord where the patience failed us; an' where the supply o' love ran short, an' where the courage was wantin'. Tell Him about the unwatchfulness; an' if there is sin, bring it right out. Call it by the proper name. Ask the Lord to make it hurt, so that you won't go doin' it again. Ah, bring it up there in sight o' the dreadful Cross, an' see that nothin' but the blood o' the glorious Redeemer can cleanse thee from it.

* It was from Dan'el's well-worn copy of Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living.'

'But be sure o' this—"Don't go confessin' sins that you're not sorry for, an' that you haven't done." 'Tisn't religious, though scores o' people think it is. 'Tisn't. There's only one name for that—lies! An' the worst kind o' lies too. Do 'e be real, young folks, an' speak from your hearts. There's lots o' people, who think if they do only kneel down an' call themselves dreadful names, an' own to all sorts o' dreadful things, they're sure o' Heaven. An' all the time the Lord isn't listenin' to their words 't all, but He is lookin' right in 'pon their hearts! The Lord don't love people a bit more for tryin' to make themselves out to be a great deal worse than other folks, specially if they do think that they're rather better. But there is one thing that He do love—He do love for us to be sincere an' real, an' for us to speak right out of our hearts.

'An' mind you do think o' something else beside the faults an' failin's. Look back an' see where you got the upper hand, an' be sure to praise the Lord for that. Tell the Lord all about that too, 'tis music to Him so well as for us—how Patience got the victory; an' Love didn't fail us anywhere; an' how Courage carried the day; an' Watchfulness kept a sharp look-out. Mind you bring that out too, an' praise

the Lord for it all. Why, I do count 'tis a dreadful robbery, to come in the mornin' a-beggin' and prayin' for the help o' the Lord; an' then never to have a word in the evenin' about the victories that His help have won. I can't understand it I'm sure, but so 'tis. I really do believe that there's some people, an' sort o' religious people, too, who are more afraid o' thankin' God than they are o' sinnin' against Him—anyhow they're always tellin' the Lord o' their failin's, an' never speak a word o' their victories. They do think 'tis so nice an' humble. Iss, but there's one thing that's hundreds o' times better than that—"makin' our boast in the Lord." He Who loveth us an' maketh us more than conquerors is worthy to receive blessin' an' honour, an' power an' glory. I do like the day to end with the judgement, because that is how life will end. But I do like the judgement to end in praise an' thanksgivin', because that's like heaven comin' after. So let the day end, friends, not in darkness and silence—that's like death an' the grave,—but in love an' praise to Him that sitteth upon the throne an' to the Lamb. That's like as if we was a day's march nearer to the Father's House, where they have obtained joy an' gladness, an' sorrow an' sighin' are fled away.'



